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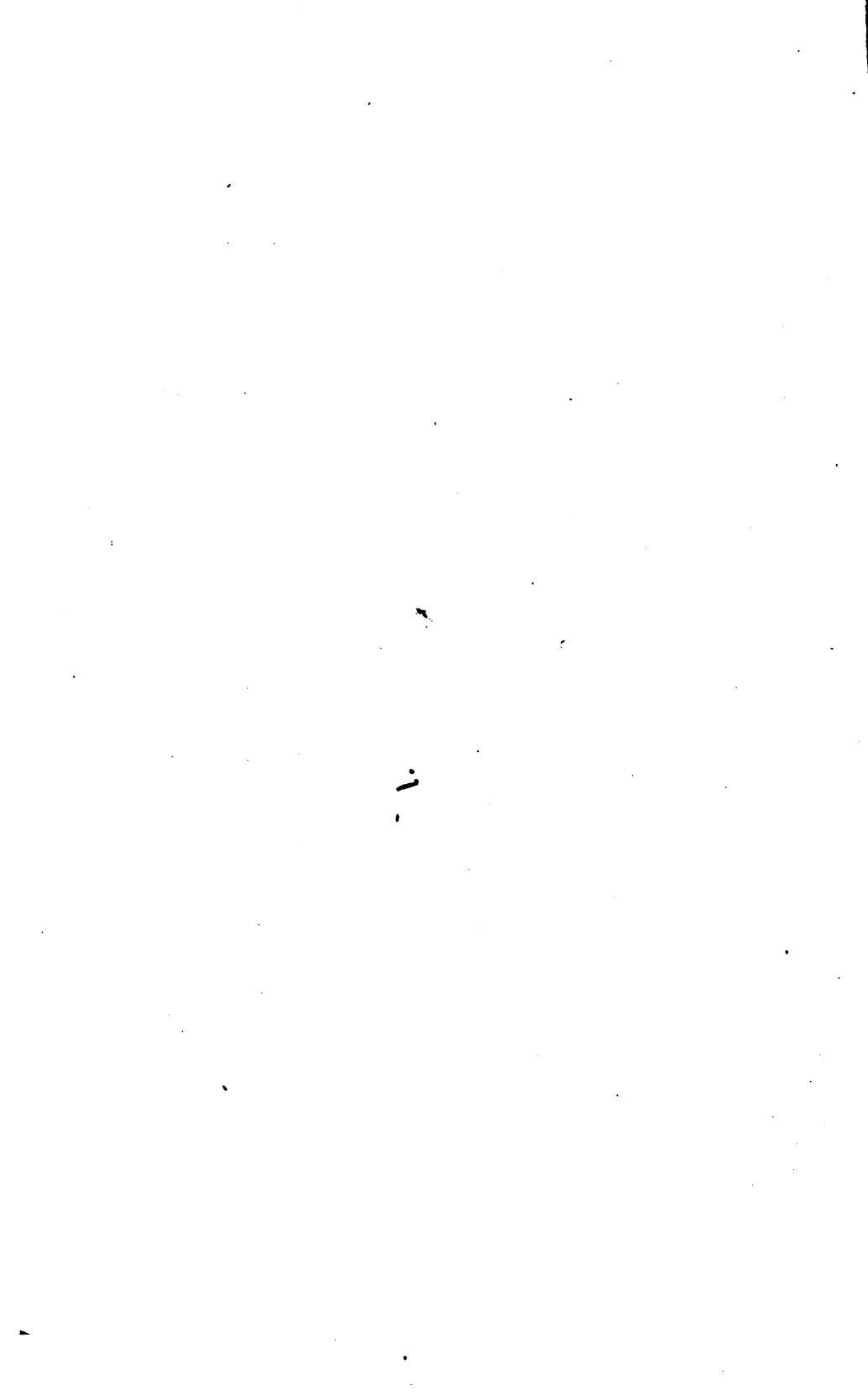
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VOL. III.



②
DÁNTA AODHA GÁIN UÍ RATHAILE

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY

c. 1670. - 1726

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ILLUSTRATING THEIR SUBJECTS
AND LANGUAGE

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Glossary

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN, M.A.

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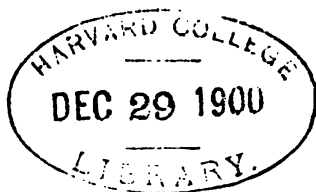
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## PREFACE.

IN this volume are collected all that could be found of the poetical remains of Egan O'Rahilly, a poet whose verse gives unmistakable expression to the state of feeling in Ireland during the forty years that followed the Revolution. It would be difficult to select a poet more genuinely Irish. Nor are there many poets gifted with a more subduing pathos or a more enchanting melody. The Editor feels confident that, in spite of the general decline of the language in which he wrote, his accents after two centuries of oblivion will win the public ear as those of no Irish writer have won it since his death.

An account is given elsewhere of the sources whence these "*disjecti membra poetæ*" have been taken. The translation accompanying the poems is line for line and literal, and is intended to assist the learner to read the original in a language which has, as yet, no satisfactory dictionary.

The first edition of a work like the present can hardly fail to be very imperfect. The Editor hopes that, when these poems have attained that popularity to which he believes them destined, much new light may be thrown on the life and writings of the poet. He therefore invites all who have any fresh information on the poet's career, or on his writings, to communicate with him on the subject.

A few miscellaneous poems have been added, partly to

elucidate some of the subjects treated of by the poet, and partly as specimens of the language in which he wrote.

Mr. Osborn J. Bergin of the Queen's College, Cork, corrected the proofs of the poems, and read the translations in manuscript, and the Editor takes great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. He has also had the opinion of the Very Rev. Peter O'Leary, of Castlelyons, on difficult points, and begs to thank him for his kind encouragement. He is also under obligation to Miss Edith Drury of London, and to Miss Norma Borthwick of Dublin, who furnished him with transcripts of one or two important poems in the collection. To the Committee of the Irish Texts Society he desires to express his thanks for their encouragement in the performance of a difficult undertaking. To the Chairman, Professor York Powell, and to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, he owes many valuable suggestions.

The Editor desires, moreover, to thank the authorities of Maynooth College, and especially the Librarian, Dr. Walter MacDonald, and the Vice-President, Very Rev. Dr. O'Dea, for the facilities afforded him for consulting the interesting collection of MSS. preserved in the College Library. He also wishes to place on record his sense of the courtesy he received at the hands of the Officials of the Royal Irish Academy. He begs, also, to thank Mr. Michael Warren, of Killarney, for refreshing his memory on stories connected with the poet. Finally, he must not omit to record his appreciation of the efficiency and intelligence displayed by the staff of the Dublin University Press in the production of this work.

*July, 1900.*

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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.—THE POET AND HIS TIMES.

EDWARD O'REILLY in his "Irish Writers," under the year 1726, treats briefly of the subject of this sketch. He tells us that he was the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a native of Cavan ; and under the year 1700, he says that this John Mor O'Reilly had been intended for the priesthood, and went to study in the classical schools of Kerry with this profession in view ; but, an impediment intervening during a vacation spent in his native Cavan, he returned to Kerry, where he married a woman of the name of Egan, and from their union sprang "Owen O'Reilly, the poet."

According to O'Reilly, then, our poet was descended from the Cavan branch of the O'Reillys, and his real name was O'Reilly and not O'Rahilly. There is, however, much reason to doubt this descent. O'Curry, in his "Catalogue of Manuscripts for the Royal Irish Academy," speaking of O'Rahilly, says :—" It is very singular, if this man's real name was Reilly, that he should write himself O'Rahilly, and that it should continue to be written and known in the same manner down to the present day, in the very place of his birth. There are many of the name of O'Reilly in the county of Kerry, and a great many of the name of O'Rahilly, too, looking on each other as distinct families and without the remotest recollection of any ancestral affinities or identity." Nay, there are



families of O'Rahilly that claim direct descent from the poet, and yet who never dream of considering that their name is the same as O'Reilly. Our poet was a learned genealogist, and would be certain in his works to mention his Cavan descent if it were a fact ; but in none of his writings that we have been able to examine is there the remotest allusion to such ancestry.

His own account of his ancestors seems, indeed, to upset completely the statement of Edward O'Reilly. In the last stanza of the last poem he ever composed (XXI.), he tells us that the MacCarthys were chieftains over his ancestors from time immemorial :—

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;  
Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been  
laid low,  
I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—  
to the graveyard,  
Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the death  
of Christ.

If his descent from a Cavan father had been obvious to all around him, as it must have been, if O'Reilly's narrative be authentic, the poet would never have written this stanza. If he were a mere intruder from Cavan, such sentimental loyalty on his death-bed would be ridiculous, and he had as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. Again, if he knew that his father was a Cavan man he could scarcely have written his pathetic attack on Valentine Brown (VIII.), in which he speaks of him as an intruder, and laments the ruin of the old nobility, though the intrusion of an Englishman would probably have appeared to him in a different light from that of a native Celt. In the splendid poem (XXXV.) he addressed to the son of Cormac Riabhach MacCarthy he informs us that his ancestors dwelt for a time in Iveleary. In his prose satire on Cronin there is a very singular reference to the O'Rahilly

family. Richard og Stac replies to Mathghamhuin O'Cronin thus :—

“Cá b-puarip ionnat féin bul a g-comórab le Riocarb óg Mac Riocarb Stac agus bab éoir duit a fíor do beir agab gurab é céim ir aoirbe do bí ag do féan agus do rinreapab, do muintir Scannláin agus do muintir Rataille buachailligeadó cluadán Uí Chaoimh .i. duine uapal bódt ná raib do beata aige ne readó g-céad bliadain aót oót b-peapainn beag do ruab-íliab náir fár feup na roirbe riam aip. Agus do éuala-ra go ngeupraibde tomba mor-bodais ó pobul Uí Chaoimh epí epriócte of cionn tomba íliic Capta ílioir a mainripir loda léin.”

“How dare you compare yourself with Richard og son of Richard Stack, as you should know that the highest distinction ever gained by your forefathers, by the O'Scanlans and the O'Rahillys, was to mind the cradle for O'Keeffe, a poor gentleman, the only property in whose family for seven hundred years was eighteen allotments of a wild mountain which never produced grass or wealth; yet I heard that the tomb of the proud bodachs from Pobal Uí Chaoimh used to be elevated three feet above that of MacCarthy Mor in the Abbey of Lough Lein.”

This passage is of course satire; but, as far as it goes, it tends to disprove O'Reilly's statement. Though the poet does not assert here that he himself sprang from the O'Rahillys of O'Keeffe's country, he seems to imply that the race he sprang from was closely allied to them.

The precise locality of O'Rahilly's birth is uncertain. O'Reilly says that he resided at Sliabh Luachra, and the expression has been repeated by all who have written of him since. But Sliabh Luachra is applied in modern times, not only to the mountain anciently so called, but to a vast tract of country extending southward as far as the Paps, eastward to the borders of Cork county, and westward to within a few miles of Killarney. It was this Sliabh Luachra that Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan meant when he addressed

Eigre ir ruaba Sléide Luachra.

To say, then, that a man resided at Sliabh Luachra is as indefinite as to say that he lived in Meath or Upper Ossory.

Tradition has fixed the place of his residence for a considerable time at Cnoc an Chorfhaidh, or, as it is now called, Stagmount, some ten miles to the east of Killarney, and close to the Great Southern and Western Railway, on the north side of that line. Here there is a well, still pointed out as *tobar Aodhagain*, or "Egan's well." In the Elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.), many of the places mentioned are such as would strike a resident at Stagmount; and the Elegy on Cronin's children (XII.), as well as some passages in the Satire on Cronin, suggest a close neighbourhood to Rathmore. There can be little doubt that a considerable portion of the poet's life was passed in this locality. Nothing but a protracted residence could impress his personality so vividly on the minds of the people.

But he did not reside always at Stagmount. His writings show a marked intimacy with Killarney and places to the west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence to Dunneacha, beside Tonn Toime (VII.). He appears to have made periodical excursions to the houses of the Irish nobility, broken and scattered as they then were, to whom his reputation as an *ollamh* gave him an easy introduction. But he had fallen upon evil days. The nobles introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian and Williamite usurpations, in the room of the old "Milesian" chieftains, cared little for letters, much less for Irish history or legend. In the manuscript remains of the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, few themes are more persistently dwelt on than the indifference of the new nobles to history or poetry. The hereditary *ollamh* of Lord Clancarty winds up a pathetic lament (XLVII.) for the ruined chieftains of the Gael, after the disaster of the Boyne, by a declaration that his occupation is gone, and that he must henceforth take to brewing. Andrew M'Curtain, in moody melancholy, complains to Donn that the noblemen of his time show him the door almost as soon as he

has entered their houses, that they care nothing for his verses or genealogies. In the many laments for dead Irish chieftains produced during this period, none of their virtues is so much insisted on as their hospitality, especially to the bardic tribe. The professional *ollamh* was practically a thing of the past in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

The date of our poet's birth has not been ascertained with certainty. If we may trust a manuscript of this century, his elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.) was composed in the year 1696, and a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel), who died in 1694, is probably from his pen; and it is certain that he had reached the fullness of his powers before the close of the seventeenth century; further, it would seem that most of his works, which have reached us, were written between the years 1700 and 1726. We can fix the dates of some more definitely. His lines on the banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork (IX.), were written in 1703. John Brown, the subject of a most beautiful and touching elegy (XIII.), died on the 15th of August, 1706. And this elegy clearly proves that, at this date, O'Rahilly took a most intense interest in the social war that raged in Killarney, in connexion with the Kenmare estate, and had been watching with an intelligent eye the events of the previous decade of years. In October, 1709, he appeals to Donogh O'Hickey, of Limerick, to leave his native country rather than take "approbation oaths" (XXIV.). The "Assembly of Munstermen" (XX.) must have been written after 1714, from the allusion it contains to King George and the same is to be said of the few stanzas on "Death" (XXXIX.). In his satire on Cronin, he mentions the year 1713 as the date at which the strange parliament there described was convened. Hence, we may conclude that this satire was written after that date. The "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis" was unquestionably written before the satire on Cronin. The Epithalamium, written for Valentine Brown, on the occasion of his marriage with

Honoria Butler, of Kilcash, was composed in 1720. To this same date is ascribed a MS. of poem II., according to the catalogue drawn up for the British Museum. In 1722, we find the poet making a copy of Keating's "History of Ireland" for Mac Sheehy. This copy is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin. In a manuscript copy of his great elegy on O'Callaghan (XV.), in the Maynooth collection, the death of that chieftain is said to have taken place on the 24th of August, 1724. In a copy of the poem on the "Shoes" (XVIII.), preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, it is stated that it was written about 1724. The beautiful reverie which begins "Gile na Gile" (IV.) is found in a British Museum manuscript of the year 1725; and as this is in some other manuscripts regarded as a binding poem to the "Merchant's Son" (III.), the latter may not improbably belong to the same period. The poem on Valentine Brown (VIII.) must have been written in old age, when want had pressed heavily upon him. Though we cannot determine the date of the last poem he ever penned, the circumstances attending its composition are of painful interest. It is certain that despondency weighed down that great soul as his end approached. He had met with bitter disappointments. The nobles whom he immortalized had treated him with cold neglect. He was pressed hard by poverty. But neither disappointment nor poverty could quench the fire of genius that burned within him, and seemed to blaze ever more brightly, as the clouds of sorrow thickened above his head. On his bed of sickness (from which he never rose), his hand trembling in death, he penned an epistle to a friend (XXI.) which must rank among the most interesting poems in literature. He describes his want, his loneliness, his grief, with unapproachable pathos; and passes on to the ruin of his country despoiled of her chieftains, "since the knave had won the game from the crowned king."

In the barony of Magonihy, whose centre is Killarney, was fought out on a smaller scale the struggle between the races

which ended in the confiscation of Irish land, and in this struggle we find O'Rahilly actively engaged. Nicholas Brown, the second Viscount Kenmare, was attainted for his participation in the Jacobite war, and his estates vested in the Crown. As his children were inheritable under the marriage settlement, the commissioners entrusted with the management and sale of the forfeited estates were directed, by a Royal letter in 1696, not to let the Kenmare estate for a term exceeding twenty-one years. But, contrary to this order, the estate was let privately for sixty-one years, far below its value, to John Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, and George Rogers, of Ashgrove, county Cork, his brother-in-law, two members of the Irish Parliament. This contract, no less illegal than unjust, had it been ratified, would have been fraught with the most serious consequences. Blennerhasset and Rogers had intended to plant the estate with Protestant settlers, and to elbow the Catholic Celt to crags and barren moorlands. Their aim may be gathered from a memorial which they addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, when the validity of their lease was called in question by the English Commission in 1699. We quote from that document the following :—

“ We have lett some farmes to English tenants that doe advance some thinge, and wee hope when the estate is settled, and the Protestant tenants may think themselves safe in setting down there, that wee shall be able to raise the king's rent, and reserve a farme to ourselves, which wee think wee well deserve for so considerable an undertaking ; for wee could without losses, trouble, or hazard, manage two Protestant counties near Dublin sooner than this estate among so many ungovernable and disingenuous people.”

The memorial goes on to show what a great loss his Majesty would incur by the invalidation of the contract, and continues :—

“ So that were it not on a publique account more than a private interest wee would not undertake the trouble of communication with so wicked and barbarous a people for even the profit we expect. Truly

it is not so valuable but wee would surrender it, but that we have engaged so many Protestants, and wee have other considerable interests of our own estates and leased lands that do adjoyne it, that makes it agree with our interest and inclination to have that country planted with Protestants." "In playne English," it continues, "this is no more than a tryall of skill whether Kerry shall be a Protestant or an Irish plantation or not. Their priest Connellan, the other day, told his parishioners at Mass that nowe they may with cheerfulness repair their Mass house, for that their old master, the Lord Kenmare, meaning Sir Nicholas Browne, would soon have the estate again." (See Miss Hickson's "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 122-124.)

The contract was quashed ; and in 1703, at the sale of the forfeited estates, at Chichester House, Dublin, the estate was sold to John Asgill, during the lifetime of Sir Nicholas Brown. The official entry is as follows :—

"All the estates of the Lord Kenmare in the province of Munster vested in the trustees were sold to Mr. John Asgill, April 13th, 1703, the buyer to pay all the incumbrances and to hav all arrears of rent and Sir Michael Creagh's judgment due to the Trustees for £1000, and the woods, as per particulars affixed, lying in the counties of Cork and Kerry."

John Asgill, the purchaser, had a strange career. An Englishman bred to the law, he scented from afar the litigation that arose from the confiscations that followed the Revolution. He had married a daughter of Sir Nicholas Brown, and, in 1703, had obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. But that pious body, shocked at an absurd pamphlet he had published, voted it a blasphemous libel, and he was expelled from the House. A few years later he entered the English House of Commons ; but his unlucky pamphlet was not forgotten. The Commons ordered it to be publicly burnt, and the author was expelled.

In the confusion that ensued, consequent on a change of landlords over so important an estate, some Irishmen sought to enrich themselves, and rise on the ruin of the Catholic and Jacobite Viscount. Among these, two are singled out by

O'Rahilly, as special objects of his wrath. Timothy Cronin had been a collector of hearth-money to Lord Kenmare, and Murtoagh Griffin acted as administrator to Lady Helen, his wife, during his attainder. Griffin had become a Protestant, and aspired to be a landlord. Cronin, though remaining a Catholic, found no difficulty in abjuring the Pretender. These individuals are interesting as representing the class of persons whom O'Rahilly savagely satirized under the general name of Clan Thomas. The poet composed an "Eachtra," or history of the transactions of Cronin, in which he represents him as addressing his followers in these polite and outspoken words :—

A bobaða buða bána bpoðmánte, ar Tabg, nfor leðr lið mar bo  
 bñbir me Cigearna Cinn lllara ar a bútaig ar go b-cugar a mñion  
 agur a cigearnar dá bearg-naímaib agur ní aip máite le ceaðcar bñob  
 é, ðip bo bí a ðíor agam-ra go b-þeubfainn þéin an þean-uapal  
 Seaðán Argill bo ðapað aip mo mñér, ar go m-beað capðe na beaða  
 agam þéin amál acá, ðip ní paib maðirteip agam-ra piam nár baínear  
 dá oigñeaðó, ar me þéin bo beir a g-ceannar 'na búiað. Aip b-cúip bo  
 ðlac aipñioð cinnceðm bo lánn; nfor mife an epóðaipe mall 'pan  
 g-ceapð rin, ní þáðain' boðán ðan aon-þgaobað agur nfor cugar bo  
 párañ 'pan aipñioð rin aðó pléið agur clampar.

“Ye black, bold, vehement, ill-mannered bodachs,” said Tadhg, “was it not enough for you that I banished Lord Kenmare from his country, and that I gave his daughter and his lordship to his inveterate enemy? And it was not through a desire to serve either of them, as I knew that I could twist that old gentleman, John Asgill, on my finger, and that I would have the profits of the estate myself, as I have; as I never had a master whom I did not deprive of his inheritance which I kept myself, in his stead. At first he received hearth-money on hand. I was not a slow villain at that trade. I did not leave a cabin without plundering, and I gave him no satisfaction for that money but wrangling and dispute.”

Then Tadhg proceeds to tell how he had ruined the inhabitants of O'Keeffe's and O'Callaghan's districts, evicting the inhabitants for hearth-money, until the whole region became a wilderness. What the poet thought of Griffin is sufficiently



obvious from the mock elegy with which he soothed his *manes* (XVII.).

Mention has been made of the woods in this estate as becoming the property of Asgill. It would seem that some of his under-agents were interested in cutting them down before the property passed into the hands of the Browns, and a complaint was made that £20,000 worth of timber was destroyed. Trees newly felled were sold at sixpence each.

On the 15th of August, 1706, soon after the estate had changed hands, and when the inhabitants of the barony were ablaze with indignation at the attempted introduction of Protestant planters, and at the ruin of the woods, brought about for selfish ends by designing upstarts, died Captain Brown of Ardagh, who had long been manager of the estate, and had been a member of Parliament for Tralee in 1689. In the course of a beautiful elegy on the deceased (XIII.), O'Rahilly pours out his wrath, like lava, on the heads of the plunderers of the people. Captain Brown's connexion with Lord Muskerry and his wife's relation to the Duke of Ormond were not likely to be lost sight of by the poet.

In the second stanza he hints at the undue violence of the new masters :—

A báir, no meallair leat ár lóepann,  
Fál ár n-ardhar ár m-bailte 'r ár d-tórramh,  
Dárbda ár d-tead ár m-ban 'r ár m-bolaad,  
'Ar ríadé noimh rígeannairí seanca fóirne.

XIII. 5-8.

The same idea is developed in two or three succeeding stanzas. The people have now no lord but the God of glory ; the woods are cut down, a pitiable sight. Then the high military genius of the deceased is dwelt on, and a company of rivers chant a melancholy chorus at his death. But the poet turns from these, more pained at the weeping of Brown, now in servitude abroad, and the weeping of the widow of high lineage. Then, with withering sarcasm, he describes the

sad plight to which the estate of the Browns had been reduced :—

Aóðar uaðair buaibearéa 'r b'pónhóil,  
Aénuab luit ip uile gan céora,  
Méabuaðab dian air éiaó 'ran óóige  
Cíor bur b-pearann aó Aróill dá óóihpearh.

An bapa cár do óráib an óóige :  
Óriopa ip Uaó a b-peiðm 'ra mórcur,  
Lér víspreab ár paóite mórbá  
Ar a b-pearannab cairce ip óóra.

Ip vité-épeab bur ó-coillce air feóóab,  
Ip maílip Úaib aó aóaimc map ímól buð,  
Óan aihpar eá a ó-ceann 'r a b-éóim leir,  
Ón lá b'íméig ígíac uapraib na plóigce.

XIII. 81-92.

Asgill, the new proprietor, had troubles of his own. While he was the cause of angry scenes in the Legislatures of both England and Ireland, his underlings in Kerry, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin, got what they could by the destruction of the woods, or by the extortion of hearth-money. The years went by in sorrow and suffering for the Catholic Celt, whom the law never recognised except for purposes of insult and plunder. Men driven from their homes throughout the country retired to the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and there offered a desultory resistance to the execution of the laws framed by a faction to plunder and insult them.

In 1720, Lord Kenmare (Sir Nicholas Brown) died, and his son Valentine was now undisputed owner of the estate. In this year, O'Rahilly voiced the public joy in a beautiful epithalamium for his marriage with Colonel Butler's daughter (XXX.). Twenty years of anxiety and fear and suffering had passed ; and the dream of Blennerhasset and Rogers—a Protestant plantation in Magonihy—had vanished into thin air.

Froude, referring to this period, or a little later, declared Killarney to be the Catholic University of Ireland. The classics were taught, and aspirants to Holy Orders were trained in scholastic discipline, and the intricate laws of Gaelic poetry were carefully studied there. The cause of Sir Nicholas Brown was the cause of enlightened freedom, and true toleration ; but there were others of the local gentry who favoured the progress of the Catholic Celt. O'Rahilly, in the tract from which we have already quoted, mentions four as the only ones who had the true spirit of fairmindedness. Cronin, in the speech to which we have referred above, declares that if four traitors who were in the country were in his power he could sleep sound ; they are Lavellin, Colonel White, Ned Herbert, and William Crosby. Of these, Lavellin and Colonel White had married sisters to Helen, wife of Sir Nicholas Brown. In the intended depositions of Sylvester O'Sullivan, the informer, we have the names of several popish school-masters in Killarney whom he declares to have been " well versed in the liberal sciences." One of these, indeed his own partner in academic labours, he accused before Lord Fitzmaurice, of Ross Castle, " of carrying arms, school-teaching, and other heavy crimes." But the scholastic services of Sylvester were dispensed with after he had, on the 23rd of February, 1729, " publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome " in the Protestant church at Killarney.

Sylvester O'Sullivan states in a memorial, which he styles " depositions ready to be sworn," that Archdeacon Lauder who sat among other magistrates to hear his complaint, spoke as follows, in a great " huff and fury " :—

" How now, you rogue ! Do you think to get any justice against the county Kerry gentlemen who are all in a knot, and even baffle the very judges on the circuit ? Nay, you are mistaken ; our bare words are taken and preferred before the Government before the depositions of a thousand such evidences who have no friends to back 'em. This is not France, that severe country where the king's interest is so strictly maintained.

No! this is Kerry, where we do what we please. We'll teach you some Kerry law, my friend, which is to give no right and take no wrong."<sup>1</sup>

In spite of any arguments that may be founded on this speech, it is certain that, though many of the Protestant gentry sided with the Catholics against the Government, racial and religious animosities ran high, as the story told in XLIII. sufficiently proves.

The Catholic Celt of Magonihy, however, had something more substantial to rely on than the good will of time-serving magistrates. There were true hearts and stout arms in the fastnesses of the mountains to defend his cause. Glenflesk is a valley bounded by mountains of savage grandeur, and watered by the Flesk, a river celebrated in song and story. Near the entrance of the glen stands the castle of Kilaha, which was for generations inhabited by the O'Donoghues of the Glen. Perhaps no Irish chieftain so successfully preserved his clan from the ravages of the freebooter. No Irish chieftain was served with more devoted loyalty. Nature had done much—she had reared lofty walls of rock on either side; she had indented the mountains with convenient recesses, whither the outlaw might betake him till the storm he had raised had blown over. But it was in the strong arm of the indomitable race that acknowledged him as lord, as well as in his own uprightness and courage, that O'Donoghue found his chief strength. He was not wealthy; but he lived ever among his people—their cause was his cause. He hated Castle proclamations and decrees with a traditional hatred. It was in vain that his estate was declared forfeit under Cromwell. The undertakers, in all probability, never even beheld the slopes of Derrynasaggart or the lake of Foiladown. One of the sweetest and most vigorous of Gaelic poets reigned at Killaha during

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<sup>1</sup> For a full account of this remarkable document, see "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 177-186.

the Restoration and Revolution periods. His poems breathe the spirit of manly independence (XLVIII.—XLIX.) In the stress of the penal days, when unjust forfeitures had forced many a good Irishman from the home of his ancestors, the hospitable chieftain of the Glen welcomed them with open arms. O'Donoghue's house was a safe haven for persecuted bards, and the chieftain himself a generous patron of the Muses. A grateful poet has left a vivid picture of life in Killaha Castle during the days of the Revolution, when Geoffrey O'Donoghue, himself a poet and wit of a high order, extended an open-hearted welcome to his brother bards:—

Múr Séarbad le céadab i' gairrib oibde,  
 Múr tréitead le céadab 'na g-cantar laoiúe,  
 Múr féarbad i' féile 'na g-caitcear fionta,  
 Múr béarbad na h-éigre le taca díola.

Dún cléire 'na léigcear an laibin loiméa,  
 Dún béite le gnéarab air bpatuib ríoda,  
 Dún éargad fá feudab do macaib ríogda,  
 Dún gnéire nár céarbad a d-cadairc d' aoidéadab.

Cúirt laórad gan ceadad do bagar díodda,  
 Cúirt éadad an tréin-éir nár díogill miona,  
 Cúirt béarbad 'na réim-riú ag fhearcal raóite,  
 Cúirt aorad an d'adail-bhog i' farring aoidinn.

The house of Geoffrey—short seems the night to hundreds ;  
 House of accomplishments, in which songs are sung to harps ;  
 House of festivity and hospitality, in which wines are drunk ;  
 House of bestowing, in which bards are rewarded substantially.

Stronghold of the clergy, where Latin is fluently read ;  
 Stronghold, where the maidens embroider silken robes ;  
 Stronghold, liberal in dispensing gems to sons of princes ;  
 Stronghold of gifts unceasingly given to guests.

Mansion of heroes, unsubdued by wicked threats ;  
 Mansion of wonders, of the valiant man who stored not jewels ;  
 Mansion of verses freely running to honour nobles ;  
 Mansion of airiness is the Gaelic dwelling, roomy and delightful.

The Glen became the home of "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees, Persons of the Romish Religion, out in arms and upon their keeping." It was these tories that made it secure to carry on the crime of school teaching in Killarney. A few extracts from the correspondence with Dublin Castle, of some Kerry magistrates and others, will give some idea of the part played by Glenflesk and its Chieftain, in the social struggle whose centre was Killarney, and in whose vortex the years of our poet's manhood were passed.

Colonel Maurice Hussey, himself a Jacobite, writes on the 26th of December, 1702, from Flesk Bridge:—"The Tories in the province are lately grown highwaymen, that is, most of them horsemen; I find there are now about fifteen or sixteen." In the same year he writes again to the Castle secretary, Joshua Dawson:—"Tories are skulking up and down in couples, but I have taken good care to prevent their getting into the mountains—the chief of the Rapparees were twice sett by twice their own number of soldiers from Rosse, yet they escaped, a shameful thing to be related. I do not care to be the author of it, but 'tis true." Hussey, who was a Catholic, further asserts that he had "an English heart still, though born and miserably bred in Ireland."

In 1708, it was expected, on all sides, that the Pretender would visit the west coast of Ireland, and Colonel Hedges, of Macroom (II. 45), who had been appointed governor of Ross Castle, proceeded to administer the oath of abjuration to Catholics in the various towns. Many Catholic gentlemen, on refusing it, were imprisoned. Colonel Hedges, writing to Dawson, says:—"Some Irish gentlemen have very freely taken the oath, and others will, but the proprietors and idle persons, and such as served King James and are poor, and all the priests, are the persons who are universally and entirely disposed to assist the Pretender or any Popish interest." The Pretender scare blew over for the time, but many gentlemen and the great bulk of the people had openly taken their side.

We can easily understand our poet's rage against the Cronins, father and son, from such recommendations as the following :—" I take leave to ask," wrote Hedges to Dawson, in 1711, " for a license (to carry arms) for Darby Cronine, who, though a papist, has been employed by me for several years past, and took the oath of abjuration."

In a letter, dated the 28th of February, 1712, addressed to Murtogh Griffin, Hussey says :—" The Rapps of Glenflesk, the sure refuge of all the thieves and tories of the country, are up by night and are guilty of all the violence and villanies imaginable, and it will be always so, till nine parts of ten of O'Donoghue's followers are proclaimed and hanged on gibbets upon the spott." The untamable spirit of Timothy and Finneen O'Donoghue was a source of constant alarm to such time-servers as Hedges. To these were joined now, Francis Eagar, a Protestant, who had married their sister. On June the 8th, 1714, Hedges writes :—" Timothy and Florence (Finneen) O'Donoghue and Philip O'Sullivan, of Glenflesk, papists, have fire-arms and swords, as I am credibly informed."

The death of Queen Anne did not by any means diminish the strain to which Castle law was subject in Kerry. Hedges, as yet unaware of the important event, writes on August 4th, 1714, to Dawson :—

"The Protestants of Killarney, besides those which are linked with the O'Donoghue, do not exceed a dozen; there are but four in the county adjacent."

He means no doubt families. In a census taken by Philip Anderson, Clerk of the Commissioners of Array, in 1692, the number of Protestants in Magonihy is given as 82, while the Catholics number 1587. Hedges goes on to say that the magistrates are in terror of their persons, and far from putting the laws in force, and adds :—

"Old O'Donoghue told Mr. Griffin (a magistrate) to his face that he hoped soon to see the time when he and his would pull out his throat, and he often bragged that he had 500 men at his command."

On the 23rd of August, the accession of George I. having become known, Hedges writes an account of his exertions to proclaim the new Sovereign. "The court leet began last Saturday at Killarney, and I hear the papists are taking the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his majesty with seeming cheerfulness." But he has only two names to mention. "Timothy Croneen and his son Darby Croneen, took the oath of allegiance, and took and subscribed the adjuracon oath the first day of the sessions." Finneen O'Donoghue, he says, was the person he feared to be most troublesome, but it was satisfactory to learn from this formidable opponent of unjust laws, that "about a dozen gun barrels were lately wrought into reap-hooks by a smith in Glenflesk, which he was told were rusty old barrels found in a hollow tree." O'Rahilly addresses one of his sweetest odes (XI.) to this Finneen O'Donoghue, and describes graphically the part he played in resisting the execution of the penal laws.

Another power in the county at this period, but one of whom O'Rahilly speaks with distrust, was Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, with his formidable band of *faïresses*. In 1706, the poet had soothed the ghost of John O'Mahony, Domhnall's father, with one of his splendid elegies (XIV.); but in Domhnall himself he reposed no confidence. He represents Cronin in the "Eachtra Thaidhg Dhuibh," as empanelling a jury of the upstarts, and the first name of the twelve is Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe. This personage seems to have been a real power in the county. He was a Catholic and tenant to the Earl of Shelbourne, but he had abjured the Pretender, and the number of his own subjects was estimated at "three thousand persons, all of the Pope's religion." He had disciplined his dependents as an army, ready at a moment's notice, to swoop down on the objects of his displeasure. If we may believe the evidence of Kennedy, quit-rent collector, only a dozen of Mahony's tenants were Leinster Protestants. "So may it please your Excise and



Lopps," adds Kennedy, "the said Mahony and his mobb of Faireses are so dreaded by his mighty power that noe Papist in the kingdom of Ireland hath the like."

Such were the scenes amid which our poet lived and sang. He watched his country, all torn and blood-stained, entering within the shadow of an inhuman persecution, and did not live to see her even partially emerge. He often connected his own hardships—notwithstanding his profession as *ollamh*—with those of his country, and traced both to the same source, and in his deathbed poem he bewails both together. He is beyond all others the poet of the ancient Irish Nobility, who despises upstarts, and gives no quarter to any man who sacrificed honour and faith for wealth and power.

O'Rahilly was without question well educated ; and his knowledge of the classics is sufficiently attested by the classical quotations, and the allusions to classical topics to be found in his writings. He translated St. Donatus's Latin poem on Ireland into Irish verse, but we regret that we have been unable to procure his version for this volume. The extent of his knowledge of English we cannot accurately ascertain ; but from allusions and quotations in his prose works, it would seem that he was at home in that language. His knowledge of Irish was unquestionably profound. His command of that tongue was such as natural genius alone, without extensive study, could not give, and has rarely if ever been equalled. A deep and intimate acquaintance with the Irish language is, O'Curry testifies, evinced by the "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis." Nor can less be said of the lyrics and elegies printed in this volume. His familiarity with all the legendary lore that illumines the dawn of Irish history is

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<sup>1</sup> For a fuller picture of life in Kerry the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century," in Miss Hickson's *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, on which the writer of the preceding account has largely drawn.

shown in his elegies, and must have been the result of wide reading and a tenacious memory. He had an ardent passion for genealogy, but differed from ordinary genealogists in this, that he quickened the dry bones of a pedigree with the life of poetry. We have already seen how an education could be procured in Kerry, even when school teaching was a serious crime against the law. Indeed Egan seems to have been the most learned *ollamh* of his day. His quaint account of the learned meetings in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), where every great name in Europe came under discussion, cannot be considered as exaggerated, if we remember that men like the poet himself were of the company. Indeed, so highly did the popular voice esteem his genealogical talents, that even in our own days a quotation from one of his elegies has been regarded as proving a kinship between families.

There is reason to believe that he was at first in good circumstances ; but his poverty at the end of his life was extreme. It is hardly possible to read his death-bed poem (XXI.), to which allusion has been already made, without tears. Here he appears as one wanting help, and yet too proud to beg. He will not be seen at the doors of the new nobility. He laments the loss of the true chieftains in terms of matchless pathos. He had tried Sir Valentine Brown (VIII.), but he was repulsed ; his "*peana-poig lae*" must henceforth vainly weep for the generous nobles of the "*Capte'-puil*." In the poem on the "Shoes," with which he was presented by O'Donoghue Dubh (XVIII.), his soul appears overcast with the shadow of dire poverty. The tone is subdued ; the humour is grim ; and in the concluding lines he expresses openly his distress and desolateness. It was probably one of his latest poems. It is remarkable in this great poet that the verses he produced in an old age of sorrow and poverty are more fiery and vigorous than his earlier productions.

After the lapse of nearly 200 years, Egan's memory is fresh to-day in many parts of Munster, and would have been

far fresher and more vivid were it not that the language in which he wrote, and in which his witty sayings were recorded, has decayed throughout almost the entire province.

Though little of biographical value has reached us concerning him, still certain traits of his character have been placed in a strong light by oral tradition. It appears that affected simplicity formed a strong feature of his character. He delighted in acting as a simpleton until he had secured his object, and then in impressing on the bystanders the success of his practical joke by making a display of his learning. On one occasion he entered a book-shop in Cork, and asked the price of the books that lay on the counter in a tone of voice and with a gesture that led the bookseller to imagine he was dealing with a fool. At length he asked with much timidity the price of a large expensive classical work exhibited there. The bookseller, with a look of pitying contempt, handed him the book, and said, "You will get it for nothing if you can only read it." The poet took the book, and to confirm the seller in his error opened it, and held it before him with the pages inverted; and, when the bargain had been duly ratified, set it properly before him and read it aloud with a facility that amazed the bystanders and confounded the bookseller, who perceived he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

When he attended fairs, and on such public occasions, it is said that he usually wore a "sugan" round his waist. Indeed, in one of his prose satires, when describing the dress adopted by Clan Thomas, he appears to allude to this cincture. He delighted in passing for a foolish clown amongst the buyers from Cork and Limerick who frequented the fairs, and to whom he was known only by reputation. His constant reply to such strangers, if they happened to price his cattle, was, "bubairt mo maéair liom gan iad do ófol gan an méad ro," and thus they were led to imagine that he was a mere instrument in the hands of an absent mother.

On one occasion a certain Limerick stranger, named Shink-

win, was completely deceived by his language and manner. Shinkwin, it seems, bought some cattle from the poet, whom he regarded as a fool, and imagined from the replies to some questions he asked that the cattle were in calf. Afterwards, as he passed along the street, he observed this "fool" discussing with great volubility and vehemence some questions of history with a local gentleman. He inquired who that man was, and was told that he was Egan O'Rahilly. On hearing this—for the poet was well known by reputation throughout Munster—he exclaimed, *o'páḡ ran ba ḡan báir aḡ Sinnicín*, "that leaves Shinkwin with cows not in calf." This expression has passed into a proverb.

O'Rahilly is also popularly remembered as an unrivalled satirist. He belonged to what Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan called "Muintir Chainte." In a period of Irish history anterior to that we are considering, satirists were supposed to be able to raise three blisters on the individual whom they abused if he deserved the satire; stories are told of our poet which attribute to his satire still greater power. It is said that, like Archilochus of old, he killed a man by the venom of his satire, and that a fierce attempt was made to satirize himself; that he laboured the livelong night to neutralize its effects; and that when morning came he asked his daughter to look out and reconnoitre. The daughter brought word that some of his cattle had perished during the night. The poet, on hearing this, said, "*buirdeatár le Dia an lá a dúl oppa ir naḡ oppm-ḡa bo éuairḡ pé.*" "Thank God! the victory was gained over them and not over me." This story is worth recording, as it proves how genuinely our poet represents the ancient spirit of Irish literature. On reading the legend, one is carried in imagination to the days of Cuchulainn and Ferdiad, or of Cairbre and Breas. There can be no doubt that Egan's power of vituperation was unrivalled. In his day, personal satire among Irish bards was nothing better than eloquent rhythmical bargaining, often indulged in for the sake of displaying the scolding

powers of the satirist. In the case of our poet, we need not rest his claim as a master of abusive language on mythical stories; an interesting specimen of his personal satire still exists. A poet of the MacCarthy family called Domhnall na Tuille, or "Domhnall of the Flood," whose patron was Tadhg an Duna, wrote a bitter attack on him, on what provocation we cannot say. O'Rahilly replied in a satire of greater bitterness still. We give O'Rahilly's reply in this volume (XXXVIII.). We believe it will be found interesting, as throwing some light on what our annalists say of Irish satire. It certainly displays unbounded command of language. Whether this fierce encounter was purely a trial of strength between the poets, we cannot determine. MacCarthy's attack, which is somewhat coarse, dwells on O'Rahilly's mercenary spirit—how he will not write a poem without a large sum of money—but it is chiefly an attack on his person, so vague and exaggerated, however, that it is impossible to draw any conclusions from it regarding his appearance.

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## II.—HIS WORKS.

O'Rahilly's works may be divided into three classes: Lyrics, Elegies, and Satires. As a lyric poet he deserves a very high place. His pieces are short, often without regular order or sequence of parts; often, too, with a line or a clause thrown in to fill up space and keep the metre going, but the main thoughts come from the heart, and throw themselves without apparent effort into language of great beauty and precision. No idea foreign to the subject is obtruded on the reader's attention; the whole seems produced in the heat of inspiration. The rhythm is perfect, without tricks of style or metre. The poet's very soul seems poured out into his verse. Most of his lyrical pieces that have reached us are concerned

with his country's sufferings and wounds then bleeding fresh, the decay of her strength, the usurpation of her lands by foreigners, and the expulsion of the old nobility. His mind is never off this theme. The energies which other poets devoted to the praise of wine or woman, he spent in recounting the past glories and mourning over the present sorrows of his beloved land, whose history he had studied as few men have ever done, and whose miseries he beheld with the keen eye of genius, and felt for with the warmth and sensibility of the most ardent of natures.

His power as a lyric poet consists mainly in the strength of his passion, and in his unequalled pathos. One gets the idea from some of the shorter pieces, in which he depicts the bleeding and tortured condition of his country, that a very tempest of passion swept through the poet's soul. His paroxysms are fierce, vehement, and fitful. In such gusts he is often taken so far beyond himself, that when the storm is over he seems to forget the links that bound his thoughts together. He takes little trouble to present the reader with a finished whole, in which the various parts are joined together by easy natural links. He is only anxious to fix our attention on what is great and striking, leaving minor matters to care for themselves. We can imagine a poet like Gray counting with scrupulous care the number of his lines, labouring his rhymes, and linking one verse to another, so as to form a homogeneous whole. Our poet seems to care little about the number of his lines, or such minor points. He is conscious that his thoughts, glowing hot, deserve attention, and he compels it.

There are few pictures in poetry more pathetic than that drawn in "The Merchant's Son" (III.). The frequency with which visions of Ireland, cast into stereotyped form, were produced at a later date is calculated to create a prejudice in the mind of the reader against this poem. But the vision here described is altogether different from the common poetic

reveries of the later poets. The loveliness and grace of the maiden, her misfortunes, her trust in her absent deliverer and lover, her belief in his speedy arrival, the fidelity with which she clings to his love—all these create in our minds an intense interest in the distressed queen. But our hearts melt to pity when she is described as looking, day after day, across the main, “over wild, sand-mingled waves,” in the hope of catching a glimpse of the promised fleet. Then the poet has a sudden and painful surprise in store for her and for us. The hero she loved is dead. He died in Spain, and there is no one to pity her. It is more than she can bear. Her soul is wrenched from her body in terror at the word. It is impossible to describe adequately the power of this poem. It is ablaze with passion, while the sudden terror of the concluding stanza belongs to the sublime.

O’Rahilly, as we have seen, lived at a time of supreme crisis in Irish history. The pent-up passion of a suffering people finds expression in every line of that magnificent threnody, which stands second in this collection. Never, perhaps, since Jeremias sat by the wayside and chanted a mournful dirge over the ruin of Jerusalem, never were a nation’s woes depicted with such vivid anguish and such passionate bursts of grief. We have no reason to suppose that the poet made a special study of Biblical literature; yet it is impossible to read this outburst of fierce, intense passion without being reminded of passages in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and especially of the Lamentations. The similarity in thought, in intensity of feeling, in vigour of expression, in variety and simplicity of imagery, between this poem and the Lamentations is, we think, not due to conscious imitation. It is rather to be ascribed to the brooding of kindred spirits over subjects that had much in common.

“How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is the mistress of the gentiles become a widow: the prince of provinces made tributary!”—*LAM.* i. 1.

## INTRODUCTION.

xxxv

"Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her."—LAM. i. 2.

"My eyes have failed with weeping, my bowels are troubled: my liver is poured out upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people, when the children, and the sucklings, fainted away in the streets of the city."—LAM. ii. 11.

"And from the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like rams that find no pastures: and they are gone away without strength before the face of the pursuer."—LAM. i. 6.

Let these well-known verses be compared with the first three poems and the twenty-first of this collection, as well as with many passages in the elegies, and we think it will appear that our poet in vigour of expression, in majesty and simplicity of imagery, in melting pathos, may claim kinship with the greatest writers of all time.

The Elegies differ in style and metre from the Lyrics. They are death-songs for distinguished persons. The poet soothes every sorrow. He remembers every friend; the wife, the sister, the helpless orphan, the weeping father and mother, the famished poor mourning at the gate with no one to break them bread. He brings before our eyes the house, wont to be so gay, now cold and comfortless and still with the melancholy silence of death.

There is something exquisitely affecting in the tender names which O'Rahilly applies to the deceased: a fountain of milk to the weak, their Cuchulainn in a hostile gathering, the guard of their houses and flocks. But, in spite of their tenderness, too-frequent repetition palls. There is too much sameness in the drapery of his grief. Nature mourns, the hills are rent asunder, there is a dull mist in the heavens. Such are "the trappings and the suits of woe" that he constantly employs.

The use made of the Greek and Roman deities is, however, to modern critics, the greatest blemish in these compositions. Pan and Jupiter, Juno and Pallas, give the renowned infant *at baptism* the gifts peculiar to themselves. The elegy on Captain



O'Leary (XXII.), in spite of these faults, is a beautiful poem. The elegy on O'Callaghan (XV. and XVI.) is, perhaps, the most finished production of the author. But the least faulty and most affecting of all the elegies is, without doubt, that on Cronin's three children, who were drowned (XII.). The rhythm is exquisite, and the beautiful metre is that employed in O'Neaghtan's lament for Mary of Modena.

As a prose satirist, O'Rahilly belongs to the same school as Swift. His invention is daring; he indulges in minute descriptions, and delights in the most harassing and disgusting details, provided they serve his purpose. He is the author of three coarse, fierce prose satires—the "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis," the "Parliament Chloinne Thomáis," and the "Eachtra Thaidg Dhuibh." The two former are given anonymously in the manuscripts; but their similarity in thought and language to the latter, and the allusions to them to be found in the lyrics, leave no doubt that O'Rahilly was the author; and they were attributed to him by the universal belief in Munster as late as 1840, as O'Curry testifies. In execution, in plot, in the management of details, in strength of expression, in command of language, these works stand high; and the strong light they throw on Irish history gives them peculiar importance. "Clan Thomas," a breed of semi-satanic origin, full of pride and avarice, whose morals and language do justice to their parentage, are doomed for generations to be the slaves of the nobles in Ireland; but they watch every opportunity of throwing off the yoke. They are essentially a *gens rustica*. In reading their squabbles, their foolish conflicts on questions of ancestry, down through the ages, we feel that we are getting a vivid glimpse of the brawls, the disunion, the traitorism of a certain species of Irishman that has ever been a foul stain on the pages of Irish history. The poet, with peculiar pleasure, ridicules their love of lispings in an English accent, and of being taken notice of by English nobles. The author takes us through the minutest particulars of a scolding

match, or a meeting, or a feast, taking care that we in the meantime conceive a perfect loathing for the actors in these petty dramas. We stand and look on as they devour their meals, we hear the noise made by the fluids they drink as they descend their throats, we listen to their low oaths and foolish swagger about their high lineage, and we turn away in disgust. Surely the upstart or the snob was never elsewhere delineated in such vivid colours.

With a literature such as this, there was little danger that the Irish people as a whole, much less the people of the southern province, would suffer the canker of slavery to eat into their souls. This literature, ever appealing to the glories of the past, ever stinging with keen sarcasm those who attempted to supplant the rightful heirs of Irish soil, ever taunting the oppressor with his cruelty and treachery, kept alive in the Irish heart, to use the words of Burke, "even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." The mission of the Irish *ollamh* in those troubled days, and in the dark night of the penal times which followed, was to proclaim in words of fire the injustice that was being committed, to divert the people's attention from present troubles by pointing to a glorious past, and, lest they should fall into despair, to kindle hopes of future deliverance. Our *ollamh's* strain is sad, and infinitely tender, but withal bold and uncompromising. He is an ardent admirer of the great Irish families that stretch back through our history into the twilight of legend; he is a believer in aristocracy; but his fiercest invectives are poured out against those who in the stress of a national crisis purchase a vulgar upstart nobility at the cost of honour and virtue.

In estimating O'Rahilly's place in literature it must be remembered that Irish literature continued in a state of almost complete isolation down to its total extinction at the beginning of the present century. It imitated no foreign models. It did not compete for the ear of Europe with any neighbouring literature. It was little influenced by the invention of printing, or by the

revival of learning in Europe. The number of books printed in the Irish language from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century would hardly more than fill a school-boy's box ; and of these none were on general literature. The desire for learning for which the Irish race was proverbial, during these centuries of strain, operated as by a kind of instinct mainly in two directions : the attainment of priestly orders, and the cultivation of national history and poetry. Even writers learned in classical and foreign literature showed little inclination to adopt a foreign style. Keating was undoubtedly a man of broad learning, and gifted with a vivid imagination ; but he wrote poetry not in the style of Virgil or Dante, nor yet of Ronsard or Spenser, but as the Irish poets who preceded him. O'Rahilly, though some eighty years later than Keating, is more truly Irish still, in style, in thought, in metre.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised to find in our author's poems a freshness, a simplicity, a vigour, that savour of the Homeric age. The descriptions of life in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), or in that of Warner (X.), have something of the old-world charm of the *Odyssey*. It would be uncritical to judge this poet according to the canons of taste accepted by the nations of modern Europe. He is a survival of the antique, in thought, in style, in metre, in spirit. His spirit is as strong, as fresh, as vigorous, and olden, as the language in which he wrote, as the race whose oppression he depicted ; it is soft and glowing as the summer verdure of his native lake-lands ; it is melancholy as the voice of the storm-vexed Tonn Tóime that disturbed his rest on that night when in poverty and loneliness he lay in bed weaving verses destined to be immortal (VII.).

## III.—METRIC.

In the poems we are considering (with few exceptions) *stress and similarity of vowel sounds in corresponding stressed syllables are the fundamental metrical principle*. Certain root syllables receive a *stress* as each line is pronounced, and *corresponding* lines have a like number of stresses. We call the set of stressed vowel sounds in a line, or stanza, or poem, the *stress-frame* of that line, or stanza, or poem. We understand the stress-frame to consist of *vowel sounds in their unmodified state*. We call each stressed vowel sound a *stress-bearer*. It is convenient sometimes to speak of a *syllable containing a stressed vowel* as a *stress-bearer*. A diphthong or triphthong is similar to a single vowel when the sound of that vowel is the *prevailing sound* of the diphthong or triphthong. Syllables that contain identical or similar vowel sounds are *similar*; thus  $\zeta\lambda\epsilon\acute{o}$  and  $\zeta\acute{o}$  are similar, also  $\eta\alpha\omicron\iota$  and  $\eta\iota$ ; thus, too,  $\rho\epsilon\acute{o}\mu\mu\alpha$  and  $\epsilon\acute{o}\iota\mu\iota$  (XX. 13) have their first syllables similar,  $\epsilon$  being attenuated or thinned in both; also  $\rho\iota\acute{o}\lambda$  and  $\epsilon\lambda\alpha\upsilon\delta\iota\mu\iota$  (XVI. 36–38) where the common vowel sound is *ee* as in *free*. Stresses and stress-bearers *correspond* in two lines when they occur in the same order, beginning with the first stress in each. Lines are similar when their corresponding stresses fall upon similar syllables, or when their corresponding stress-bearers are identical. When all the lines in a stanza, or poem, are similar, the stanza or poem is said to be *homogeneous*. A stress is said to *rule* the syllables which are pronounced with dependence on it, and these may be taken to be the syllable on which it falls, and the *succeeding* syllables as far as the next stress, or to the end of the line in the case of the final stress. The *initial stress* of a line may also rule one or more antecedent syllables.

The final stress-bearer plays an important part in the melody of a line, and in the case of certain metres, the penultimate stress-bearer also.

For purposes of analysis we use the following notation :—

$\bar{a}$  represents *a* in *cat*, sounded like *o* in *cot* (nearly).

|           |   |    |   |         |   |   |            |   |                              |
|-----------|---|----|---|---------|---|---|------------|---|------------------------------|
| $\bar{a}$ | „ | éi | „ | péin,   | „ | „ | <i>a</i>   | „ | <i>name.</i>                 |
| au        | „ | á  | „ | ɾá,     | „ | „ | <i>aw</i>  | „ | <i>awl.</i>                  |
| ē         | „ | ei | „ | beiré,  | „ | „ | <i>e</i>   | „ | <i>get.</i>                  |
| $\bar{e}$ | „ | í  | „ | bí,     | „ | „ | <i>ee</i>  | „ | <i>free.</i>                 |
| i         | „ | i  | „ | rié,    | „ | „ | <i>i</i>   | „ | <i>sin.</i>                  |
| i         | „ | ei | „ | peirém, | „ | „ | <i>i</i>   | „ | <i>line (nearly).</i>        |
| ia        | „ | ia | „ | píal,   | „ | „ | <i>ea</i>  | „ | <i>near.</i>                 |
| ō         | „ | o  | „ | cop,    | „ | „ | <i>u</i>   | „ | <i>cur.</i>                  |
| ou        | „ | o  | „ | lom,*   | „ | „ | <i>ow</i>  | „ | <i>how.</i>                  |
| ū         | „ | u  | „ | cup,    | „ | „ | <i>u</i>   | „ | <i>pull.</i>                 |
| $\bar{u}$ | „ | ú  | „ | cúl,    | „ | „ | <i>oo</i>  | „ | <i>school.</i>               |
| ua        | „ | ua | „ | puap,   | „ | „ | <i>ua.</i> | „ | <i>truant (but shorter).</i> |

These are the chief unattenuated or otherwise unmodified stress-bearing vowel sounds met with in Irish poetry, some of them, such as *i*, *ē*, etc., cannot be attenuated or thinned.

In all the poems we are considering similar lines in the same stanza, and generally throughout the same poem, have their final stress-bearers identical. We speak of an  $\bar{A}$ -poem, or an  $\bar{E}$ -poem, etc., according as any of these vowel sounds is the final stress-bearer throughout a homogeneous poem. Not every vowel sound in the table given above is used as the final stress-bearer for a homogeneous poem, and the most common final stress-bearers are  $\bar{a}$ ,  $\bar{e}$ ,  $\bar{o}$ , *ua*. In our analysis we mark final stress-bearers by capitals. In poems in which alternate lines are similar, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines only as characterising the poem. The penultimate stress in poems, in which it rules but one

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\* Munster.

syllable, becomes as important as the final stress. The initial stress of a line often falls on an undecided vowel-sound, and often rules the greatest number of syllables. In the following analysis we place a horizontal stroke above the vowel, or combination of vowels, on which the stress falls, and use a slanting accent-mark, pointing, as far as is possible, to the vowel whose sound prevails in the stressed syllable. Ordinary accent marks are omitted to avoid confusion.

The metres we are considering may be divided into Elegiac and Lyrical metres.

### *Elegiac Metres.*

We begin with the Elegiac stanza which is the metrical type of a large number of poems in this volume. It consists of four verses or lines. Each verse normally contains nine syllables, ruled by four stresses. The even syllables contain stress-bearers. The second and third stress-bearers, at least, are similar. There are often only eight syllables, in which case the odd syllables contain stress-bearers. Frequently one or more of the stresses rule an extra syllable. The final stress always rules two only. Hence the number of syllables varies from eight to eleven. The following lines illustrate the variation in the number of syllables:—

- (1)  $\overset{\cdot}{\text{C}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{u}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{d}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{d}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{u}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}.$  8 syllables.
- (2)  $\overset{\cdot}{\text{A}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{t}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{O}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{v}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}.$  8 syllables.
- (3)  $\text{A}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}.$  9 syllables.
- (4)  $\overset{\cdot}{\text{Z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{v}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{u}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{g}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{h}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{u}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}.$  10 syllables.
- (5)  $\text{C}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}.$   
11 syllables.
- (6)  $\text{M}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{u}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{c}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{e}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{i}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{g}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{l}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{'}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{n}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{b}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{o}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{z}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{a}}\overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}.$  11 syllables.

Marking by a short horizontal stroke the unstressed syllables, the stress-frames of these lines are :—

- (1)      ŭ    -    ē    -    ē    -     $\bar{O}$  -  
 (2)      ǎ    -    ia    -    ia    -     $\bar{O}$  -  
 (3)    -    ǎ    -    ā    -    ā    -     $\bar{O}$  -  
 (4)      ǒ    -    I    - - I    - -  $\bar{O}$  -  
 (5)    -    ā    -    ǎ    - - ǎ    - -  $\bar{O}$  -  
 (6)    -    ua    -    I    - - I    - -  $\bar{O}$  -

The following stanza is in regular Elegiac metre, and is a faint imitation of the poet's manner :—

I wéep my héro pléasing, pátient,  
 The friénd of péace, the glée of the nátion,  
 Whose vóice was swéet, whose chéek was rádiant,  
 Whose sóul was fréé, whose féats were fámous.

The *stress-frame* is,

(ē ē ē  $\bar{A}$ ) 4,

with the first stress-bearer variable.

In the Elegiac stanza different lines are not necessarily similar, but have always their final stress-bearers similar. The final stress-bearers of the lines in different stanzas must be similar, and are similar in all the poems in Elegiac metre in this volume.

### *Lyrical Metres.*

The five-stressed verse in which I. is composed is typical of a large amount of the poetry in this volume. It is suited to serious and meditative subjects. In it are composed I., IV., XXI., XLVII., L., LIII., LIV. Each poem in this metre is divided into stanzas of four verses each. Each verse has five stresses. The final stress rules two syllables, the penultimate but one. Each stanza is homogeneous; and, though this be not essential, each poem is also homogeneous.

The first stanza of I. bears its stresses thus :

Ír ácuirpreat gear lom creáctar crié fúola  
 Pa rǵamal go daor 'ra gáolta eli-bpreiǵte  
 Na cránna ba tpeine ag beunam bin doib-rin  
 Do gearrad a n-geaga 'ra b-preata crin-peoiǵte.

The stress-frame is,

(ǻ ā ā ē : Ō) 4 ;

marking the unstressed syllables as above, we have

(- ǻ - - ā - ā - ē Ō -) 4

The following English stanza has been composed to illustrate this metre. It is constructed on the stress-frame of I., and follows much the same line of thought :—

In sorrow and chains we pláin like Gréece ólden,  
 By fóreigners sláin in gráves our chiefs móulder,  
 Misfórtune and cáre awáit each frée sóldier,  
 While cóffin-ships béar our bráve the séas óver.

I. is, then, a five-stressed homogeneous Ō-poem.

IV. is in the same metre, but with a different stress-frame  
 It is a five-stressed homogeneous UA-poem thus :

Ǵile na ǵile do éonnapc-ra air rliǵe a n-uaiǵneap,  
 éinnioir an éinnioir a ppiotai náir épion-ǵruamda,  
 Cpiotbal an épiotbal a ǵorm-porǵ rinn-uaine,  
 Deirǵe ir finne ag pionnao 'na ǵpiot-ǵruaónaib.

The stress-frame is,

(Í Í ő ē UA) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables as before,

(Í - - Í - - ő - - ē UA -) 4



Here, it will be noted, the first three stresses rule each three syllables, the fourth one, and the final two. The other metres we have to examine are less frequently employed.

VI. is quite a miracle of sound. It is a homogeneous nine-stressed  $\bar{A}$ -poem. The last three syllables of each line have a stress each. The first line bears its stresses as follows:—

$\acute{a}i\bar{p}l\bar{i}ng\ me\acute{a}b\bar{u}il\ d'\acute{a}ic\bar{i}ll\ m'\acute{a}n\bar{a}m\ p\acute{e}\bar{a}l\ \bar{g}an\ t\acute{a}pa\ p\acute{e}\bar{a}ng$   
 $\acute{c}im\ t\acute{p}\acute{e}i\acute{t}.$

The stress frame is,

(ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ou ē  $\bar{A}$ ) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ou ē  $\bar{A}$ ) 4.

In each line we have the system ǎ ǎ thrice repeated, and three other distinct stress-bearers to close the line. It should be observed that the eighth stress is slight, but falls on syllables that are similar.

In XII. the alternate lines are similar. The first two lines bear their stresses thus—

$\bar{D}o\ \acute{g}e\bar{i}r\ an\ Ra\bar{i}t\ m\bar{i}l\bar{o}p\ do\ p\acute{a}o\bar{b}a\bar{o}\ a\ p\acute{e}\bar{o}l$   
 $\bar{D}o\ l\acute{e}u\bar{n}a\bar{o}\ a\ p\acute{e}un\ p\bar{i}n\ do\ p\acute{l}e\bar{a}r\bar{g}\ t\bar{i}g\ an\ b\bar{p}o\bar{i}n$

The stress-frame for the first stanza is,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{ccccccc} \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{o} & & \end{array} \right\} 2,$

or marking unstressed syllables,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{cccccccc} - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & - & \bar{o} \\ & & & & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} \end{array} \right\} 2.$

The beauty of this system consists partly in the alternation of the similar lines, and partly in the division of all the

odd lines into two equal parts ; besides there are only two stress-bearing sounds in the entire stanza ( $\bar{a}$  and  $\bar{o}$ ), while in the even lines the  $\bar{a}$  sound predominates. It is a four-stressed  $\bar{O}$ -poem.

In III. each stanza ends with the same word except the last, which, however, ends in a word having a similar syllable to the final stress-bearer of the others. It is a seven-stressed  $\check{A}$ -poem, but each line has its own separate stress-frame, and no two consecutive lines have the same stress-frame, with but few exceptions, such as the first two lines. The first line runs :—

$\acute{A}$ ir $\acute{I}$ ng  $\acute{g}$ eur do  $\acute{b}$ earcar  $\acute{p}$ ein am'  $\acute{l}$ ea $\acute{b}$ air  $\acute{r}$  m $\acute{e}$   $\acute{g}$ o  $\acute{l}$ ag-  
 $\acute{b}$ riogac.

Thus, there are seven stresses in each line ; the stress-frame is

$\check{a}$   $\bar{a}$ ,  $\check{a}$   $\bar{a}$ ,  $\check{a}$   $\bar{a}$ ,  $\check{A}$ ,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

$\check{a}$  -  $\bar{a}$  -  $\check{a}$  -  $\bar{a}$  -  $\check{a}$  -  $\bar{a}$  -  $\check{A}$  -

The stress-frame of each line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. In this sense only is the poem homogeneous. Each long line may thus be divided into four short ones, the three first *similar*, and the fourth similar to the fourth of the next long line. Thus divided the first line would stand,

$\acute{A}$ ir $\acute{I}$ ng  $\acute{g}$ eur  
 Do  $\acute{b}$ earcar  $\acute{p}$ ein  
 Am'  $\acute{l}$ ea $\acute{b}$ air  $\acute{r}$  m $\acute{e}$   
 $\acute{g}$ o  $\acute{l}$ ag- $\acute{b}$ riogac.

The "binding" stanza is generally in a different metre from the poem it concludes. It is supposed to summarise the chief ideas of the poem. The metaphor is taken from the

*binding* of a sheaf of corn. The "binding" stanza to II. deserves a separate analysis.

Mo <sup>˙</sup>gr̥eābāb̥ b̥r̥oim̥ na b̥r̥āḡain̥ ēr̥ōbā r̥ḡain̥ce on ḡ-ciē  
 Ir̥ na ḡalla <sup>˙</sup>mōpa a <sup>˙</sup>leābāib̥ an <sup>˙</sup>leōḡain̥ 'ran̥ m-blāpn̥ain̥ ḡil̥  
 ḡaē <sup>˙</sup>aic̥me 'an̥ ēoip̥ l̥ep̥ māiē mo <sup>˙</sup>f̥ōr̥b̥ map̥ cāib̥ ḡan̥ ēion̥  
 Čuḡ <sup>˙</sup>beālb̥ f̥ōr̥ mē aip̥ ēar̥bāib̥ b̥r̥ōḡ 'an̥ r̥r̥aib̥ an̥ioḡ.

The stress-frame is,

(ǣ ȫ, ǣ ȫ, ai Ī) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(- ǣ - ȫ - ǣ - ȫ - ai - Ī) 4.

This is a six-stressed homogeneous Ī-stanza. The system ǣ ȫ (containing two sounds in sharp contrast) is repeated in each line, and each line closes with two vowel sounds also in sharp contrast, but in reversed order. In the beginning of the line the long vowel follows the short; at the end the short vowel follows the long. The result is, apart from words, most pathetic.

XXXVIII. has a remarkable metrical arrangement. The lines are seven-stressed. The first stanza is a seven-stressed homogeneous Ē-stanza. The final stress rules three syllables as do also the second, fourth, and sixth stresses.

The first line runs :—

<sup>˙</sup>bēar̥ppab̥ <sup>˙</sup>r̥iōr̥ḡaiḡce <sup>˙</sup>ḡēar̥ppab̥ <sup>˙</sup>ir̥ion̥na an̥ ēn̥apaḡ  
<sup>˙</sup>r̥m̥ul̥c̥aipe <sup>˙</sup>ēr̥eiēar̥paḡ ;

and the stress-frame is,

(au Ī, au Ī, au ũ, Ā) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(au - ī - - au - ī - - au - ũ - - Ā - -) 4.

The sixth stress-bearer differs slightly from the second and fourth. If this difference be overlooked—as it may, since the even stress-bearers are short, sharp sounds—the stress-frame of the line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. The second stanza is homogeneous and is more regular than the first; it is also an  $\bar{A}$ -stanza. The stress-frame is

( $\check{o}$   $\check{a}$ ,  $\check{o}$   $\check{a}$ ,  $\check{o}$   $\check{a}$ ,  $\bar{A}$ ) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

( $\check{o}$  - -  $\check{a}$  -  $\check{o}$  - -  $\check{a}$  -  $\check{o}$  - -  $\check{a}$  -  $\bar{A}$  - -) 4,

where the odd stresses rule each three syllables, and the even stresses two.

The other stanzas are not homogeneous, but each line has a stress-frame divided into three equal parts of two vowel sounds each, omitting the final stress-bearer. Here and there, however, there are irregularities.

The first two of the stanzas that compose the "Epitaph" in XXII. constitute a four-stressed homogeneous  $\bar{U}$ -poem of exquisite harmony. The first line runs:—

$\bar{A}ca$   $\bar{c}ia\bar{c}$   $\bar{a}ip$   $\bar{n}a$   $\bar{p}ia\bar{r}gaib$   $\bar{i}p$   $\bar{a}ip$   $\bar{p}leibci\bar{b}$   $\bar{v}u\bar{b}a$ .

The stress-frame is,

( $\bar{i}a$   $\bar{i}a$   $\bar{a}$   $\bar{U}$ ) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- -  $\bar{i}a$  - -  $\bar{i}a$  - -  $\bar{a}$  -  $\bar{U}$ ) 4

The three last stanzas of the same "Epitaph" constitute a five-stressed homogeneous  $\bar{U}$ -poem. A typical line is—

$\bar{A}n$   $\bar{c}p\bar{e}ar$   $\bar{d}o$   $\bar{p}io\bar{m}am$   $\bar{v}io\bar{b}$   $\bar{p}in$   $\bar{d}ob$   $\bar{e}ac\bar{c}a\bar{c}$   $\bar{p}on\bar{n}$

The stress-frame is,

( $\check{a}$   $\bar{e}$   $\bar{e}$   $\bar{a}$   $\bar{U}$ ) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ā - ē ē - - ē - Ū) 4

In the last line of the poem,

Ṫair̄ḡ a liōḡ p̄aōib' čliaḡ 'riṛ mēala ḡuinn̄,

the third stress falls on a preposition, while the word čliaḡ is passed lightly over.

The "Binding" to LIV. is a complete lyric in itself. It is a six-stressed homogeneous  $\bar{A}$ -poem.

The first line runs :—

ā ḡain̄piōḡain̄ na m-bain̄piōḡain̄ 'pa māire na m-bē.

The stress-frame is,

(ou ē, ou ē, ā  $\bar{A}$ ) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ou ē - ou ē - ā - -  $\bar{A}$ ) 4

The system ou ē, is repeated in each line ; but it should be observed that the second and fourth stresses are slight.

XLVIII. is a seven-stressed homogeneous  $\check{A}$ -poem. The first line is,

Ni p̄uilinḡib̄ ḡaill̄ ḡuinn̄ p̄iōčūḡaḡ a n-čir̄inn̄ p̄eal̄.

The stress-frame is,

(i, ē ū, ē ū, ā  $\check{A}$ ) 4,

or taking account of unstressed syllables,

(- i - - ē ū ē ū ā  $\check{A}$ ) 4

Here, it will be observed, seven out of ten syllables are stressed, and of these stresses the last six are on consecutive syllables ; besides, the system ē ū is repeated.

The two first lines of XXIX. are,

ā p̄eapla ḡan p̄ḡamal̄ ḡo leiṛ-čur̄ me a ḡ-čāčaiḡ  
čir̄b̄ liom̄ ḡan p̄eap̄ḡ ḡo n-in̄riḡ ḡo p̄ḡeol̄.

It consists of stanzas of eight lines each. The stress-frame, therefore, is,

$$\left\{ \bar{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4$$

or marking the unstressed syllables,

$$\left\{ - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4$$

It will be observed that the system  $\bar{a} \check{a}$  occurs three times in succession in each typical pair of lines. In systems like this, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines as characterizing the poem.

XXX. closely resembles XXIX. in metrical structure, but the even lines are shorter. The stress-frame is,

$$\left\{ \bar{e} \quad \bar{u}, \quad \bar{e} \quad \check{I} \quad \bar{u}, \right\} 4;$$

here the system  $\bar{e} \bar{u}$  occurs thrice in succession, and together with the sharp sound  $\check{I}$  as final stress-bearer, constitute the entire stress-frame.

LI. consists of stanzas of eleven lines each. The third, sixth, and eleventh lines are similar, as are the eight others. There are four stresses in each line. The stress-frame for the eight similar lines is,

$$(\check{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{A}) 8,$$

and for the three other similar lines,

$$(\bar{o} \quad \bar{o} \quad \check{a} \quad \bar{o}) 3.$$

These systems alternate regularly throughout.

### *Alliteration.*

In these poems alliteration—so much used by the eighteenth-century poets—is by no means conspicuous. It occurs in phrases like  $\text{c}\bar{o}\check{m}\bar{b}\bar{a}\bar{l}\bar{t}\bar{a} \text{ c}\bar{l}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{b}$  (XIII. 61),  $\text{b}\bar{r}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{t}\bar{p}\bar{e} \text{ b}\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{c}\bar{a}$  (III. 25),  $\text{p}\bar{i}\bar{o}\bar{r} \text{ p}\bar{i}\bar{o}\bar{r}\bar{a}\bar{c}$  (IV. 9),  $\text{c}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{p}\bar{e} \text{ c}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{i}\bar{n} \text{ c}\bar{l}\bar{u}\bar{i}\bar{n}$

(VIII. 2). In the lyrics we do not often come upon couplets like :—

A g-ceannar na g-croíe g-éaom g-cluṡar g-cuanad g-cam  
Ḃo dealb a b-cir b-cuinneac nfor buan mo ḡlann (VII. 7, 8).

In the Elegiacs there are not many lines like the following :—

Ár rḡat roirh rḡeannairh fearra fóirne (XIII. 9).  
Ár m-báir ár m-bairc ár maire ár m-beóbaet (XIII. 16).  
An bapa cáir do éirísh an éóige (XIII. 85).

We have now analysed the principal metrical systems used in this volume, and though our analysis is not exhaustive, it will, we trust, prove sufficient to direct the reader's attention to what will prove a fascinating study. A few poems in this volume are composed in what are called Classical metres, but as the structure of these metres is well known, we need not dwell on them here.\*

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#### IV.—THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

As many poems in this collection are Elegies or death-songs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland.

At the wakes of the well-to-do classes a professional mourner was employed to chant the virtues of the dead as well as to console the surviving friends. The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-

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\* The reader will find a short account of some of the metres discussed here, in O'Mulloy's *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, A.D. 1667.

meditation. The *bean chaointe*, as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial. Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time. It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the flood-gates of sorrow were open. The men seldom joined in the funeral chorus, and only those whose near connexion with the dead inspired real sorrow, or who were specially gifted with a wailing voice. The *bean chaointe* often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies. These dirges, which not unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory. Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the *bean chaointe* became a *bean cháinte*. The following snatch of dialogue will illustrate the brilliancy of extempore repartee that these mutual recriminations sometimes attained. A young husband, intensely disliked by his wife's relations, is dead. There is a *bean chaointe* on each side. The husband's *bean chaointe* begins thus :—

Mo ghrád tu ar mo caitníomh,  
 A gaoil na b-peap ná maípeann,  
 Do éuala féin ar n'feaca  
 Dó m-báðcaíde muc a m-bainne,  
 'Duir dá éadbaoin earrnaig  
 A b-cúg do mháetar aghur c'áetar.



The opposing *bean chaointe* on behalf of the wife's kinsfolk replies :—

Níor mhuc é aóir band,  
'S ní raib ré d'aóir aóir reádeáin,  
'S ní raib an cileir páirpíng,  
'S ní raib an reálpán bainíon.

These verses are thus translated :—

My love art thou and my delight,  
Thou kinsman of the dead men,  
I myself heard, though I did not see,  
That a pig would be drowned in milk,  
Between two Wednesdays in Spring,  
In the home of thy father and thy mother.

To which the reply is :—

It was not a pig, but a *band*,  
And it was only a week old,  
And it was not wide—the *ceeler*,  
And it was not fastened—the hurdle-door.

The first mourner dwells on the affluence that existed in the parental home of the deceased, and quotes an instance to prove it. In the spring, when milk is scarce, so abundant was that fluid that a pig was drowned in it. The representative of the other side does not deny the fact, but so extenuates it as to make any boast about it ridiculous; even the *scalpán*—a bundle of rods as a substitute for a door—was not well fastened. Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was *bean chaointe*; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief :—

Aed mo éiríde pá rmúib,  
Map a deaó glap air repú,  
'S go raedab an eodair amúgab,  
'S nó leigearpab oileán na d-Fionn.

My heart is oppressed with grief,  
As a lock in screw (that is, a spring-lock)  
When the key has been lost,  
And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

The lamentation of the *bean chaointe* was called a *caoine*.

or keene. It was generally in a short metre, as the above specimens.

Of the same nature as the *caoine*, but far more dignified as a species of composition, was the *Marbhna*, or Elegy. It generally supposed the burial to have already taken place, and was usually composed by a poet in some way connected with the family of the deceased. The *Marbhna* was cultivated in every age of Irish Literature of which we have any record. The Lament attributed to Olliol Olum for his seven sons who fell in the battle of Magh Macroimhe, and Lament of King Niall, and the famous Lament of Deirdre over the sons of Usnach, are early examples. In "Cormac's Glossary," under the word *Gaml* is a citation from a *marbhna* composed by Colman for Cuimine Fota, the Patron Saint of Cloyne, whose death took place in 661 A.D. It is translated by O'Donovan as follows:—

He was not more bishop than king,  
My Cuimin was son of a lord,  
Lamp of Erin for his learning,  
He was beautiful, as all have heard,  
Good his kindred, good his shape,  
Extensive were his relatives,  
Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc,  
He was learned, noble, illustrious,  
Alas he is dead in the month of Gam,  
But 'tis no cause of grief! 'Tis not to death he has gone.

This extract runs on the same lines as the modern Elegies.

In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" several beautiful Elegies are given, such as Torna's Lament for Corc and Niall, and Seanchan's Lament over the dead body of Dallam. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both in Ireland and Scotland, the Elegy became one of the most extensive and important species of verse. Indeed, the trouble and sorrow of these ages were calculated to foster its plaintive melody, and almost every distinguished Irish poet during this period had composed elegies. There is an almost inevitable sameness

about the structure of those that have been preserved ; for, as the idea is ancient, so is the machinery employed. The great heroes of Irish history are marshalled afresh as kinsmen of the deceased : Conn, Cuchulainn, Feargus, Niall, and Cairbre ; the great Norman families and the older Celtic chieftains are also enumerated. But one peculiar charm of this species of composition, all over Ireland, comes from the *mná sidhe*, fairy women, who have "a local habitation and a name," and are wont to lament the Milesian families in sweet and doleful numbers. Thus, in several accounts of the battle of Clontarf, Aoibhill, the fairy lady of Carrigliath, near Killaloe, the *banshee* of the Dalcassians, is made to wrap Dunlaing O'Hartigan in a fairy cloud, to hinder him going to the battle. Dunlaing, however, succeeds in joining Murchadh, whose attendant he was. His explanation of his delay leads to an interview between Aoibhill and Murchadh, in which the fairy predicted, in verse, the fall of Brian, of Murchadh, and of many of the chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

But the most celebrated of all such fairy ladies is Cliodhna, whose principal palace was situated at Carrig Cliodhna, or Cliodhna's Rock, in the parish of Kilshanick and barony of Duhallow. In Glandore Harbour she is supposed to wait for the demise of her favourite chieftains. In this harbour there is still a very remarkable moan heard in the caverns of the rocks, when the wind is north-east off the shore. It is slow, continuous, and mournful, and can be heard at a great distance ; it is the prelude to an approaching storm, and is called Tonn Cliodhna, or Cliodhna's Wave. Swift gives us a description of the storm in this harbour :—

Sed cum saevit hyems et venti, carcere rupto,  
 Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,  
 Non obsessae arces non fulmina vindice dextra  
 Missa Iovis quoties inimicas saevit in urbes,  
 Exaequant sonitum undarum veniente procella,  
 Littora littoribus reboant.

*Swift's Works*, vol. xvi., p. 302.

There are two other natural mourners on our Irish coasts : Tonn Tuaithe, off the coast of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down. Indeed, most of the Irish rivers are pressed into the chorus of lamentation by the Elegiac poets. Besides Aoibhill and Cliodhna, there are Aine of Cnoc Aine, Una of Durlus Eilge, Grian of Cnoc Greine, Eibhlínn of Sliabh Fuaidh. In our poem XXXV. there is given a list of these amiable beings. In Keating's Elegy for the Lord of the Decies (A.D. 1626), Cliodhna, the chief mourner, is made to perform a most extraordinary circuit, which takes a week to accomplish. She visits all the fairy palaces in the country and weeps afresh at each. In some of O'Rahilly's elegies the various local fairy ladies are set lamenting all at once, Cliodhna leading off, and giving information about the kindred of the deceased. In poems XV. and XVI. there is a strange combination of the native and the classical mythologies not uncommon in the poetries of the last two centuries, while Jupiter asks Cliodhna to draw up the pedigree of O'Callaghan.

But the banshee is not content to await the death of her favourite chieftains ; she gives them warning when any great sickness is to end in death. "No doubt can for a moment be entertained," says Dr. O'Donovan, "of the fact, that a most piteous wailing is heard shortly before the dissolution of the members of some families."—*Kilkenny Archaeological Journal*, 1856, p. 129. It is remarkable that in poem XXXV., which is elegiac in form, O'Rahilly represents the *mna sidhe* as lamenting, not the death of a chieftain, but his being deprived of his lands, and banished.

## V.—THE MANUSCRIPTS AND LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS.

The principal sources of the text of the poems in this volume are the MSS. in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy (R.I.A.), Maynooth College, British Museum (B.M.), King's Inns, and the O'Curry Collection, Clonliffe College (C). The Maynooth Collection consists of the Murphy (M) and the Renehan (R) MSS. The following list gives most of the MSS. consulted for the various poems. These are indicated by Roman numerals:—

- I. R.I.A. 23, N, 11. p. 27; 23, G, 20. p. 133; M, vol. 9. p. 218; vol. 12. p. 59; vol. 57. p. 1; C.
- II. R.I.A. 23, M, 49. p. 259; B.M. Eger. 158. pp. 58-60; *Ibid.* 64-66.
- III. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 366; *Ibid.* p. 489; M, vol. 6. p. 229.
- IV. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 22; 23, Q, 2. p. 123; 23, G, 21. p. 356; 23, M, 16. p. 209; M, vol. 12. p. 341; vol. 57. p. 28; vol. 95. p. 14; R. vol. 69; C.
- V. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 368; 23, G, 21. p. 367; M, vol. 12. p. 65; C.
- VI. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 368; 23, G, 20. p. 134; M, vol. 12. p. 69.
- VII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 391; 23, G, 20. p. 133; 23, G, 21. p. 364; 23, N, 15. p. 35; M, vol. 5. p. 49; vol. 12. p. 343.
- VIII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 183; 23, G, 21. p. 368; M, vol. 10. p. 251; vol. 12. p. 86.
- IX. R.I.A. 23, G, 24. p. 357; M, vol. 12. p. 308.
- X. R.I.A. 23, N, 11; M, vol. 6. p. 156.
- XI. R.I.A.; M, vol. 6. p. 356.
- XII. R.I.A. 23, Q, 2. p. 124; 23, M, 16. p. 217; R, vol. 69; C.
- XIII. 23, L, 24. p. 255; 23, L, 13. p. 134; 23, N, 12. p. 39; M, vol. 4. p. 28; vol. 5. p. 27; vol. 5. p. 131; C.
- XIV. M, vol. 10. p. 80.
- XV. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 294; 23, M, 44. p. 169; 23, O, 15. p. 35; M, vol. 4. p. 86; vol. 10. p. 278; C.
- XVI. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 297; 23, M, 44. p. 172; M, vol. 10. p. 394; C.
- XVII. R.I.A. 23, B, 37. p. 53; 23, M, 16. p. 216; M, vol. 10. p. 54; C.
- XVIII. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. p. 238; M, vol. 11. p. 169; vol. 7. p. 89; vol. 57. p. 31.

- XIX. M, vol. 10. p. 93.
- XX. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. and O'Kearney's MS.
- XXI. R.I.A. 23, M, 16. p. 219, and another copy; B.M. Eg. 150. p. 443; C.
- XXII. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 359; 23, N, 13. p. 285; 23, L, 24. p. 539; 23, I, 39. p. 59; 23, L, 37. p. 8; M, vol. 8. p. 400 (incomplete); B.M. Add. 33567. p. 36; C; and numerous private copies.
- XXIII. M, vol. 12. p. 61.
- XXIV. R.I.A. 23, G, 3. p. 241 et seq.
- XXV. 23, I, 39. p. 57.
- XXVI. King's Inns, Ir. MSS. No. 6; M. vol. 54. p. 171 (incomplete).
- XXVII. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. p. 11.
- XXVIII. 23, G, 3. p. 240; B.M. Eg. 133. p. 124; Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. 2.
- XXIX. R, vol. 69; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXX. R.I.A. and O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXXI.-II. R.I.A. 23, L, 39; A, 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy made by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XXXIII. R, vol. 69; B.M. Eg. 110. p. 143; Eg. 160. p. 273.
- XXXIV. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 42; 23, N, 11. p. 134; R, vol. 69; M, vol. 2; C.
- XXXV. B.M. Eg. 94. art. 2. p. 177.
- XXXVI. R.I.A. M, vol. 2. p. 34.
- XXXVII. R.I.A. M, vol. 1. p. 333.
- XXXVIII. R.I.A. 23, C, 32. p. 25; 23, L, 24. p. 395.
- XXXIX. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 283; M, vol. 12. pp. 261, 265, 280.
- XL. O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," sub an. 1726.
- XLI. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 78.
- XLII. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 358; 23, L, 38. p. 81; M, vol. 2. p. 233.
- XLIII. R.I.A. O'Kearney's MS.; 23, G, 21. p. 362 (partial).
- XLIV.-VI. R.I.A. 23, K, 20; A. 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XLVII. M, xcv. and two other copies.
- XLVIII.-IX. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. pp. 231-232; M, vol. 12. pp. 74-76.
- L. R.I.A. M, vol. 12. p. 306.
- LI. M, vol. 43, p. 1.
- LII. R.I.A. M, vol. 5, p. 67.
- LIII. R.I.A. 23, O, 39. p. 36; M, vol. 72, p. 222; vol. 96. p. 434.
- LIV. R.I.A. 23, O, 39; M, vol. 72. p. 224; vol. 96. p. 438.

In the notes to these poems separate symbols are not given for the various MSS. Thus, A stands for one of the copies in the R.I.A., M for one of those in the Murphy Collection, and R for one of those in the Renehan Collection, Maynooth. Wherever more detailed information is considered useful, it is supplied. As some good MSS. came into the editor's hands after the text had been in type, a few important variants will be given at end of volume.

In addition to the above list, copies of several of the poems in private hands were examined. Where the Maynooth Collection supplied a good copy, this has been generally made the basis of the text. The Murphy MSS. (M) are a collection of Irish poems and tales, made by Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, in the early years of the nineteenth century. The greater part of them were transcribed from older MSS. between the years 1800 and 1820; the scribes being the O'Longans, Michael óg, Paul, and Peter; John O'Nolan, and others of inferior merit. There are some MSS. in this collection of an earlier date. Of the Renahan MSS. vol. 69 contains a vast body of modern Irish poetry. The date of compilation is 1853, and the scribe is inclined to the phonetic method of spelling. The R.I.A. MSS. consulted are very numerous; but in their general features they resemble the Maynooth MSS. Many of them are a decade or two older, and they are on the whole more accurate.

One MS. in the R. I. Academy (23, G, 3) is of considerable interest in connexion with O'Rahilly. It is a MS. copy of "Keating's History." The scribe is Dermot O'Connor; and it is from this copy that his much-abused translation of "Keating" was made. At the end of the History the date 1715 is given. Then follow twelve pages of miscellaneous poems by Keating and others. Here is to be found poem XXVIII., without its author's name, and on the same page twelve lines to Donogh O'Hickey, composed in 1709 (last twelve lines of XXIV.), with our poet's name at the end. Between them is a short

piece on the vanity of the world. On the opposite page, at the top, is a poem on the son of Richard Rice, in O'Rahilly's manner; and, following this, a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, who died abroad in 1794, which is probably from our poet's hand. A few pages further is found the first part of XXIV. Although the MS. is dated 1715, it does not follow that the twelve extra pages of poems are of the same date; but they appear to be by the same scribe, and, no doubt, were written not long after that date. It would seem, then, that, while still living, Egan had such a reputation as a poet, that a scribe of some consequence, like O'Connor, found in his poetry matter suitable for filling up the blank pages of his "Keating."

A yet more interesting MS. is a copy of "Keating's History," made by Egan himself in 1722, which is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin.

On the first spare page is a portion of a tract on prosody, in O'Rahilly's handwriting; and, at the end, the following:—  
 Ar na rḡrḡoble hAobágan Ua Raḡaillaiḡ do Ruḡḡrḡ mic Seain  
 oḡ mic Síte a n-ḡrom Coluḡair 'ḡan m-bliabain ḡaoir ḡrḡorḡ  
 míle reacc (ḡ-ceud) aḡur an ḡapa bliabain píḡceab. July an  
 reaccmáḡ lá. "Written by Egan O'Rahilly for Roger óg, son  
 of John, MacSheehy, at Dromcullagher, in the year of the age  
 of Christ, one thousand seven (hundred) and twenty-two. July  
 the seventh." On the opposite page there is a poem of eight  
 quatrains on a priest called William O'Kelliher, whose depar-  
 ture for Connaught the poet bewails; the writing resembles  
 O'Rahilly's, but is, I think, not his. At the end of this poem  
 there is a stanza, in a different hand, signed Seaḡan Ó Tuabma,  
 with the date 1731. At page 83 we have the signature Aogán  
 Ua Raḡaílle, and at the end—

"Finis Libri Secundi 7<sup>br</sup> the 9th, 1722.

"Aobágan Ua Raḡaílle."

This last signature gives the form of the poet's name adopted



in this volume, viz. *Clóagán Ua Raíaille*, and seems to be that used by the poet himself; though even in this he is not quite consistent, while Peter O'Connell, in one place, R.I.A. 23, M, 16, corrects it to *Raígaile*. The MS. is written clearly throughout in a bold hand, very little use is made of accents, and initial letters are sometimes written in a slightly ornamental style. From the dates given above, it seems that the entire MS. was written in two months. In 1842, O'Curry gives his opinion of this MS. thus: *Ar loctar an leabap é po: "this is a faulty book."*

Among the British Museum MSS., Egerton 94, which contains XXXV., is of interest as being written by Finneen O'Scannell, Hardiman's scribe. The paper bears the watermark date of 1816. This Finneen was probably the same as the distinguished poet of that name, who may be regarded as Egan's legitimate successor as poet of the Killarney Lakes. Of another MS. in that collection (Additional 29,614), which contains a copy of IV., *Seaghan na Rathaineach* is the scribe. The date is 1725.

It will readily appear that the MSS. employed in preparing the text of these poems presented a wide range of orthographical variations, and it was found impracticable to print them as they stood. Often the same word was spelled variously in the same poem, or stanza, or even line. Some spellings, however, in which the MSS. were practically unanimous, were retained. The preposition *a* for *í* was found constantly; *aip* instead of *ap*, though not universal, was found to be the prevailing spelling. The Munster *ḡ*, unaspirated in verbs and in certain nouns and adjectives, has not been disturbed. It has been held by good authority (see *Gaelic Journal*, No. 11) that the Munster development of *ḡ* in verbs should be recognized as a characteristic of the language, leaving those of other provinces to soften the sound at will. The present writer is of opinion that poems such as those in this volume lose much of their flavour unless the *ḡ* is pronounced without

aspiration. At any rate it is obvious that the poet is entitled to have the  $\delta$  unaspirated, and the MSS. in general so write it. Although the passive forms, like *cupeab*, are generally pronounced in Munster as if  $\delta$  were  $\delta$ ; yet the MSS. generally write  $\delta$ , and it is used in this volume. The diphthongs *eu* and *éa* are in the MSS. written indiscriminately, and their example is followed in our text. Nouns like *píḡ* *bḡḡ* are in the MSS. undeclined in the singular, and they have been in general so treated in text. As *n* does not silence  $\delta$  in eclipsis they are not separated by a hyphen. For the rest, though many anomalies of spelling still remain, the text is, as a whole, as consistent as the present state of the language demands.

Poem XXIII. is obviously only a fragment, and XL. is a stanza quoted by O'Reilly from a poem on a shipwreck which the poet witnessed off the coast of Kerry, and of which there was an imperfect copy among the O'Reilly MSS. ; but I have been unable to find it. Another piece, a translation of St. Donatus' Latin poem on Ireland, referred to by O'Reilly, is also missing. Besides these there is an elegy on MacCarthy of Ballea, ascribed to the poet in the Renehan MSS. This elegy is printed in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy," and is there ascribed to Tadhg Gaodhalac, to whom it is also attributed in another MS. copy. As it has appeared already in print, and as its authorship is disputed, it is not given here. On the other hand, poems XXV. and XXXIV. are probably not genuine. The latter appears to be the work of Pierse Ferriter.

In these poems the elaborate metre employed requires a considerable variation in the vowels, in declensions, and verbal terminations. Every language has to modify its ordinary prose forms to some extent to meet the exigencies of metre.

The poet goes back to an earlier pronunciation of certain words, which colloquial usage had shortened by a syllable. Thus *laḡairḡ*, *peabac*, etc., generally form two syllables in verse, but only one in conversation ; while in XXI. 19, *peabac*

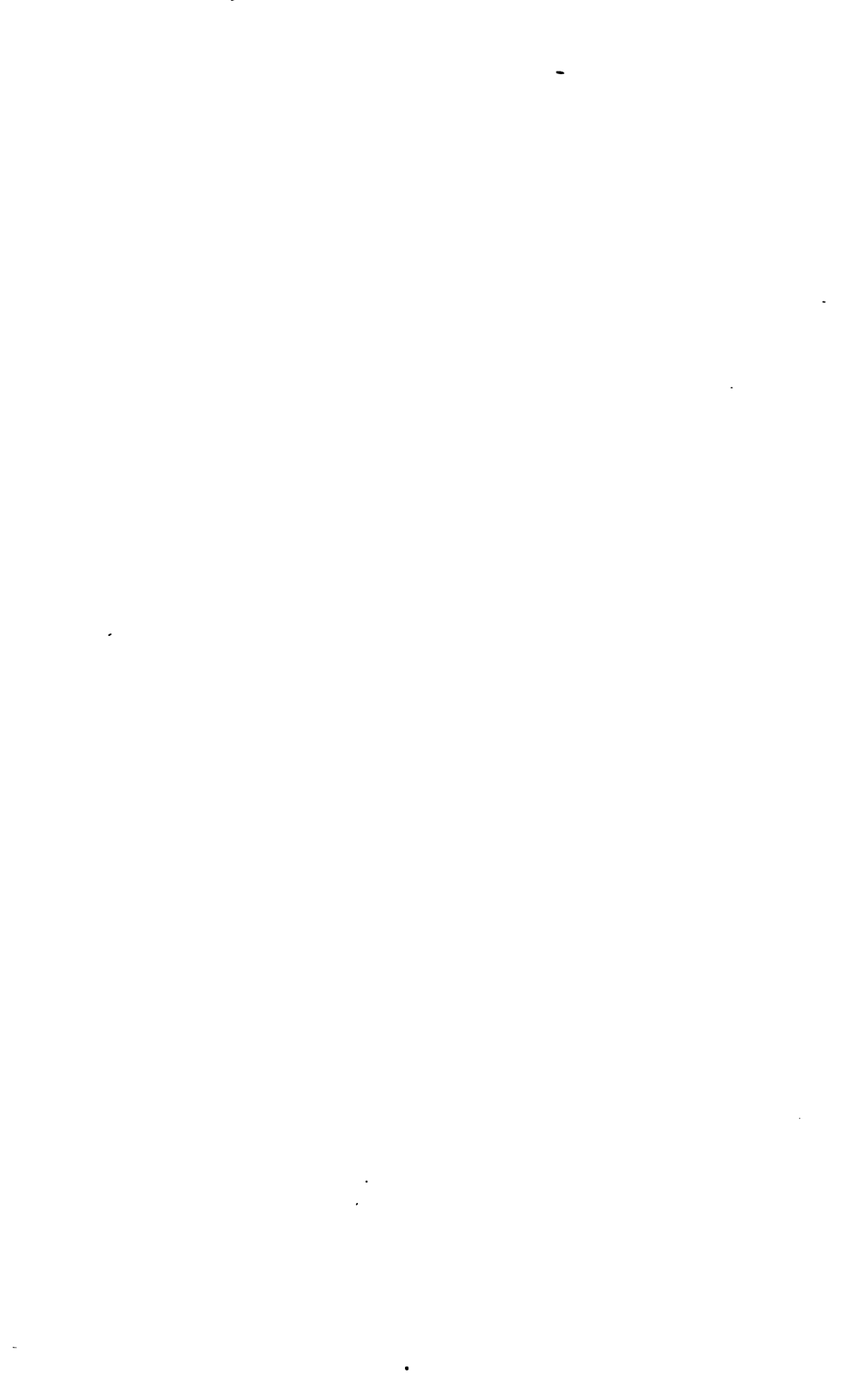
is sounded as one syllable. Again, not only is a word expanded according to earlier pronunciation, but aspiration is removed from a middle consonant, as *leogan* for *leoḡan*, *raoḡal* for *raoḡal*. It often happens that such pronunciations survive in provincial dialects. Thus *éugainn* is pronounced as two syllables in XX. 36, but never nowadays in conversation in Munster; while in Connaught the two syllables are still heard, though the initial *é* becomes *é*. The diphthong *ao*, as in *aon*, *taob*, etc., is pronounced in Connaught as *aoi* is pronounced in Munster (that is, as *ee* in *steel*). The poet often uses this sound for metrical purposes, and the scribes generally spell it *aoi* in such cases; thus *ḡaol* XXI., etc. Again, the same word is pronounced in three or four different ways to suit the metre: thus *naḡuib* may be taken as a monosyllable pronounced in two or three ways, or as a dissyllable having similar variations. There is sometimes an internal vowel change in verbs, as *do péinn* for *do pínne*; also in pronouns combined with prepositions, as *dáib* for *dóib*. Frequently, also, the singular of a noun is used for the plural, and adjectives are sometimes not declined.

As regards the value of these poems as specimens of the language, it will suffice to quote the opinion expressed by the Very Rev. P. O'Leary, P.P. of Castlelyons, who yields to no one in appreciation of the subtleties of Irish syntax. When he had read the first twenty poems in proof, he wrote—"The pieces you are putting together are splendid; they are veritable classics in the language. The constructions in them will always stand as true models of the syntax of the Irish language."

Cá b-fuil Aodagán éigior iaréar Fál,  
Ná tigeann a fíaoctar tréan nó a fíaoctar 'nár n-báil.

Where is Egan, bard of Western Fál,  
That his powerful work and his melody come not to our aid.

REV. CORMAC MAC CARTAIN, "To the Bards."



ḡánta aodhaḡáin uí rathaille.

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

# ḡ́ánta aodhaḡ́áin uí rathaille.

## I.

### CRÉAC̃TA CRÍC̃ FÓDLA.

Iḡ́ acuirpreac̃ ḡ́eup liom créac̃ta críC̃ Fódla  
 Fá rḡ́amall ḡ́o daor 'ḡ́a ḡ́aolta clí-bḡ́eóḡ́te;  
 Na cḡ́anna baḡ́ éḡ́ime aḡ́ déanaḡ́ óḡ́n dóib̃ rín  
 Do ḡ́earpaḡ́ a ḡ́éaḡ́a 'ḡ́a b-préaḡ́a crín-peoḡ́te.

Cé paḡ́a buic̃, Éipe, maorḡ́a, m̃ín-nóḡ́mar,  
 Ad' ḡ́anaicḡ́ain c-réim̃ le péile iḡ́ fíor-eóluḡ́,  
 Beir fearḡ́a ad' m̃íeipḡ́iḡ́ fḡ́ ḡ́ac̃ críon-éóluḡ́,  
 'S ḡ́ac̃ laḡ́pānn comaitḡ́eac̃ d'Éip̃ do éib̃ deólaḡ́.

Iḡ́ maḡ́ baḡ́pa aip̃ mo m̃éala, feuc̃ ḡ́up b̃íol deópa,  
 10 ḡ́o ḡ́aḡ́bānn ḡ́ac̃ pécr̃ don péim̃ rín roinñ Eoruiḡ́  
 A baip̃ḡ́iōnñ caip̃ féiñ ḡ́o paḡ́ḡ́alta ríteóilce,  
 Ac̃c̃ baḡ́ba a b-péiñ ḡ́an céile iḡ́ í pórḡ́a !

---

I.—Of this poem there are several partial copies. There is a copy containing all the stanzas given here in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS. in Maynooth College. The piece, however, seems naturally to end with the sixth stanza. The idea expressed in the fifth stanza is more fully developed in XXXIV., which is an argument in favour of O'Rahilly's authorship of the latter poem.

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1. críC̃, M críC̃, monosyllabic gen. of críC̃, as if the word were masc. R críC̃e.

3. na cḡ́anna, metaphorical for 'great families.'

4. ḡ́éaḡ́a, M ḡ́éaḡ́a. Most MSS. have ḡ́éaḡ́a, which gives an extra syllable. In XXXVI. 36, MS. gives a ḡ́eab̃ ḡ́eineallaiḡ́. The word seems a poetical softening down of ḡ́eāḡ́a.

5. 'Éipe = a 'Éipe, the a being absorbed by

## THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

### I.

#### THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA.

Woful and bitter to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla,  
 Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ;  
 The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter  
 Have their branches lopped off and their roots withering in  
 decay.

Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle-mannered Erin,  
 A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge ;  
 Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every  
 withered band,  
 While every foreign boor shall have sucked thy breasts.

And to crown my sorrow, behold it is a fit subject for tears,  
 10 That every king of the dynasties who divide Europe amongst  
 them  
 Possesses his own fair, gentle spouse in prosperity and peace,  
 While Banba is in pain without a consort, wedded though she be.

the initial vowel. 7. beip, so in MS. It is a better form historically, as well as phonetically, than the beip of many modern writers.

8. comhteac, M comhteac, generally pronounced as if written caoteac, here for assonance as if written caotac.

9. beopa, for beop, gen. pl.

10. poinn Eopuip. I have taken poinn as pf. tense of poinnim, 'I divide,' and Eopuip as acc. case. It would be better perhaps to take poinn Eopuip for poinne Coppá: "of the continent of Europe."



Θαίλλεαμαρ πρέιμ-ῥλιοῦτ Νέιλλ ιρ ρίολ θογαίη,  
 Ιρ να πεαραῶοιν τρέαηα, λαοῦραῶ ρίοζαῦτ ὀοίρηε,  
 Ὀν Ἀραῦ' ῥυίλ ῥέιλ, μο λέυν, νί'λ ρυίηνν βεῶ αἰυίηνν !  
 Ιρ παδα ρίηνν τρέιτ ῥά λέιρ-ῥζοιρ βυίθιν λεῶραῶ.

Ιρ βεαρῶ ζυρ ὕῆ ζαῦ εἰζιον ιοζοῶρα,  
 Ζαγγυῖο ιρ εἰῦεαῦ, ελαοι ιρ ὀιοῦ-ῶῶῥαίλ,  
 Ζαη εαγγαλ λε ὀεἰλε, αῦτ ραοβαῦ ρίηνν-ῥζοῶραῦ,  
 20 Ὀο ῥαῥραίηζ ζο ραοῦραῦ ῥραοῦ αη Ρίοζ ὀοῥαῦῥαίηζ.

Ὁ θαίλλεαμαρ εἰρε ιρ μέαῶ ἀρ μίο-ὀοῦῥομ,  
 Ιρ τρεαῥγαίρε να λαοῦ μεαρ, τρευν, νάρ ῥί-ῥρεῶραῦ,  
 Αἰρ Αῥαῶ-Ἰῥαῦ Ὀῆ 'ῥ αἰρ ῥρευν να ῤῥίονοῖοε  
 Ζο μαίρηῖο ὀά η-εἰρ αη μέαῶ ρο ὀιοῦ βεῶ αἰυίηνν.

Θαίλλεαῶαρ Ζαοῦαίλ α ὀ-ῥρέιῦε εαοιη ὀραῦ,  
 Καῤῥαῖαῦτ, ῥεἰλε, βευρα, ιρ βίην-ὀεῶίῥα;  
 Αἰλα-ῥυίρε ελαοι ὀο ῥραοῦ ρίηνν ραοι ῥῥοῥ-ῥμαῦτ;  
 Αἰγαίηνν Αῶν-Ἰῥαῦ Ὀῆ αἰρ Ζαοῖθίλ ὀ'ῥοίρηῖην.

14. πεαραῶ = πεαῤῥεῦ: cf. XXII. 16. 15. ρίοζαῦτ for ρίοζαῦῥα;  
 MS. βοίρηε. In XX. 11, MS. has βοίρηε. 15. Καῤῥαῦ-ῥυίλ. MS.  
 καῤῥαῖο-ῥυίλ, but see II. 1. Καῤῥαῦ is sometimes a trisyllable, and then often  
 written Καῤῥαῦ; sometimes a dissyllable when the first syllable is lengthened,  
 Καῤῥαῦ. 20. ζο ραοῦραῦ. One MS. has αἰρ 'εἰρηνν. 23-24. Supply  
 a verb like ιαῥῥαμαοῖο. It would be too harsh to take αἰρ Αῥαῶ-Ἰῥαῦ  
 Ὀε = "for the sake of the Noble Son of God &c." 27. αἰλα-ῥυίρε = αἰλ-  
 ῥυίρε. 28. Ζαοῖθίλ, nom. for dat.

We have lost the root-stock of Niall and the seed of Eoghan,  
And the bold champions, the warriors of the kingdom of  
Borumha ;  
Of the hospitable race of Carthach, woe is me ! we have not  
many alive,  
And long have we been helpless under the devastation of  
Leopold's band.

In sooth it is every violence of injustice on our part,  
Deceit and falsehood and treachery and dishonesty,  
Our want of union, and, instead, the tearing of each other's  
throats,  
20 That have drawn down on us keenly the rage of the Mighty  
King.

Since we have lost Erin, and because of the extent of our  
misfortunes,  
And because of the overthrow of the nimble, strong warriors,  
who were not wanting in vigour,  
We entreat the noble Son of God and the Might of the Trinity,  
That those of them who are alive with us may thrive after  
them.

The Gaels have lost their gentle, comely qualities :  
Charity, hospitality, manners, and sweet music ;  
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ;  
I beseech the Only Son of God to grant relief to the Gaels.

## II.

AN MILLEAD D'IMTIG AIR mhÓR-SLEACTAIB  
NA h-ÉIRIOMH.

Monuap-ra an Éiré' fuil tráigce, tréit-lag!  
Gan ríg air an g-cóip ná treórac tréan-meap!  
Gan fear corraim ná eócuir cum péitig!  
I' gan ríatá dín air éir na raop-flaite!

Tír gan triat do ghrian-fuil éirip!  
Tír fá anrmaect Gall do traoctad!  
Tír do doirctead fá éoraib na méirleat!  
Tír na ngairne—ir tréigid go h-euz liom!

Tír doct buaidearéa, ir uaigneac céarba!  
10 Tír gan fear gan mac gan céile!  
Tír gan lúe gan ponn gan éirbeact!  
Tír gan éomérom do doctair le déanam!

Tír gan eaglaip énearba ná cléirig!  
Tír le miorguir noé d'íteadar faoléoin!  
Tír do cuirtead go tubairteac, traoctda,  
Fá rmaect namair ir amair ir méirleat!

Tír gan corad gan cairbe a n-éirinn!  
Tír gan cupa gan buinne gan péiltean!  
Tír do noctad gan poctain gan zeuga!  
20 Tír do bpiread le puirinn an éarpla!

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II.—For remarks on this threnody see Introduction. The version here given is taken from a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy marked 23. M. 45, page 259 *et seq.*, collated with a copy of the poem in the British Museum. The latter copy gives the "binding" stanza, which is omitted in the former. The compiler of the British Museum catalogue describes the poem as an "Elegy on Mac Carthy," but it is elegiac only in metre.

II.

1720.

See xxx p 165.

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES  
OF ERIN.

Woe is me! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach,  
Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader!  
Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate!  
Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains!

A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear!  
A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger!  
A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants!  
A land of fetters—it is sickness to me unto death!

A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured!  
10 A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse!  
A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing!  
A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor!

A land without a meek church or clergy!  
A land which wolves have spitefully devoured!  
A land placed in misfortune and subjection  
Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers!

A land without produce or thing of worth of any kind!  
A land without plenty, without a stream, without a star!  
A land stripped naked, without shelter or boughs!  
20 A land broken down by the English-prating band!

1. *ceadúice*, MS. *ceadúice*.  
*ce-ppúic*, VIII. 11.

MSS. have *gaibne*, which form the metre requires.  
apparently for *naíháb*, gen. pl.  
we say in English, "without any use in the world." MS. reads *ceadúice* and *ceadúice*.

5. *grian-fuil*: cf. *grian*  
8. *na ngaiúne* = *na ngeiúne*. Both

16. *naíháb*,

17. *gan cairde a n-Éirinn*, as

Եր Իր քրանո՞ւտ քրանո՞ւտ քրեան-քիր !  
 Եր աջ բոր-ջու Ի ջո հ-եանար !  
 Եանքեա՞ծ եօթա՞ծ Լեօնտե Լեանար  
 Տաւո՞ւտ Երանո՞ւտ Եւթա՞ծա՞ծ !

Իր բու՞ծ ա ջրած ջո Եան Լե Եեան !  
 ջրած ա Եան ա ջ Եան 'նա քրեան-քիր !  
 Տոտանա բոլա ար ա քրեան ջո Եան !  
 Ա հ-ա՞ծ ար քրած ան Եան-ճան Լե Եեան !

Ա Եան քրեանո՞ւտ Եանո՞ւտ Եեան !  
 30 Ճար ա Եան Եան մին-ճի ճե՞լ  
 Լարնա՞ծ Եան ա Ե-քրեան Եան-Եան  
 Լե Եեան Եան Եան Եան Եան.

Եան ա քրեան 'նա Եանքեա՞ծ Եեան !  
 Իր ջանար Եանո՞ւտ Եան հ-ճի Եան-ար !  
 Ա հ-ա՞ծ Եան Եան Եան Եան ա Եեան  
 Ա ջ Եան Եան Տան Եան Եան Եան Եան.

Եեան ա Եան, Եան Եան Եան 'նա ջեան,  
 Եան Եան ա հ-ար Եան Եան Եան,  
 'Տա ջեան Եան Եան Եան Եան, Եեան,  
 40 Իր Եան Եան Եան Եան Եան Եան.

Ա Եան Եան ա Եան 'Եան հ-ա՞ծ  
 Եան Եան Եան Եան, ա Եան 'Եան Եան,  
 Ա Եան Եան ջո Եան Եան,  
 Ա ջ-Եան Եան Եան Եան Եան Եան !

23. Եանքեա՞ծ = Եանքեա՞ծ, but the word is now always dissyllabic.

24. Եան. O'R. gives 'bashful,' but the meaning is often much stronger, as in several passages of these poems.

26. MS. ա Եան. I have always supplied the ջ in such omissions.

27. Cf. "Եանա՞ծ բոլա ար ա քրեան ա յ Եան," XXII. 164. ջո Եան I translate 'in torrents'; the more precise meaning is 'in flakes or layers,' which will hardly suit 'blood.' O'R. only gives Եան, 'clodded': cf. the use of Եան, which is often applied to 'blood.'

A land in anguish, drained of her brave men!  
A land ever lamenting her children enviously!  
A widow, weeping, wounded, woful!  
Torn, bruised, humbled, full of wounds!

Ever wet is her cheek from tears!  
The hair of her head falls down in heavy showers!  
Streams of blood gush forth in torrents from her eyes!  
Her whole visage is of the appearance of black coal!

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured!  
30 The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair waist  
Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy,  
By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.

Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools,  
While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed;  
Her carcass is being torn asunder  
By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.

Her leaves have decayed, there is no vigour in her boughs;  
Her waters have been dried up by the frosts of heaven;  
Behold! there is no brightness in her sun over the lands,  
40 And the fog of the smithy is upon her mountains.

Her princely mines, her woods, her lime quarries  
Are burnt or broken down; her trees, her osier plantations,  
Her growing rods, scattered and torn,  
In foreign countries severed from one another.

34. *bpirtó* is mentioned again in XX. 26; and Dover is used similarly, XXI. 8. The Bristol merchants were great transporters of slaves. In the course of four years they shipped upwards of 6000 youths and maidens from the Irish shores; these included criminals, prisoners of war and the destitute.

41-42. *aolbaó* seems to mean 'limestone quarries'; *caolbaó*, probably same as *caollaó*, or more properly *caolaó*; for *caolaó* see XXII. 222, note, and cf. XXVI. 87.

Driopa ir heidger, gan ceilg am' rgeulaib,  
 A leabair an lapla, ir pian 'rir céarda!  
 An blárna gan áitreab áct faolóin!  
 Ir Rát Luirc rgorbairgíte noctairgíte a n-baor-bhuib!

- Do tuit an leamuin gan tapa, mo geur-ghoin!  
 50 An Mairg 'r an t-Sionainn 'r an Lipe pá éreáctair;  
 Teamair na Ríog gan uppa phloct Néill Duib,  
 Ir ní beo cupaó aca cineab Raigéileann.

Ní'l Ua Doctarta a g-comérom 'ná a éomphloct!  
 Ní'l Sfol Mórda tpeón baó éreánmar!  
 Ní'l Ua Flactarta a g-ceannar 'ná a gaolta  
 Sfol brian bearb na nGallair le tpeímré!

- Air Ua Ruairc ní'l luaó, mo geur-ghoin!  
 Ná air Ua Doimnall pór a n-Éirinn!  
 Na Gearaltairg táib gan tapa gan rméibeaó,  
 60 búrcairg bappairg ir breáctairg na g-caol-bapc.

Goidim an Tísonóid pfor-inór naomta  
 An ceó ro do díocur díob re éile,  
 Do fíleáctair Ir ir Cuinn ir Éibir,  
 Ir airiog do tábairc na m-beata do Gaoðalair.

Airiog do Gaoðalair déin, a Óríor, a n-am,  
 Na m-beata go léir ó baor-bhuib daoié Gall.  
 Smaéctair na méirli, feuc ar g-epíoc go fann!  
 Ir balta na h-Éirionn paon lag claiúcte táll.

### AN CEANZAL.

- Mo gneabaó bpoín na breagair éróda rgaínte ón g-cit,  
 70 Ir na Gallá móra a leabair an leoğair 'ran m-blárnair gíl:  
 Gaé aicme 'an éoir lér maré mo fórb map táib gan éion  
 Cug dealb pór mé air eapbair bpoğ 'an rpaib anioğ.

45. For Griffin see XVIII.; Colonel Hedges, of Macroom, see Introd.

46. Both A and B read, as in text, ir pian 'rir céarda. The Earl is either Lord Clancarty, called "lapla na peabac pioabac ruğac" in VIII. 14, or Lord Kenmare.

52. Raigéileann, in MSS. The metre requires a word of three syllables. It is possible that Raigéileann is meant: see

Griffin and Hedges—without deceit is my tale—  
In the place of the Earl, it is pain and torture;  
Blarney, without a dwelling save for the wolves;  
And Rathluirc plundered, stripped naked, and in durance dire.

The Laune has fallen without vigour, my sharp stroke!  
50 The Maine, the Shannon, the Liffey, are wounded!  
Tara of the Kings is without a prop of the race of Niall Dubh!  
And no hero of the race of Raighleann is alive.

O'Doherty is not holding sway, nor his noble race,  
The O'Moore's are not strong, that once were brave,  
O'Flaherty is not in power, nor his kinsfolk,  
And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English.

Of O'Rourke there is no mention—my sharp wounding!  
Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin;  
The Geraldines they are without vigour, without a nod,  
60 And the Burkes, the Barrys, the Walshes of the slender ships.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,  
To banish this sorrow from them altogether—  
From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear—  
And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels  
All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls;  
Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,  
And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea!

#### THE BINDING.

My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,  
70 And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney,  
Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned;  
This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day.

---

VI. 6, note. 55. 'nd a gaoitca. MS. nd gaoitca.

64. beata, 'means of living,' 'estate': cf.—

Διπλοῦς ἡ βεατὰ τοῦ ἐκβαπτὸς τοῦ ἀνὴρ ἀπὸν βαλλ  
O Suiḡe Finn go pionaib Sléib Míir.—XXXV. 231-2.



*first darling poem in Irish?*

## III.

p. 129. mac an céannuiḡe. c. 1700. ? *corrected*  
1725 *Amman*.

Airlingḡ ḡear do ḡearcar péin am' leabaib' ip mé ḡo lag-  
b'fioḡac :

Aingip feini, bar b'ainm éipe, aḡ teact am ḡaop air  
marcuigeadt;

A rúil reamhar ḡlar, a cúl epom car, a com reangḡ geal 'r  
a malaidé,

D'a maoidéamḡ ḡo raib' aḡ c'ioḡact 'na ḡar, le b'ioḡraip, Mac  
an Céannuiḡe.

A beól baó binn, a ḡlór baó caoin, ip ró-feapc linn an  
cailín

Céile b'riain d'ár ḡéill an f'ianann, mo léip-épeac bian a haicib'  
Pá rúirce ḡall, dá b'púḡac ḡo teann, mo cúlípiann c-peang  
do f'lad rínn;

Ní'l paoríeamḡ real le c'igeadt 'na ḡar ḡo b'píllpib' Mac an  
Céannuiḡe.

Na céabta actá a b-péin do ḡrác le ḡear-feapc ráim dá  
cneap-clí;

10 Clanna ríḡḡe maca Míleac b'pauin f'ioéda ip ḡairḡib'ḡ,  
Tá ḡnúip 'na ḡnaoi, ní m'pḡlann rí; cé buabac pa rḡíor  
an cailín,

Ní'l paoríeamḡ real le c'igeadt 'na ḡar ḡo b'píllpib' Mac an  
Céannuiḡe.

III.—Of this splendid poem, on which I have commented in the Introduction, there are several copies extant, all agreeing in every point of importance. In XXVIII. the Pretender is called the Bricklayer from his reputed origin; and in the present poem a similar idea appears to be suggested by the "Merchant's Son." In some MS. copies IV. is placed after III. as a "binding," and as IV. seems to have been composed before 1725, III. may also be referred to the same date. Hence it can scarcely be meant to represent the death of James II., who did not die in Spain, and must be regarded as pure fancy.

1. ḡear. A paon.

3. ḡlar, as a colour, means green like grass, or

## III.

c. 1725.

## THE MERCHANT'S SON.

I beheld a clear vision as I lay in my bed bereft of strength!  
 A gentle maiden, whose name was Erin, approached me on  
 horseback—  
 Full and bright were her eyes, her hair was heavy and ringletted;  
 fair and slender her waist, and her eyebrows—  
 Proclaiming that the Merchant's Son was coming to her with  
 zeal.

Her mouth was melodious, her voice was beautiful—great is my  
 love for the maiden—  
 The spouse of Brian, whom the warriors obeyed; my utter  
 complete ruin is her affliction.  
 Crushed heavily beneath the flail of the foreigners, this slender  
 maiden that stole my heart;  
 There is no relief ever to draw near her until the Merchant's  
 Son come back.

Hundreds are pining in love through earnest, pleasing devotion  
 to her complexion,  
 10 Children of kings, sons of Milesius, fierce warriors, and champions  
 Sorrow is in her face, she does not arouse herself; sad and weary  
 though the maiden be,  
 There is no relief ever to draw near to her till the Merchant's  
 Son come back.

grey as a horse; when applied to the eye, as here, it cannot conveniently be translated either 'green' or 'grey,' as neither word implies a compliment. Its meaning here, as in the many passages where it is applied to the eye, is 'fresh, bright, sparkling': thus, XI. 9, *rúil is glúipe na bpúct air féór*, where the comparison is between the eye and the dew. But, the natural quality of dew is to be fresh, bright, sparkling—it is not its *greenness* that is admired. *Ib.* MS. *maillíde*.

4. *maoiúearn* very often simply means 'to announce or mention,' like *luab*. It sometimes means 'to announce or mention in a boastful manner.'

7. *M rúirceada. A rúirce.* 9. *M cneir-clíde.* 11. *M has*  
 simply *pá rgiop f.* A completes the line as in the text. *Ib.* *gnúir* = sorrow (?).

A ráidte féin, ir epáidte an rgeal, mo lán-éireac géar a h-aisib!

Go b-fuil rí gan ceól ag caoi na n-beór, 'r a buirdean gan  
go bað maic gníomh,

Gan cléir, gan órb, a b-péin go mór, 'na h-iarrma fód gac  
mabaoi;

'S go m-beir rí 'na rprear gan luige le fear go b-fillpíob  
Mac an Óeannuige.

Abubairt arís an búid-bean mionla, ó éirneab ríge  
éleac rí,

Conn ir Airt, bað lonnrae peacé, ir b' fóglae glac a  
ngleacuigeacé;

Críoméan tréan, cap tuinn euz géill, ir laoiageac mac  
Céin an fear gnoide,

20 Go m-beir rí 'na rprear, gan luige le fear, go b-fillpíob  
Mac an Óeannuige.

Do beir ríil ó fear, gac ló fód peacé, air epáig na m-bairc,  
an cailín;

Ir ríil fear roir, go blúe cap muir, mo éumá anoir a  
h-aisib;

A rúile riap, ag ríil le Dia, cap conntaib riapa gainne;

Ir go m-beir rí 'na rprear, gan luige le fear, go b-fillpíob  
Mac an Óeannuige.

A bráite bpeaca acáid cap leap—na cáinte fearc an cailín;  
Ní'l pleac le pagáil, ní'l gean ná gráð ag neac dá cáiruib,  
abmáim;

A ghuabna fluic, gan ruan, gan rult, fá ghuaim, ir buib  
a n-aisib.

Ní'l faoiréam real le tigeacé 'na gar go bfillpíob Mac an  
Óeannuige!

16. rprear. The idea conveyed by *tá re 'na rprear*, or *tá re rínce 'na rprear* is, "he is lying down, useless or helpless." Cf. the lines from the "Arachtach Sean":—

"beir claidream air gac reabac nár éangail le bpiodeac  
'S an reanbuine cñona rínce 'na rprear."

Her own words, distressing is their tale,—her affliction is my complete, sharp ruin!

How that she is without melody, shedding tears, and her troops, who, without falsehood, had performed great deeds,

Without clergy, without friars, deep in suffering, a remnant subject to every dog;

And that she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

The kindly, mild woman added, that since the kings she had cherished were brought low—

Conn and Art, whose reigns were illustrious, and whose hands were strong to spoil in fight,

Crimhthan the strong, who brought hostages from across the sea, and Luigheadh, son of Cian, the man of might—

20 She would lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Daily the maiden looks southward by turns to the shore of the ships, Eastward she looks wistfully across the main,

Hoping in God, she looks westward over wild, sand-mingled waves, And she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's

Son come back.

Her speckled friars, they are over the sea, the troops whom the maiden loved;

Nor feast, nor affection, nor love is to be got by any of her friends, I avow it;

Her cheeks wet, without repose or pleasure, in sorrow, black is their covering;

There is no relief to draw near her till the Merchant's Son come back.

---

“Every warrior who did not unite with a bride, will wear a sword, While the aged old man will be in bed, uselessly (or helplessly).”

17. cleaótt, ‘to be habituated to,’ hence ‘to cherish.’ *Íb.* cūpnad. *MS.* cupnañ. 21. aip cpáig. *MS.* aip cpaiḡib. 26. abnúim

= abnúigim. *MS.* abaoim. 27. a n-aibib, ‘their covering’: that is, the covering of her cheeks; the ḡnúir she displayed, as said in line 11, *supra*.

- 30 **Abuðarc** léi, iar élor a rgeal, a rún gur eag ar éleact rí  
 Éuar 'ran Spáin, go b-ruair ré báir, ir nár éruag le cáe a  
 h-aicib;  
 Iar g-clor mo góta a b-foðar di, éorruig a cruicé, 'r do  
 rgead rí;  
 Ir d'éalairg a h-anam, d'aon preab airde; mo leun-ra an  
 bean go lag-briogad.

---

29. **Abuðarc** (MS. separates the a) must be pronounced as three syllables; notice the inversion: the natural order is, gur eag a rún ar éleact rí.

On hearing her story, I told her the lover she cherished was  
dead,

30 In Spain in the south he died, and her affliction was pitied of no  
one;

As she heard my voice close to her, her frame trembled, she  
shrieked,

And the soul fled from her in an instant; oh woe! the woman  
bereft of strength.

---

30. cdc, with a negative = 'no one.'

## IV.

## GILE NA GILE.

Gile na Gile do éonnarc-ra air rliḡe a n-uaiḡneap;  
 Dinnioḡ an dinnioḡ a pḡioḡal náḡ éḡḡion-ḡḡuamḡa;  
 Cḡioḡḡal an éḡioḡḡail a ḡoḡm-poḡḡ ḡḡnn-uaine;  
 Dḡiḡḡe iḡ ḡinne aḡ ḡionnaḡ 'na ḡḡioḡ-ḡḡuaḡḡaib.

Caiḡe na caiḡe an ḡaḡ ḡuibe dá buibe-ḡuaḡaib;  
 ḡaineap an éḡuinne dá ḡuieḡe le ḡḡnn-ḡḡuaḡaib;  
 Iorḡaḡ ba ḡlaine ná ḡlaine air a ḡḡuinn buacaiḡ;  
 Do ḡeineaḡ air ḡeineaḡain dḡiḡ 'ḡan éḡ uacḡḡaiḡ.

ḡioḡ ḡioḡaḡ dam d'innioḡ, iḡ iḡi ḡo ḡioḡ-uaiḡnead;  
 10 ḡioḡ ḡilleaḡ don duine don ionaḡ ba ḡḡḡ-ḡualḡaḡ;  
 ḡioḡ ḡilleaḡ na dḡuineḡ ḡuip eḡḡion air ḡḡnn-ḡuaḡaḡ;  
 'S ḡioḡ eile na cuḡḡeaḡ am luḡḡaib le ḡioḡ-uaiḡain.

Leiḡe na leiḡe dam dḡuibḡim 'na cḡuinn-ḡuaḡim!  
 Am éime aḡ an éime do ḡnaiḡmeaḡ ḡo ḡioḡ-ḡḡuaḡ me;  
 Air ḡoḡḡm illic ilḡuipḡ dam ḡurḡaḡḡ do bḡoḡḡ uaiḡḡe;  
 'S lḡḡeaḡ an dḡuinnḡḡiol 'na luḡḡe ḡo dḡuibḡon luacḡa.

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IV.—If we may judge by the number of copies of this poem extant in the MSS. of the eighteenth century it must have been very highly prized by the Irish public. And justly was it prized. It is unsurpassed for subtlety of rhythm and beauty of expression, but it saddens the heart by its sounds “most musical, most melancholy.” It has been printed by O’Daly in the “Poets and Poetry of Munster.” The best copy that I know to exist is to be found in an autograph volume by John Murphy, “Seaghan na Rathoineach,” bearing date 1754–1755. I use S to represent this copy in the notes. The text I give here is from a copy by O’Longan, with a few emendations from other copies. It should be observed that in many MSS. this poem is given as a “binding” to III. It is found in a MS. of 1725.

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2–3. These lines are third and second, respectively, in O’Daly’s printed copy, and also in Murphy’s copy, which we denote by S. 3. S an ḡuipm poḡḡḡ.

## IV. /

## GILE NA GILE.

1725

The Brightness of Brightness I saw in a lonely path,  
Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,  
Crystal of crystal, her blue eye tinged with green,  
The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,  
That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,  
An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,  
Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

A tale of knowledge she told me, all lonely as she was,  
10 News of the return of HIM to the place which is his by kingly  
descent,  
News of the destruction of the bands who expelled him,  
And other tidings which, through sheer fear, I will not put in  
my lays.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go up close to her!  
By the captive I was bound fast a captive;  
As I implored the Son of Mary to aid me, she bounded  
from me,  
And the maiden fled, blushing, to the fairy mansion of Luachair.

5. S cuipe na cuipe.

6. S co buimior an épuinne don punne.

7. S glúine.

9. S ómúir me, as if the poet were the informant.

12. eile, pronounced as if written uile.

14. S am éoinne ag an

g-cuime. R am éoinneab ag an g-cuime. O'Daly prints: 'S me am éoinne ag an éaine. Reading in text is, on the whole, the most satisfactory and the most common by far; cuime = cimbú, 'a captive.' Text gives sense required by context: He approached the maiden, but in doing so was detained a captive; when he sought for release in prayer he was released, indeed, but she had fled. There are other copies of this poem which I have not collated, and which may give this line more accurately.



- Rit'm le mipe am pítib zo cpoide-luamneac;  
 Tpe iméallaiñ cupraiğ, tpe monğaiñ, tpe pl'm-puaiñciñ;  
 Don finne-bpog cigim, nı cıigim cia an t-pliğe puapap,  
 20 Zo h-ionab na n-ionab do cumab le bpaoideac't çpuazaiğ.

bpriñ pđ pğiğe zo pğiğeamail buñean çpuazac  
 İp fuipeann do bpuinngiolaiñ pıopğai'te blaoi-çuaçac;  
 A ngeiméalaiñ geiméac mé cuiriñ çan puinn puaiñnıp;  
 'S mo bpuinngiol aip bpuinnoñ ağ bpuinıpe bpuinno-pcuacac.

D'innıpeap bırı, 'ran b-priocai bađ pıop uaim-pı,  
 Náp çuiñe ði pñaiñmeac le plıbiıpe pl'm-buaiñeap'ta;  
 'S an buine bađ ğile aip çine Scuıt tpi h-uaiıpe,  
 Ağ peiñioñ aip ipı beı't aiğe map çaoın-nuaçap.

- Aip cloiriñ mo ğo'ta ði zoileann zo pıop-uaiñpeac;  
 30 Ri'teann an plıçe zo liıpe ap a çpıop-çpuaoñnaiñ  
 Cuıpeann liom ğiolla dom çomaiıpe ón m-bpuıñ uai'te;  
 'S İ ğile na ğile do çonnape-ra aip plığe a n-uaiğneap.

### ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԴԱԼ.

Mo çpeiğib! mo çubaiıt! mo çupraiñn! mo bpón! mo ðt'e!  
 Mo foillıpeac muiıpeac, mıoçaiı-ğeal, beđl-taiı, çaoın,  
 Ağ ađapcaç fuiriñnoñ-ouñ mıopğaiıpeac çóııpeac buıñe;  
 'S çan leiğeap 'na zoııpe zo b-pıllıñ na leoğaiı tap çuıñn.

17. S pıtım le pıt mipe.

18. pl'm-puaiñciñ. It is difficult to determine the exact force of pl'm in compounds; it is of frequent occurrence, thus *infra* 26: pl'm-buaiñeap'ta. Its primary meaning seems to be, 'thin, spare, slender.' Cf. plıom-apán, 'unleavened bread.' A puaiñciñ is a rough uneven moorland, interspersed with turtóğa, or little holms.

20. S bpıoiğeac't bpuaçaiñ. O'Daly, bpuağaiñ; text is that of O'Longan's copy.

26. cuıñe, two syllables here.

29. pıop-uaiñpeac. uabap means 'pride,' in general, often also *wounded pride*. A person subjected to a keen insult, under which he smarted, would say, çaiıiğ uabap opm, "a sense of wounded pride came on me." Cf. XIII. 81:

Ađbap uabaiı buaiñeap'ta ip bpón-ğoił,  
 where the meaning 'pride' would be ridiculous.

I rush in mad race with a bounding heart,  
 Through margins of morasses, through meads, through barren  
 moorlands,  
 I reach the fair mansion—the way I came I know not—  
 20 That dwelling of dwellings, reared by the sorcery of a wizard.

They burst into laughter, mockingly—a troop of wizards  
 And a band of maidens, trim, with plaited locks;  
 In the bondage of fetters they put me without much respite,  
 While to my maiden clung a clumsy, lubberly clown.

I told her then, in words the sincerest,  
 How it ill became her to be united to an awkward, sorry churl,  
 While the fairest thrice over of all the Scotie race  
 Was waiting to receive her as his beauteous bride.

As she hears my voice she weeps through wounded pride,  
 30 The streams run down plenteously from her glowing cheeks,  
 She sends me with a guide for my safe conduct from the  
 mansion,  
 She is the Brightness of Brightness I saw upon a lonely path.

#### THE BINDING.

O my sickness, my misfortune, my fall, my sorrow, my loss!  
 My bright, fond, kind, fair, soft-lipped, gentle maiden,  
 Held by a horned, malicious, croaking, yellow clown, with a  
 black troop!  
 While no relief can reach her until the heroes come back across  
 the main.

30. S ríle aḡ an bplíte ḡo lípe. It seems too extravagant to take lípe  
 as the river here; besides, that river is too remote from Luachair.

35. O'Daly prints:—

“Gíḡ abairc aḡ fúirceannaib miorḡaircá, cḡón-búb, buíbe.”

But, there is an obvious slur on the maiden, so lovingly described, in saying  
 she was held by a horn. The text follows S, which transfers the horn to her  
 tyrant.

## V.

## AN AISLING.

Maibion pul rmaoin Titan a éora do luaðail  
 Aip mullaé énuic aoirb aoiðinn do lobamar ruar;  
 Tarrartar linn rgaot bpuinnxiol foilbip ruairc  
 Darrad bfi a Sió Seanaib polar-bpuig éuaib.

Peartartar rjim bpaoidaécta náir doreca rnuab,  
 O Gaillim na liog lí-geal go Corcaig na g-cuan,  
 Darrpa gaé crainn fíor-éuirear corad agur cnuar,  
 Meaf daire aip gaé coill, fíir-mil aip élocaib go buan.

Laraib rin tpi coinnle go polar naé luaidim  
 10 Aip mullaé Énuic aoirb Fírinne Conallaið ruair,  
 Leanaí tar tuinn rgaot na m-ban g-coðail go Tuamhain,  
 Ir faéctaim-re díob díograir a n-oif je aip cuairb.

D'fpeazair an úrigib Aoiðill, náir doreca rnuab,  
 Faéain na b-tpi g-coinnle do laraib aip gaé cuan,  
 A n-ainm an ríð díograir beap aguin go luaé.  
 A g-ceannar na b-tpi ríogaécta, ir ba g-cornaib go buan.

Air m'airling do flim-bíobgar go h-aéðumair ruar,  
 Ir do meapair gur b-fíor d' Aoiðill gaé ronair dáir luaib;  
 Ir amlaib bíor tsm epéaéctaé, doilbip, duairc,  
 20 Maibion pul rmaoin Titan a éora do luaðail.

V.—This delightful little piece seems to have been very popular. It describes the fairy woman Aoiðill and her companions lighting up the harbours of the country with three candles. Aoiðill explains to the poet that they are welcoming the rightful king of the *three kingdoms* who is soon to come and long to stay. But alas! it was only a vision, and the poet starts up from his reverie sad and disconsolate.

1. MS. gives Typhon; the Sun is meant, of course.

2. MS. mullaé;

though, 9 *infra*, aip mullaé.

10. Cnoc Fírinne, in the county of

Limerick, is a classic ground of fairies. On it is a heap of stones, said to be a monument to Donn Fírinne. See XXVIII.

11. coðall means 'a hood or cloak,'

and often implies power of enchantment. 12. Tuamhain, for Tuadhúmhain.

## V.

## THE REVERIE.

One morning, ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet,  
 I went up to the summit of a high pleasant hill,  
 I met a band of charming, playful maidens—  
 A host who dwelt in Sidh Seanaibh of the bright mansion in  
 the north.

A magic prosperity of hue not dark spread itself around,  
 From Galway, of the bright coloured stones, to Cork of the  
 harbours;  
 The top of every tree ever bears fruit and produce;  
 In every wood are acorns, and sweet honey continually on stones.

They light three candles with a blaze I cannot describe  
 10 On the top of high Cnoc Firinne in Red Conollo;  
 I followed the band of hooded women over the waves to  
 Thomond,  
 And ask the secret of the function they were performing in their  
 rounds.

The maiden Aoibhill, not dark of aspect, gave in reply  
 The reason for lighting the three candles over every harbour:  
 In the name of the king for whom we yearn, and who will soon  
 be with us  
 Ruling the three kingdoms and defending them long.

I started up from my reverie without delay,  
 And I fancied that Aoibhill had spoken truth in all she had said;  
 The way with me was that I felt weak, oppressed, sad, and  
 troubled  
 20 One morning ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet.

13. *nár òrpa rnuab*, 'not dark of aspect,' but of *brightest hue*. Cf. *nað spiol méin*, XI. 2; and *gan earnam air biað*, XXXIII. 31.

17. *rlfm-bfoðgar*: see IV. 18, note.

20. MS. reads Titan, which must be true reading in line 1, *supra*.

## VI. /

## AISLING MEABUIL.

Aisling meabuil d'aicill m'anam, real gan tapa reang  
 cím tréit;  
 Pápa carb trápna mara ag teacht anbeaí go teann  
 naoi réim;  
 Draigín meara a d-topaí caí a n-airm gheanta an  
 t-reang t-ríol Céin,  
 Leagad air gallaib aca i bbarzab, i r fearann fairring  
 a g-ceann eirí Níill.

Marr gan banna bearcam, reabac leabair lannaí  
 leabair-ghnóm tréan,  
 Dpataí argnaim, coilead caí, d'aicme Raítleann sean  
 gribí Gaedéal;  
 Cribí plaitir, bailte, bainín, panna, mara, i r campaoi  
 a g-céin,  
 D'fearcail arn-ghairge an aicil geallar ceart an t-rean-  
 rí g pléir.

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VI.—This brief little lyric displays the poet's great command of language and rhyme. It seems clearly to refer to the Pretender, and not improbably at a time when rumours were rife of his endeavour to regain his father's crown. It is not unlikely that it was written about 1714 or 1715. The poet lived to see how far the event was from justifying this glowing dream. I have collated the Maynooth copy of the poem with two others in the Royal Irish Academy.

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1. m'anam. This aspiration is common in the spoken language. aicill, from aicilliam, 'I vex.' O'R. writes it aigilliam: d'aicill m'anam gan tapa,

## VI.

## AN ILLUSIVE VISION.

An illusive vision troubled my soul for a time, leaving me  
 without vigour, lean, spiritless, and prostrate:  
 Showers of ships crossing the sea from the south, mightily and  
 in due order,  
 Nimble soldiers in the battle-front, in splendid arms—the grace-  
 ful race of Cian—  
 Upsetting and wounding the foreigners, and wide their plains at  
 the extremity of the regions of Niall.

I beheld a Mars without censure, a warrior of the sword, of  
 nimble deeds, mighty,  
 A marching banner, a battle cock, of the race of Raithlean,  
 parent of the warriors of the Gael;  
 The heavens tremble, towns, strongholds, continents, seas, and  
 camps in the distance  
 At the feats of martial valour of the hero who undertook to fight  
 for the rights of the old king.

'vexed my soul, leaving it, or rather me, without vigour.' 2. aḡ. In MSS. frequently aḡ. 3. c-peaṅḡ c-píol. A c-peaṅḡ-píol.

6. bṛataḡ aṛḡnaíṁ, 'banner of progress or marching.' aṛḡnaíṁ, from aṛḡnam, 'I go, march.' M, bṛotaḡ aṛṇaíṁ. A, also, aṛṇaíṁ. Ib. Raithleann was foster-mother of Core of Cashel, and daughter of Dathe the strong. Core being the first king of Cashel, descent from the Cashel kings is spoken of as descent from Raithleann.

8. pléiḡ generally means 'to litigate, to contend'; here it is used of battle.

## VII. ✓

AN TÁN D'AISTRIG ZO DUINNEACÁID LÁM LE TONN  
TOIME A Ğ-CIARRUIDE.

Ir fada liom oidee éir-élué gan ruan, gan rrann,  
Ĝan ceatra, gan maoin, caoiré, ná buaid na m-beann;  
Anrað air tuinn caoib liom do buaidir mo éeann,  
Ir nár éleácar am naoidean fioduig ná ruáctan abann.

Dá maipead an ríĝ díonmar ó bruaé na leamann  
'S an ĝarrað bí aĝ roinn leir léir éruaĝ mo éall,  
A ĝ-ceannar na ĝ-epioé ĝ-caoin ĝ-cluáir ĝ-cuanac ĝ-cam,  
Ĝo dealb a d-tír d-toinneac níor buan mo élann.

An Capatac ĝroide fíocmar le'r ruadac an meang,  
10 Ir Capatac laoi a n-baoirre ĝan ruarĝlab rann,  
Capatac ríĝ Cinn Tuirc a n-uaiĝ 'ra élann  
'S ir atuirre epíom' éroide ĝan a d-tuairirĝ ann.

Do fearĝ mo éroide am élice do buaidir mo leann;  
Na reabaic nár epíé cinnce, aĝ ar bual an eang,  
O Cairiol ĝo tuinn Élioðna 'r ĝo Tuamuin éall,  
A m-bailce 'ra maoin bíé-épeácta aĝ fluaiĝtib ĝall.

VII.—In this very beautiful and pathetic poem the author gives us what may be called a biographical snap-shot of himself. Pressed apparently by dire poverty, he had changed his residence, and found himself in a land of surpassing loveliness. Duinneacha, where the poem was composed, must be near the great cascade that rushes impetuously down the slopes of the Tonies Mountain into the lake beneath. It is night, and a storm rages on land and wave. Tonn Toime thunders with deafening noise. His sleep is disturbed, and he breaks forth into a lament for the chieftains who, if they lived, would relieve his distress. In his impatience he chides the waves for their angry clamour.

5. The MacCarthys built their castles on the edge of Lough Lein and the River Laune, as Carew says, "to stop all the passages of Desmond."

7. A very graphic description of the district around the Killarney Lakes.

9. Refers to MacCarthy Mor.

10. Capatac laoi, the Earl of Clancarty, also called Baron of Blarney, whose chief residence was at

## VII.

ON HIS REMOVING TO DUINNEACHA, BESIDE TONN  
TOIME IN KERRY.

The truly wet night seems long to me, without sleep, without snore,  
Without cattle, or wealth, or sheep, or horned cows;  
A storm on the wave beside me has troubled my head,  
Unused in my childhood to the noise or the roaring of rivers.

If the protecting prince from the bank of the Laune were alive,  
And the band who were sharers with him,—who would pity my  
misfortune,—

Ruling over the fair, sheltered regions, rich in havens, and curved,  
My children should not long remain in poverty in a watery land.

The great, valiant MacCarthy, to whom baseness was hateful,  
10 And MacCarthy from the Lec, enfeebled, in captivity, without  
release,

MacCarthy, prince of Kanturk, with his children in the grave—  
It is bitter grief through my heart that no trace of them is left.

My heart has withered up within my breast, the humours of my  
body are troubled,

Because the warriors who were not found niggardly, and who  
inherited the land

From Cashel to the waves of Cliodhna and across to Thomond,  
Have their dwellings and their possessions ravaged by foreign  
hosts.

Blarney until 1688. For an account of the Earl mentioned here see XLVII.

11. The branch of the MacCarthys, called MacDonogh, owned Kanturk. In Queen Elizabeth's time they erected a magnificent building, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram 120 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; the structure was four stories high, and the flankers five, but Elizabeth ordered the building to be stopped lest it might afford a stronghold for rebels. This family forfeited their estates by taking part in the rebellion of 1641.



Ա լոռն քօ լիօր րբ ասիմե լեւմ յօ հ-մքօ,  
 Մեծար մօ լինն լաօւծե օժ' ճեւեա՛ւ լճ;  
 Եսար ծճ Ե-ւիջե՛ծ արի՛ր յօ հ-լիրոնն ծճոն,  
 20 Ծօ ճլամ նա՛ւ ծնն Ծօ ծնոքոնն քեւն ած Ծրճաւծ.

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17. The poet here addresses himself to the great cascade, now called O'Sullivan's, which dashes into the lake beneath, even when no storm is raging, with an awe-inspiring sound.

- \*   Thou wave below, which dashest from such a height,  
The senses of my head are overpowered with thy bellowing,  
Were help to come again to fair Erin,  
\* 20 I would thrust thy discordant clamour down thy throat.

## VIII.

## DAILINCÍN BRÚN.

Do leathnaig an ciac diacrae pá m' fhean-éiríde dár  
 Iar-b-airíobla nánbhalíaracra a b-peapann Cumh eugainn;  
 Sgámall air grian íaréair dár éapcar síogaet Múman  
 Pá beara dam triall riam órt, a dailincín brún.

Cairíol gan éiar, fíailcead, ná maréiríde air b-túir,  
 Ír beanna bpuig éiríon ciartuillte mádraib úirg',  
 Ealla gan érian éiríde do macaib síg Múman  
 Pá beara dam triall riam órt, a dailincín brún.

D'airtíug fíad an fialóruíe do éleacraig sí air b-túir,  
 10 Ó neabairg an fíad íaracra a n-daingean-éoil Ráir;  
 Seacnaib íarí grian-t-rpuíe ír cairí caoin ciuin  
 Pá beara dam triall riam órt a dailincín brún.

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VIII.—The subject of this pathetic, if bitter poem, was Sir Valentine Brown, the fifth baronet of that name and the third Viscount Kenmare. He was born in 1696. During his youth he was an outlaw owing to the attainder of his father. In November, 1720, he married Honora Butler of Kilcash, in the County of Tipperary, who died of smallpox in 1730. He married secondly Mary, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Castle Ishin, in the County of Cork, the relict of Justin, fifth Earl of Fingall. He died on the 30th of June, 1736. See Archdall's "Lodge," vol. vii., p. 57.

From numerous allusions throughout his works, both prose and verse, it is obvious that our poet cherished a peculiar affection for the Brown family. Indeed some of his prose satires seem to have been inspired by his indignation at their having been made outlaws while their lands became the prey of adventurers. We do not know what request of his was refused by Brown which called forth these bitter verses. That he was in his old age when they were composed is certain from internal evidence. It is also certain that they cannot have been written later than 1734, for in that year the Earl of Clancarty died at Prals-Hoff in the territory of Hamburg. It is difficult to exaggerate the pathos of this poem. The poet represents himself as weeping in his old age for the banished nobles of the Gael, and in his need turning to one of the usurpers by whom he is repelled.

## VIII.

## VALENTINE BROWN.

A distressing sorrow has spread over my old hardened heart  
 Since the foreign demons have come amongst us in the land of  
     Conn,  
 A cloud upon the sun of the west to whom the kingship of  
     Munster was due ;  
 It is this which has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,  
     Valentine Brown.

First, Cashel without society, guest-house, or horsemen,  
 And the turrets of Brian's mansion black-flooded with otters,  
 Ealla without a third of the chiefs descended from the kings of  
     Munster ;  
 It is this which has made me ever to have recourse to thee,  
     Valentine Brown.

The wild deer has lost the noble shape that was her wont before,  
 10 Since the foreign raven nestled in the thick wood of Ross ;  
 The fishes shun the sun-lit stream and the calm, delightful rivulet ;  
 It is this that has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,  
     Valentine Brown.

1. *cúad*. Disease in general, and the names of diseases in particular, are often used figuratively to denote sorrow, distress, or anguish. *cúad* is a feeling of smothering on the chest caused by cold, and its application here to sorrow, that, as it were, spreads over the heart, is singularly apt. *Ib. búir*: hardened, senseless, passionless from age, as the trunk of an old tree may be called *búir*.

6. The full expression is *do mháthar*; the preposition is omitted, leaving the aspiration. *ó* could not be the preposition here. *Ib. úirg'*, for *uirge*, to suit the metre.

7. *Ealla*. The district of Ealla, or Duhallow, had a great many minor chieftains under the clan system. *Corc* was the first king of Cashel.

10. *íapaicta*: MS. *íapaictac*, but metre requires the *c* elided. *Ib. íaíac*: *M íaíac*, but which does not read well with *neabairg*.

Dairínir ciar lapla níl aice 'on éloinn úir,  
 A hamburḡ, mo éiaé! lapla na reabac ríobac rúḡac;  
 Seanapórḡ liaé aḡ dian-ḡol pé éaéctar bíob rúb  
 Pá deapa dam criali riám opt a báilneín bḡán.

Clúmh na n-ealtan meapa fínámar pe ḡaoit  
 Mar lúipeac dealb caic air fárac ppaioḡ,  
 Dúilcaib ceaéra a laéta éál dá laoiḡ,  
 20 Ó fiubail ríor báil a ḡ-ceapte na ḡ-Cáréac ḡ-caoin.

Do rciúraḡ Pan a deapca a n-áirbe crioé,  
 Aḡ enúé cár ḡaib an Mapr do báraiḡ rínn;  
 Márglaib aitéḡ ḡearpaó lán an cḡir,  
 Aḡ bḡúḡac na marb cḡapna ó fáil ḡo rínn.

13. Dairínir is Valentia Island; Domhnall MacCarthy More was made Earl of Clancare and Baron of Valentia by Elizabeth; the poet laments that a MacCarthy no longer holds the title.

14. hamburḡ: see XLVII. 16, note. 17-18. ḡlaím in M. I read clúmh in 17, which suits the metre, and lúipeac in 18 should be understood to mean 'covering' or 'fur.'

20. Sir Valentine Brown rendered some services to the Elizabethan government in connexion with the surveying of escheated lands, for which he was rewarded with "all those manors, castles, lordships, lands, and hereditaments whatever, in the counties of Cosmainge and Onaght O'Donoghue, in the counties of Desmond, Kerry, and Cork, late or sometime being in the possession of Teige

Dairinis in the west—it has no lord of the noble race ;  
 Woe is me ! in Hamburg is the lord of the gentle, merry heroes ;  
 Aged, grey-browed eyes, bitterly weeping for each of these,  
 Have caused me ever to have recourse to thee, Valentine Brown.

The feathers of the swift flocks that fly adown the wind  
 Like the wretched fur of a cat on a waste of heather ;  
 Cattle refuse to yield their milk to their calves  
 20 Since Valentine usurped the rights of the noble MacCarthy.

Pan directed his eyes high over the lands,  
 Wondering whither the Mars had gone whose departure brought  
 us to death ;  
 Dwarfish churls ply the sword of the three fates,  
 Hacking the dead crosswise from head to foot.

macDermot macCormac, and Rorie O'Donoghue More." *Id.* For *ṛíor óail* M has an *Uail*.

22. There can be no doubt that the Mars is the Pretender, so "Maṛṛ ḡan ḡanna," VI. 5. *do báraig ṛinn = do cuir ṛinn* *óum báir*, or rather *do léig báinn báir ó'fáḡail*.

23. The MSS. practic 'ly all agree as to the text. One MS. in the Royal Irish Academy has *muirḡlḡb aicḡ ḡarab lán an tṛíṛ*, but none other that I have seen aspirates the *ḡ* of *ḡearrab* ; for an *tṛíṛ* : cf. XVIII. 40—

*Le comacṫa ḡraoibeaṫa an tṛíṛ ban árra,*

*lán = lann* (?). The *aicḡ* alluded to are, no doubt, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin : see *Introd.*

## IX.

NUAIR DO CHUIR NA H-EIRICÍZ EASBOZ CÖRCALÍGE  
TAR LEAR.

Mo bhrón ! mo millead anoir mo leun le luad !  
An rgeól guipte éluimim éuz me déapac, buairc;  
Mo rgeóip do rgeuir, do bhrí mo féan, mo fuan,  
Eóin do cup tar muir aip éigíon uainn.

Mo rcor, mo éirbe ruí a n-éirpeact uaim  
Mo dóip, mo éion, mo éuib do'n éléip gan éruar;  
Níor léop leip rínn gan rpué na féile fuair;  
Tar bóena a mbpuib ó cuirpead é monuar !

---

IX.—John Baptist Sleyne was appointed Bishop of Cork on the 13th April, 1693. In 1694 he was put in charge of Cloyne also. He was then 55 years of age, and was well known in Rome as a Professor of Moral Theology in the College of the Propaganda. In the list of unrolled parish priests of the year 1704 he is mentioned as an ordaining bishop up to the year 1698. In that year he was taken prisoner at Cork. On the 27th March, 1703, he wrote a letter, in French, to Cardinal de Giamone from which we translate a few extracts:—"God at last permitted that I should be taken prisoner in my episcopal city, where I remained in this state for five years, being the most part of the time in bed; until, at the close of last month, the mayor and aldermen of Cork made me rise up from my bed by means of a troop of soldiers, who, without having regard either to my advanced age, or to the state to which frequent pains of gout and gravel have reduced me, carried me off in the sight of all the people in a little boat which landed me a few days ago a league from Lisbon, where I had the consolation of being immediately visited by the French Ambassador, who, as a worthy minister of so great and so pious a monarch, has offered me his lodgings and everything that he could do to aid me." Translated from *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, vol. ii., p. 369. The Nuncio in Lisbon, writing on the 24th of April, 1703, about this new arrival, says:—"Notwithstanding the Act of

IX.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS SENT OVER THE SEA  
BY THE HERETICS. *a 1706*

1705.

My grief, my undoing now, my anguish to be related!  
The bitter tidings I hear has made me tearful and troubled,  
It has upset my mind, it has shattered my happiness and my  
rest,  
The sending of John across the main from us by force.

My store, my treasure, he has taken from me all at once,  
My justice, my affection, my favourite among the clergy without  
harshness,  
He was not content that I should lack the stream of refreshing  
generosity;  
Since he is put in bondage beyond the main, woe is me!

Parliament banishing all the Prelates and the Religious from that kingdom, he would not abandon the flock entrusted to him; for which reason he was thrown into prison, and kept there many years in such rigorous confinement that he was not permitted to converse with any one. Nevertheless some Catholics found means to penetrate into his cell, and he exercised his sacred ministry as best he could. The Protestant ministers being enraged at this, compelled him, so to say, to embark naked, on a sudden, in a little vessel that was sailing for Portugal."—*Id.*

The Sovereign Pontiff, in a letter, *in forma brevis*, to the King of Portugal, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, dated September, 1709, makes honourable mention of Dr. Sleyne. Dr. Sleyne died at the convent of Buon Successo, February 16th, 1712.

The departure of Dr. Sleyne in a little boat from Cork is the subject of the above lyric as well as that by Mac Cartain (L).

7. *puarip* = *puaripe*, 'refreshing.' Perhaps *na péile puarip* = 'the hospitality which he had got,' that is, with which he was endowed. Perhaps for *puinn* we should read *pinn*.

8. The last line stands by itself (?), "Alas, that he was sent across the sea into captivity."



## X.

## AN FÍLE A Ğ-CAISLEÁN AN TÓCHAIR.

Do fíubal míre an Íluháin mhí,  
 'Só éúinne an Doire ġo Dún na Ríog,  
 Mo éúma níor bhuíreab céar íúġaé ínn  
 Ğo íeíeíínt bhuíġ Čaibġ an Dúna.

Do mearar am' aighe ír íór am' éíííe,  
 An marb ba mairb ġur beó do bí,  
 Aġ carbar macra íeóíl ír ííon,  
 Punch bá čaíeíóí ír bpanba.

10      Íeóíl do beapáíb ír éanla ón b-íuínn  
 Čeóíe, ír cantain, ír eíapí na bíġe;  
 Róííba bíarba, ír céíí ġan tíííeal,  
 Čonapíe ír ġaóap ír aííeíeab.

Óíonġ aġ íííeabé, ír bíonġ aġ tíġeabé,  
 Ír bíonġ aġ íacapíeabé búínn ġo bínn,  
 Óíonġ aip ípallmaíb úíra aġ ġuííe,  
 'S aġ íeabġ na b-ílaíeap ġo čeanníra.

---

X.—Castle Tochar belonged to a branch of the Mac Carthy family renowned for their hospitality. The Tadhg an Duna mentioned in this poem was the second of that name. He died in 1696, and was lamented in fervid strains by O'Rahilly's satirist, Domhnall na Tuille. O'Rahilly must have been young when Tadhg an Duna died, but probably was a frequent visitor to the Castles of Toghar and Dunmanway, as he seems to have resided in his youth, for some time at least, in Iveleary, which adjoins the territory once owned by the Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim. The plot of this little poem is as beautiful as its descriptions are fresh. Tadhg an Duna was no more; strangers were holding sway in his mansion when the poet visited the old haunt. Yet so lavish is the board, so many visitors come and go, so varied are the amusements, that he thinks old Tadhg is again alive amid

## X.

## THE POET AT CAISLEAN AN TOCHAIR.

I have traversed fair Munster,  
 And from the corner of Derry to Dun na Riogh  
 My grief was not checked, merry though I was,  
 Till I beheld the mansion of Tadhg an Duna.

I thought within my soul and eke within my heart  
 That the dead, who had died, was alive,  
 Amidst the carouse of the youths with meat and wine,  
 Where punch was drunk, and brandy.

Meat on spits, and wild fowl from the ocean;  
 10 Music and song, and drinking bouts;  
 Delicious roast meat and spotless honey,  
 Hounds and dogs and baying.

A company going, and a company coming,  
 And a company entertaining us melodiously,  
 And a company praying on the cold flags,  
 And meekly melting the heavens.

his revellers as of yore. But the mystery is explained. It is Warner who has taken the place of the generous chieftain. For a very interesting account of Tadhg an Duna, and of Gleann an Chroim, see "The Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim," by Daniel Mac Carthy Glas. See also Introduction to XXXVIII.

1. The more usual form of acc. is *Munra*. The MSS. have *ro* after *mín*, and the next line begins with *Cúinne*.

2. Perhaps the corner of Ireland in which Derry is situated is meant. *Dún na Ríog*, perhaps Tara.

6. *ba mairb*. MSS. *bo mairb*. 11. MS. *címhall*. 12. MS. *cioḡaóe*.

Nó go b-ruapar ranar ó aon don éúirte,  
 Dúir b'í Warner ceannarad réimh glan rúgadh,  
 Do b'í ran m-baile geal aorba éilíníuil,

20

Plaid nar b-pann roimh deoruidhe.

'Sé Dia do éruéuig an raogal plán,  
 Ir éug rial a n-ionad an féil ruair bár,  
 Ag riap air mhuirir, air éleir, air dháirh,  
 Cúrad nad fallra, mór-éroiðe.

Until one of the mansion gave me to know  
That it was Warner, the affectionate, the mild, the pure, the  
joyous,

20 Who was in this bright, ancient, famous dwelling,  
A chieftain not weak in hospitality to strangers.

It is God who has created the whole world,  
And given us one generous man for another that has died,  
Who bestows upon families, scholars, and bards,  
A champion not false, and great of heart.

## XI.

## D'FINNEAGÁIN UA D'OMHÓCÚDA AN GLEANNNA.

Fáilte ir da' éir 6 dhaoiréib céad  
 Do bláit na fearbae naé fíol méin,  
 Ó áirpeab Saḡron ir cinnce daor,  
 Do h-árur Fleargda na fearḡ-ban.

Comfíad cupata, cráibíteac, caom,  
 Flait mar Orḡar a m-bearnain daoḡail,  
 Neapc creun, foilbír, fárbá, féim,  
 Ir cuan na banba cá lán lag.

10 Súil ir gluire 'ná d'púct air féor,  
 Úir na cruinne aḡur fionn-daír mór,  
 Ir clú dá éine 'ran lliumáin ḡo deó,  
 An Phænix árb naé crannba.

Laot meap ḡreanta, ḡlan, díreac, fial,  
 Do p'péim na Fleargda 'r do fíol na b-Fiann,  
 Céile ḡairḡe, fear fíonta riap,  
 Finnḡin ḡroide mac D'omnaill.

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XI.—Finneen O'Donoghue was son of the O'Donoghue Dubh of the Glen, and was an object of dread and terror to the settlers. Colonel Hedges writes, in 1714, that he was the man they most feared in Kerry. He appears to be the person who figures as Finneen Beg in the correspondence with the Castle officials of the period. It is curious to note from what different points of view our poet and a man like Colonel Hedges estimate his character. Any one who studies the records of those troubled times will see how justly the poet describes Finneen when he calls him the stay of his country and the shelter of the bards. Miss Hickson thinks that Finneen afterwards joined the Irish Brigade in the French service. See in "Old Kerry Records," vol. ii., the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century."

XI.

TO FINNEEN O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

One and forty welcomes from a hundred druids  
To the flower of warriors, of mein not lowly,  
From the home of the niggardly, guilty Saxons,  
To the dwelling of the Flesk, of the slender women.

A stag, valiant, devout, gentle,  
A chieftain like Osgar in the gap of danger,  
A power, brave, pleasant, peaceful, mild,  
And a haven to Banba, who is very weak.

10 An eye more sparkling than the dew upon the grass,  
Mould of the world, and a fair, great oak,  
An honour to his race in Munster for ever  
Is the high Phoenix, not shrivelled.

A warrior, nimble, shapely, pure, honourable, hospitable,  
Of the root-stock of the Flesk, and of the seed of the Fianna,  
Wedded to heroism, a man who distributes wines,  
Is the valorous Finneen, son of Domhnall.

5. *coinníad*, lit. 'hound stag.' *coinn* has an intensitive sense, as in *coinníad*; *cainníad* would give assonance.

8. For *lân-lag*, perhaps *lom-lag*, or *pann lag* should be read.

10. *úip* I have translated 'mould,' but the meaning seems doubtful. Some MSS. have *úip*. The word has a host of meanings. Perhaps 'the sun of the universe' is the proper translation.

12. Phoenix has no very particular meaning, the idea is 'a paragon of perfection,' 'something unique.'

Uapal d'aibig ó rígtiú é,  
 Uan na peabac ón Inne an laoi,  
 Is buan-éap corraim dá tír go tpeun  
 20 An rígt-éap uaibreach ceannra.

Don dor capmum d'éigriú Cúinn,  
 Craobh bað raethar ó Léan-loi linn,  
 Réilteann d'aibig d'fuil éibir Íinn;  
 Páilte Uí Cealla don planba.

17. d'aibig, lit. 'ripened'; that is, sprung from, and came to maturity of. "d'aibig im' éaob-ra epóim agur cneab," which ripened in my side a smarting and a sigh.—"Arachtach Sean."

18. ón Inne, the name of the place where O'Donoghue lived at Glensfesk.

21. Cúinn. MS. éaoin, but this is also the reading of M in VIII. 2, where A has Cúinn, both words are pronounced alike.

20      A noble is he who ripened from kings;  
          Lamb amongst the warriors from Inch is the hero;  
          A lasting head of defence for his country with bravery  
          Is the princely man, proud and gentle.

         The only bush of refuge left to the bards of Conn,  
          A prosperous branch amongst us from Lough Lein,  
          A star that ripened from the blood of Eibhear Fionn;  
          O'Kelly's welcome to the young scion.

22. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk were a branch of the O'Donoghues of Lough Lein. The latter drove the O'Carrolls from around Lough Lein, and settled there, giving the district the name of Eoghanacht Locha Lein, and afterwards Eoghanacht Uí Dhonnchadha.

24. Uí Cealla; the allusion is obscure. A poem by O'Brudar opens with this phrase.



## XII.

AIR DÁS TRÍR ÉLOINNE ÉAIÐG UÍ ÉRÓINÍN.

Do ghéir an Ráit Iñór, do raobað a reól,  
Do leunab a reun rin, do pléarḡ eiz an bḡóm;  
Do léir-éuireab ceó naé léir bam an fód  
Aip a h-aol-bḡoḡ do b' féile, cár leunmáir an rḡeól.

Do béim-rḡḡiopað fód le rḡeun-éuile móḡ  
A ḡréitére, 'ra reubairb, 'ra caolac, 'ra ceól,  
Do léim-rié an rḡmól iona h-éaban dá dḡḡab  
A caom-éuile baopa 'r a raop-éoirn óir.

Ir ciad ḡuire ir rḡeizib, ir rian-ḡuin ḡan leigear,  
10 Ir dian-éreað 'ran iartar ir riabḡur duð teinn;  
Mian ḡoil ḡan meidir, ciab-éuire rḡóim  
Éiblin a ḡ-eré éille, Diarmuid, ir Taðḡ.

A Óia d'ḡuiling rḡeibill ir rian-loc an baill  
Dob' riam-bḡoḡ leat riaraiz an rḡiar ro fód ḡreim;  
Ciallrað ḡo raiðbir dá b-riall-atair ḡairim,  
ḡo b-riabpaib ré pléacrað dob' dia-éoil ab' raðapo.

XII.—In the O'Curry Catalogue of the R.I.A. MSS. the children lamented in this most beautiful elegy are said to belong to Timothy Cronin, whereas in the Catalogue of the British Museum MSS., where it is stated that they were drowned, Patrick is the name given. There is a copy of the poem in vol. 69 of the *Renchan* MSS., Maynooth. In the "Book of Claims" on forfeited estates entered on or before the 10th of August, 1701, we have the following entry:—"No. 2215, Darby Cronine claims a term for three lives, two in being, on Raghmore Shimmogh (should be Shinnagh) and Mills, and four (illegible) of Clonntyny, by lease dated 20th October, 1675. Witnesses, Edward Daniel, Connell O'Leary, and another. Forfeiting proprietor Nicholas Browne *alias* Lord Kenmare." Copied from "Old Kerry Records," vol. i., p. 225. For references made by Colonel Hedges to the Cronins in his correspondence with Dublin Castle, see Introduction.

6. reubairb, dat. for nom. *Ib.* caolac, MS. caollac, "the roof wattling of a house under the thatch" (see Stokes' *Lismore Lives*, index, p. 387): what corresponds to the ribs of a man. Hence 'the breast' of a man: cf. dá

## XII.

## ON THE DEATH OF TADHG O'CRONIN'S THREE CHILDREN.

Rathmore moaned, her sails were rent,  
 Her prosperity was maimed, the house of sorrow burst;  
 A fog fell so thickly that I cannot see the sward,  
 On her lime-white mansion, the most hospitable—sore affliction  
 is the tidings.

Moreover, violently snatched away by a strong, great flood  
 Are her prizes, her jewels, her roof-tree, her music;  
 A spark leaped up unto her forehead, burning her  
 And her beautiful, precious coverlets, and her noble goblets of  
 gold.

It is bitter sorrow and torture, it is painful wounding without  
 cure,

10 It is a sore calamity in the west, it is a black, sickly fever,  
 It is a longing to weep, without mirth, it is a fit of heart-  
 sickness,—

That Eileen is in the clay of the churchyard, and Diarmuid  
 and Tadhg.

O Lord, who didst suffer death and the signal insult of the blind,  
 Conduct to Thy mansion of brightness the three who are in  
 bondage;

A store of wisdom I beseech for their hospitable father,  
 That he may be able to bow down in Thy sight before Thy  
 Divine Will.

ngealannair pín-béile 'r bá g-caolaó úr, XXII. 222. It also means rods  
 or wattles, apart from their connexion with roofing: see II. 42, and XXVI. 87.

13. cneúil. O'R. gives cneúil báir, 'the knell of death.' *Id.* pían  
 lot: cf. na pían-bairc reóla, XV. 40, and pían upóair, *Blaithféasg*, p. 25.

15. ciallraó, from ciall, like pulraó, from púil. *Id.* píaóbir must be  
 pronounced píaóir, one syllable; gairóim, for gairóim.

- Երբ բնակի չան ամեալ իմ քնն-ուրե քննե,  
 Երբ քնն-ուրե չան քննե իմ քնն-ուրե,  
 Երբ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 20 Երբ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե.

Երբ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 Երբ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե;  
 Ա իմ քննե, Ա իմ քննե, Ա իմ քննե իմ քննե.  
 Ա իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե.

Երբ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 Երբ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե;  
 Երբ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 Ա իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե.

- Երբ իմ քննե, իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 30 Երբ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե;  
 Երբ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե, իմ քննե իմ քննե,  
 Ա իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե իմ քննե.

18. քնն-ուրե: MS. քնն-ուրե. *Իմ քնն-ուրե: cf. քնն-ուրե;*  
 also Ա իմ քննե իմ քննե, XVI.

21. քննե means 'cuttings, ravines, deep valleys': *cf.*—

“Քննե իմ քննե ալ քննե իմ քննե.”—XXII. 8.

It seems improbable, from the context, that քննե has the meaning 'wounds,' here.

31. քննե, MS. քննե, but *cf.* “քննե ալ քննե իմ քննե.”

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, polished manners,  
Three calm candles of the sun, three most skilful in action,  
Three ears of corn, without bending, who were not old in years,  
20 Three stars in virtues and words without pride.

Three melodious strings, three glens in the earth,  
Three sainted, holy children who fondly loved Christ,  
Their three mouths, their three hearts, their three noble bodies  
beneath a stone,  
Their three fair, bright foreheads the prey of chafers—it is  
ruin!

Three fair vines three doves without folly,  
Three prime apples from a fresh bough, that were royal in  
their dwelling,  
Three fair turrets of the house, three with faces not old, nor  
forbidding;  
Their three slender waists, their smooth cheeks, have filled  
my heart with sorrow.

A triple loss their loss to me; a triple lamentation the cause of  
my weeping—  
30 The three sole standing grounds of the sacred clergy, three  
sweet live breasts;  
And since they have passed to Thee, to the grave—the three of  
refined and cheerful aspect—  
O King, direct them to Thy royal mansion—those two and the one.

## XIII.

## MARBHA SÉAGÁIN BHRÚIN.

Tárg tré a g-caitib deapca deóra,  
 Fáil tré a b-peacaid cranna i' cór-énuic,  
 Cár tré a g-craicib placla i' mórda,  
 Séagán mac báil a b-peapc air peodab.

A báir, ro meallair leat ár lócrann,  
 Fáil ár n-arbap ár m-bailte 'r ár b-córram,  
 Gárda ar b-teac ár m-ban 'r ár m-bólaet,  
 Ár ríat roim rgeanaib seanca fóirne.

10 Ár ríat bín ár ríe i' ár rí-éla.,  
 Ár g-clogad cruaid go buan cum comraic,  
 Ár ngríar geimre, ár foillre, ár lócrann,  
 Ár g-crann bagair, ár b-caitíonm, ár nglóire.

Ár b-cúir daingíon ríá naíaid, ár g-cródaet  
 Ár g-ciall, ár raðarc, ár b-peidm, ár móríon,  
 Ár ngríaoi 'r ár méin, ár ngré 'r ár rígaear,  
 Ár m-báb, ár m-bapc, ár mairc i' ár m-beódaet.

Ár n-Orðar ceann, ár laðaréta, ár nglóréa,  
 Ár Phænix mullaig, ár g-cupað i' ár g-comécpom,  
 Ár n-arm a n-am reapaím le fórluét,  
 20 Ár Caerap treun, ár réilceann eóluir.

XIII.—For remarks on this poem see Introduction. There are two copies among the Murphy MSS., but only one gives the whole poem; the other omits several stanzas in the middle; one copy in the R.I.A. omits the same stanzas. In the heading of a R.I.A. copy it is stated incorrectly that John Brown was the grandfather of (the then) Lord Kenmare. Captain John Brown of Ardagh, the subject of this elegy, died without issue August 15th, 1706; thus we have fixed

## XIII.

ELEGY ON JOHN BROWN. *d. 152. Aug. 1706.*

News through which eyes stream forth tears,  
 The reason why trees and stately hills bend down,  
 A trouble through which mightiest chiefs tremble,  
 Is that John, son of Valentine, is mouldering in a tomb.

O death, thou hast enticed away with thee our torchlight,  
 The fence of our harvests, of our homes, of our wakes,  
 The guard of our houses, of our women, of our kine,  
 Our protection against the flaying knives of brigand bands.

Our shield of safety, our prince, our high chieftain,  
 10 Our steel helmet enduring for the fight,  
 Our winter's sun, our light, our torch,  
 Our staff to threaten, our darling, our glory,

Our strong tower against the foe, our valour,  
 Our reason, our sight, our strength, our great love,  
 Our visage, our mien, our comeliness, our delight,  
 Our boat, our ship, our beauty, our vigour,

Our stout Osgar, our speech, our voice,  
 Our Phoenix of the mountain top, our champion, our justice,  
 Our weapon when we have to stand against vast troops,  
 20 Our strong Cæsar, our guiding star.

---

accurately the date of this poem. He had for a long time acted as agent on the Kenmare Estate.

4. mac Éanl. John Brown was son of Sir Valentine Brown, second baronet of that name. *Íb.*, *peócaó*; *MS.*, *peócaínc*.

6. *M* *ó-coraímh*. *A* *ó-coraímh*.

18. Phoenix. One *MS.* *an pfeine* (= *an ó-feinníob*), 'our champion.' It is doubtful whether a particular "mullach" is meant.

Mo nuar an tír fá rǵíor ab' deóig-pe,  
 Ír iab gan triat aéc Dia na glóipe,  
 Áir ǵ-coillte dá ríor-rǵríor le fórra,  
 Ír laighnig aǵ blaiðríǵ 'na n-bóirpíð.

Acá Maizoníte ǵo ríngil gan nócar,  
 Tá Cill Airne cárrhar deórac,  
 Dá taob Mainǵe pé ǵallaið gan ceópa,  
 Sliab luaéra a nguaireacé dá róǵrac.

30 An uair do ríé an mhuir cap córtar,  
 'S an can do bñir loé ġuir fá mhóiricð,  
 Air ǵéim an Ruir do érié an éóige,  
 Tréimpe roim a ðul air peócað.

Do ríé realta ón rǵéir air Eoǵanaéc,  
 Air Phæbus do tuic éiclipr céð ðuib,  
 Do bí an ræ 'ran t-aodhar ǵo bñ naé,  
 Ír léan-loé aǵ ǵéimpeac ǵo cóirpeac.

40 Do bí an Laoi dá éaoi, bað éóir ði,  
 Ír Dún baoi na laóracð fóirpíre,  
 Dún Daǵða ǵo dábað cpeacac deóracð,  
 Ír Dún Aonpí ǵo cpeacacac cóirpeac.

An ǵuaireacé ro air ġuaíain do bñeóig me,  
 'S an buaiðpeam ro air Ċluan na n-óǵ-bñeicé,  
 buaiðpeam ír buairceap dá róǵairé,  
 Dá éilíom ǵur rǵéig rúð dá b-róiraið.

22. This line occurs again, with a little change, XXXIV. 24.

23. A special stipulation, about the woods, was made at the sale of Brown's estate to Asgill. They were to be handed over to the purchaser. The woods, it is said, were destroyed to the value of £20,000 : see Introd.

24. Laighnig : Leinstermen, or Palemen. *Id.*, aǵ blaiðríǵ. M a m-bliaðna, which disturbs the metre, and gives but indifferent sense blaiðpeacó = blaðpacó, 'braying, roaring.'

Alas! the land is wearied at thy loss!  
 Its people without a lord, save the God of glory!  
 Our woods are being destroyed by violence,  
 And Leinstermen clamouring at our people's doors.

Magonihy is helpless, without a spouse;  
 Killarney is querulous and tearful;  
 On either side of the Maine the foreigners hold boundless sway  
 And Sliabh Luachra is in trouble proclaiming his death.

30 When the sea rushed beyond its bounds,  
 And what time Lough Gur overflowed into the moorlands,  
 At the roar of Ross the province shook,  
 A short space ere he went unto decay.

Stars from heaven fell on the Eoghanacht,  
 And an eclipse of black mist fell on Phœbus,  
 The moon and the air were in grief,  
 And Lough Lein moaned sorrowfully.

The Lee bewailed him, it was just she should,  
 And Dunboy, of the mighty heroes;  
 And Dundaghda was sad, oppressed, and tearful;  
 40 And Dun Aonfhir, wounded, and sorrowful.

This trouble that has seized on Thomond has oppressed me,  
 And this distress on Cluain of the new-births—  
 Distress and grief proclaiming his death,  
 And claiming that he sprang from their stock.

25. *nócap*, the MS. spelling. The first syllable must be an *o*-sound.

33. The Eoghanacht meant is Eoghanacht O'Donoghue: see XI. 22, note.

37. *bað éoir* *bi*, because of his mother, who was *peapla an Laoi*, 108, *infra*.

42. Cluan, probably Clonmeen, the home of the O'Callaghans.

43. A has *buairneam* *go deonac* *ag roghairt*; the whole stanza is unsettled in the MSS.



A m-bun Raice do éairbail an mhór-rgoil,  
 A m-bun Rogair bað érom a ngeónta,  
 A g-Cnoc Áine d'árbaisg mhór gól,  
 I r tód Cnoc b'reannain t'raoéda a n-beoraisb.

50 Ní h-é an gól ro i r doicéte b'reóiz me,  
 Aét gól na pinne bí agat map nócar,  
 Gól na gile léir r'naismeaó go h-óg éu  
 D'fúil an diúic, dá érb, i r dá éomgyp.

Gól an b'púnaiz éongantaisg, éróda,  
 Atd a lonbuin pé dub-rmaét fóirne,  
 Gól a éloinne—táib uile go b'rónaé,  
 I r dian-gól Máiblé i r epáidte beópac.

60 Gól na b'puinge léir h-oileab tu ad' óige,  
 Do p'péim na pígte bað éumapaé epóda,  
 Laoépa bað laócup a n-gleó-b'púib,  
 Do f'leactaib Óéin fuair péim dá éóige.

A éomóalca cléib na raop-plait mórda,  
 Na laogairpeac do bí ag éirinn pórda,  
 I r na n-b'éam do p'péim-f'lioét Eogain  
 Dár bual géilleab an t-Sléibhe 'ran Tócair.

Liaét a gaolca, i r céim a g-cóim'peam,  
 Do grian t-f'lioét éibir, Néill i r Eogain,  
 I r ná paib aon do péirib Póola,  
 Gan a gaol gan éim pá óó leir.

45. M mop-gól. *ib.*, bun Raice: properly, bun T'rapnaizge.

46. M a g-Cluan Samfaba d'arbuiz geóimce.

47. Cnoc 'Áine, Knockany, in county Limerick.

48. Cnoc b'reannain, Brandon Mountain, in Kerry.

50-2. His wife was Joan, sister of Pierce, the sixth Lord Cahir, a near relative of the Duke of Ormond.

53. an b'púnaiz. Nicholas, second Lord Kenmare, who was banished for his adherence to James II. He died at Brussels, in April, 1720.

At Bunratty a vast multitude assembled;  
 At Bun Roghair heavy were their cries;  
 At Knockaney a loud wailing arose;  
 And Cnoc Breannain is subdued with tears.

It is not this weeping that has oppressed me most painfully,  
 50 But the weeping of the fair one whom thou hadst to wife,  
 The weeping of the bright one to whom thou wert united in  
 thy youth,  
 Of the blood of the Duke, of his race, and of his kinsfolk;

The weeping of Brown, the helpful, the valiant,  
 Who is in London under the dire yoke of a horde;  
 The weeping of his children—they are all sorrowful—  
 And the strong weeping of Mabel, who is troubled and tearful;

The weeping of those with whom thou wert fostered in thy  
 youth,  
 Of the root-stock of the kings, who were able and valiant—  
 Heroes who showed heroism in the stress of battle,  
 60 Of the progeny of Cian, who obtained sway for his province.

Beloved foster-brother of the great, noble chieftains—  
 The O'Learys who were wedded to Erin,  
 And the chieftains of the root-stock of Eoghan,  
 Who held hereditary sway over the Sliabh and the Tochar.

So many are his kinsmen, it is hard to tell them,  
 Of the radiant race of Eibhear, Niall, and Eoghan;  
 Nor was there one of the kings of Fodla  
 Who is not doubly akin to him without blemish.

56. Míðible; who Mabel was, I have been unable to find out.

60. Céin, Cian was the third son of Olioll Oluim.

63-4. For Tochar, see X.; for Sliabh, cf. XXXV. 47.

68. M ɣan a ɣol ɣan béim ɣa ɔp leip, which must be corrupt. ɣol will not correspond with béim, and ɔp, which means a 'rule' or 'line,' can hardly be the word the poet used; the reading in text is that of A.

'San méab do gallaib bað feartha fórraí,  
 70 A laópa, a plaíta, a maíte, 'ra leógaín,  
 Náir géill d'aécaib na Saíran, gan gleó-éur,  
 Do tpeun ear gnað ríarpeaí a n-ór-fuil.

Iapla pairping Cill Dara na g-cóirpeaí,  
 An t-Iapla ón Daingean an bapraí 'ran Róirpeaí,  
 An t-Iapla ó Callaib bað éaca le cóirpac,  
 An t-Iapla ón g-Caíar, ír plaíta Dúnbóinne.

An Cúrraí 'ran éuncup baí éóirge,  
 Tríat Cille Coinne, 'ran Ríoirpe ró-éil,  
 Tríat na Lice, Mac Muirir 'ra éóirge,  
 80 'S an tríat ó Inuir bó Finne na g-éóirca.

Aíthar uáir buaíearéa 'r b'óirge,  
 Aíthar uáir ír uile gan éópa,  
 Méaduáir dian air éiaí 'ran éóirge,  
 Cíor b'ur b-fearann ag Aíthil dá éóirpeaí.

An dara éar do éraí an éóirge  
 Tríora ír Taíge a b-féirí 'ra móirpe  
 Léir bírpeaí ar raíre móirpa  
 Ar a b-fearannaib caíre ír éópa.

Ír bíé-épeaí b'ur g-coillte air péócaí,  
 90 Ír maíir Cíadg ag aóirí map ímél buí,  
 Gan aíthar éa a g-ceann 'raí-éóir leir,  
 Ón lá d'íméir ríarí upraí na plóirge.

Tuippe éóirí don tír tu air péócaí,  
 A géag do íríorí na míleaí móirpa,  
 Ír tu ar n-bíon air gáirí na bóina,  
 O bírpeaí an ríí ceap le fóirleat.

78. an Ríoirpe, the Knight of Glin: see XXVI.

79. tríat na Lice, the Lord of Lixnaw, so called from a great stone supposed to have been on the bank of the river Brick. íc ínaíma, 'the flag of the swimming.' Mac Muirir = Fitzmaurice.

81. uáirí: see IV. 29, note.

And as many of the foreigners as were virile and valiant—  
 70 Their heroes, their champions, their leaders, their warriors,  
 Who did not submit to the enactments of the Saxons, without  
 taking up arms—  
 Mightily, and beyond measure, was poured out their golden blood ;

The wide ruling Earl of Kildare, of the feasts,  
 The earl from Dingle, Barry, and Roche,  
 The Lord of Talla, who was a stay in the battle,  
 And the Lord of Cahir, and the chieftains of Dunboyne ;

De Courcey, who was first in the conquest,  
 The Lord of Kilkenny, and the much-beloved Knight,  
 The Lord of Lixnaw, Fitzmaurice, and kinsmen,  
 80 And the Lord of Innisbofin of the melodies.

Cause of wounded pride, of sorrow, of distressful weeping,  
 Renewal of destruction, and of boundless evil,  
 Heavy increase of sorrow in the province—  
 Asgill counting the rents of your lands.

The second cause of anguish to the province!—  
 Griffin and Tadhg prosperous and insolent ;  
 They through whose means our great nobles were expelled  
 From the lands which were theirs by law and justice.

A ruinous waste is it—your woods lying in decay,  
 90 While Tadhg's malice burns like a black ember ;  
 Without question all of them are his from head to foot,  
 Since the day on which the shielding chief of hosts departed.

It is anguish of heart to the land, that thou art mouldering,  
 Thou branch of the ancient stock of great warriors !  
 Our shelter from the winds of the ocean,  
 Since the king was banished by violence.

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84. Gr̃gill. John Asgill, who purchased the Lord Kenmare's estate, and married his daughter Joan : see *Introd.*

86. Ṣṛ̃ṣṑṛṑ : see XVII. ; Ṭṑṛṑ, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin, a hearth-money collector and under-agent, whom the poet satirized for his extortion : see *Introd.*

Do b'f-pe ceannra v'p'ann nó ró-lag,  
 Do b'f-pe ceann le ceann gan ró-éapc,  
 Níor éupa an rannacá cam cap mórda,  
 100 Ác't epiaé do meab'raiz feabap gac rompla.

Aitéim Dia go dian ad' éomair-pe,  
 An Spiorad Naomh go tpeun 'ran mór-Tílac,  
 Óga 'r appcail 'r aingil 'na plóigcib,  
 Dob' éomhdeac't go píogaéc't na glóipe.

## AN PEART-LAOIÖ.

Pé an lic ip duháé blúé-éupéa an Phænix ḡaoibí,  
 Cupaé clúmhúil, Cúculainn, Caerap ḡroide,  
 Díle búig, ḡnúir roicib, aodapaé, caoin,  
 Do cuiplinn úir. ḡrúnaé ip Péapla an Laoi.

Cupaé Muhan pút acá epaoéc'ta, a líog,  
 110 Cupéa a n-úir epú-gol go tpeun don éir,  
 Cipce úirb, uḡdap baé ḡeup 'ran blig'e,  
 An buinne cúil cuípa do p'péim na píog.

A leac ip náir go bpáé do míorḡair-pe linn,  
 Pá élaip an bpáca v'páḡair pinḡil ap ḡ-éinn,  
 Cpeac ip epáé na mná pin aḡac, a líog,  
 Óail ip Seaḡán ó cáio páó' b'pennaió 'na luiḡe.

108. Peapla an Laoi. John Brown's mother was Mary, second daughter of Cormac, Lord Muskerry; the chief residence of the Mac Carthys, of Muskerry, up to 1688, was Blarney, near the Lee. 109. cupaé: A has cuipuiḡe.

112. buinne is used of a binding layer of rods in wicker-work, either at the

Thou wert mild to the weak and feeble;  
 Thou wert strong against the strong who had not right;  
 Thou wert not avaricious, crooked, cantakerous, given to pride,  
 100 But a chieftain who realised the perfection of every pattern.

Earnestly do I beseech God in thy behalf,  
 The Holy Spirit of Might, and the Divine Son,  
 That virgins, and apostles, and angels in hosts  
 May conduct thee to the kingdom of glory.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the stone, alas! is firmly laid the Phoenix of a Gael,  
 A champion of fame, a Cuchulainn, a mighty Cæsar,  
 A noble of mild, peaceful countenance, gay, comely,  
 Sprung from the noble pulse of Brown and of the Pearl of the  
 Lee.

O stone, beneath thee lies vanquished the foremost of  
 Munstermen,  
 110 Laid in the ear'h—a cause of piteous bitter weeping to the  
 country—  
 The treasure of the clergy, an authority subtle in law,  
 The fragrant binding sprout of the stock of kings.

O stone, shameful for ever is thy enmity towards us;  
 In the furrow beneath the harrow helpless hast thou left our  
 leaders;  
 The ruin and woe of the women is thine, O stone,  
 Since Valentine and John are lying within thy womb.

---

base, or in the body of the work. The *buinne cúl* is the *buinne* at the verge (or base, as the work is being woven), and hence is the binding layer. It is applied here to an important individual of a distinguished family.

114. *pá élaip an b'páca*: lit., under the furrow of the harrow, that is, in slavery.

## XIV.

AIR DÁS SÉAGÁIN IHEIRGÍG UÍ IHAÉGAIHNA.

Ué ip ué ip díe na cléipe !  
 Ué dubaé ! ip ué lom ip léana !  
 Ué cpoide tu rínce tréit-lag !  
 A Séagáin núc Éairé gó doimín pá béillic.

Ḡráinne don épuíteacé gan éogal gan claonab !  
 Diaéacé ḡpoide ip caoiracé réim puile !  
 Uapal, áireacé, dáilteacé, réim-ḡlan,  
 Máinte, cumra, clúmáil, béapacé.

Ué ip ué an tobap féile  
 10 Do dul don úip a d-éúip a íaoḡail !  
 Ué buan do luéte cuapda éipionn,  
 Leagab an leóḡain éróda a ḡ-eré-cluile !

Mór-ḡear oilte ip cipe cléipe  
 Fíonuip poláin, bionḡán laóḡracé,  
 Léaḡtéóip ḡreanta analacé éipionn,  
 ḡuairpe an oiníḡ ná dpuideab ó dáonnaacé.

Rór na paóite, ḡnaoi gan éirliḡ,  
 D'ionapacé dáim ip báipd ip éiḡre—  
 20 Dponḡa riubáil na Muíman le ééile—  
 A d-ḡial-ḡroḡ ḡrácómap álúinn ḡné-ḡeal.

---

XIV.—The subject of this elegy appears to have been the father of Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, who wielded so much power in Kerry during the first quarter of the eighteenth century : see Introduction. The only copy I have seen of the poem is in the Maynooth collection.

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1. na cléipe. It depends on context whether cliap is to be understood of poets or clerics. 5. gan éogal gan claonab ; for this phrase we some-

## XIV.

## ON THE DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONY THE RUSTY.

Alas! alas! the ruin of the bardic tribe!  
 Black woe, distress, and dire tribulation,  
 Anguish of heart, that thou art stretched prostrate without  
     strength,  
 O John, son of Tadhg, deep beneath a huge stone.

A grain of the wheat without chaff or bending,  
 A great almoner, a chieftain mild and joyous,  
 Noble, obliging, open-handed, mild, pure,  
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous.

Alas! alas! the well of hospitality!  
 10 That he should go into the grave in the beginning of his life;  
 O lasting woe to those who wander through Erin  
 Is the laying of the valiant hero in a dress of clay.

A great man, educated, and the treasure of the bards,  
 Wholesome vine, branch of heroes,  
 Splendid student of the annals of Erin,  
 Guairé of generosity, who forsook not kindness.

Rose of the wise, countenance without blemish,  
 Who clothed poets, bards, and learned men—  
 The bands that wandered throughout all Munster—  
 20 In a hospitable, pleasing, beauteous, bright mansion.

---

times find gan cōgal claona. 7. díreac, 'accommodating'; díre, 'what is convenient'; díreamail, 'convenient, handy.'

9. tobair péile: cf. rpuir na péile, IX. 7. 12. cné-cluit, sic MS., the usual form of culaib in Munster. 14. bíonḡán, perhaps for buinnedn, dim. of buinne: see II. 18 n., but beangán may be the word.

18. b'ionapaib. MS. do mapad. 20. ḡné-ḡeal. MS. ḡnaoi ḡeal.



Uball cuíra lúbaé é rin,  
 Cupaó caíta éum fearaíh dá réx éapc  
 Ríg-peap ruairc na n-buancaib d'éirceacé  
 Dian-ghrád bpuinníol a g-cumann 'ra g-céab-peapc.

A éine rin do bí fearaíhuil, éréanmáir,  
 Ciallmáir, páirceacé, bílé ná rcaonpaó,  
 Cupanra, fíocmáir, fíogda, faobpaó,  
 D'fár ó Dian a n-iaícaib éirionn.

30 Seaíán 'ran úir éuz pmúic air ppéarcaib,  
 Sínce a b-peapc gan ppeab 'na geugcaib;  
 Gpaioirce marcaig, meap, acpuinneacé, éréigceacé,  
 Réilceann eóluir, comet ppéirce.

Éuz glap beóil air beólaib éanlaicé,  
 A dul don úir, ir dúbac na rgeulca!  
 Tobap laéca na n-anbpann éréicé-lag  
 bó na m-boéce, 'r a n-bopur aonair.

40 A peapc, a b-páirce, a n-ghrád, 'r a g-céabpaó,  
 A g-cnú mhoguil, a b-porpa, 'r a réim-ghuicé,  
 A n-anpcaéce anama, a g-capaib, 'ra g-cléirceacé,  
 A g-Cúculainn lá cpuinnigce an aonair.

Érupaí na b-érupaí do éis pá béillicé!  
 Mac mic Seaíáin óig, áirb-leógan, paop-plaicé,  
 Diaócaé do riapá na céabca,  
 Gan buairce, ná boiceall, gan boéma, ná baop-bpuib.

Do éruim a báir cig bábaó air ppéarcaib,  
 Muir go cpuaib doéce buan ag béicig,  
 Épuana calaím ir ppaéanna ag géimnig,  
 Tonna air mipe, ir uirge na pléibce.

31. gpaioirce, no doubt from gpoirce, 'valiant, powerful,' which is often written gpaioirce.

40. The idea is, he was to them a protection such as Cuchulainn would be to those attacked by a hostile band at a public meeting.

A fragrant, strong apple was he,  
 A champion in battle to defend his rightful king,  
 A joyous prince in listening to poems,  
 Warmly beloved of maidens, their favourite, their first love.

His race was manly and valiant,  
 Wise, affectionate, a blossom that would not bend,  
 Gallant, wrathful, kingly, fierce,  
 Who have sprung from Cian in the lands of Erin.

That John is in the grave has brought mist over the heavens,  
 30 Stretched in a tomb with no motion in his limbs ;  
 A valiant horseman, rapid, vigorous, well-skilled,  
 A guiding star, a comet of the heavens.

It has put a mouth-lock on the mouths of the birds,  
 His going to the grave—sad is the tidings—  
 Fountain of milk for the weak and prostrate,  
 Cow of the poor, and their only door.

Their prime favourite, their love, their portion, their understand-  
 ing,  
 Their nut of the cluster, their prop, their gentle voice,  
 Their soul's darling, their friend, their scholar,  
 40 Their Cuchulainn on the day the assembly meets.

Oh, pity of pities ! thy breast beneath a great stone,  
 Grandson of Seaghan Og, high hero, noble chieftain,  
 Almoner who was wont to minister to hundreds,  
 Without trouble, or churlishness, or regret, or difficulty.

Because of his death a deluge passed over the heavens,  
 The ocean shrieked harshly, distressfully, and constantly,  
 The valleys of the earth and the torrents loudly roared,  
 Furious were the waves and the mountain waters.

47. *cruana*: cf. *créacra an calaib*, XXII. 8.

48. Mr. Bergin suggests *uirge 'na pléicib* = 'the waters mountain high.'

Craobh géal buille, mo mhilleadh céarta,  
 50 Mar do ghearrais Agorpr ruidé a faogail !  
 Trian-pear meap groidhe rmaicteugadh faoláoin,  
 Ná raib gallba cannelaé taontuirg.

bár mic Éaidh ip ruidm am aeib-pe,  
 Ip epeim am glunaid cúirpead, epeit-lag,  
 duan-énead éinn am clitioé téadta,  
 Ip riabpur goile go epiénead am aeib-pe.

Mo mdeinn éinn gan bpié ná éipeadé,  
 Mo lám air riona-épié, oéar me faon-lag,  
 60 Lúé mo cor air coré a n-éimpeadé,  
 Ag caoi mo mapcaig gan cogal ná claonaó.

Ip ad a fár-pior ag bárbaid éipionn  
 Sur nead ríogda an gairgidead ro déarpam,  
 Ríé-éu an pear ro do fíleadtaié éibir,  
 D' árb-dúédur Élaip Muman le éile.

Uball epiétead, áluinn, epein-nipe,  
 Do déarpad deod don oéar gne-géal,  
 Diaó dá eapbaid, cióé danaid map rgeul rin,  
 Ip náé dún a dorpur roim foépaib céadta.

A fcanóar glín ad annrúé le éile  
 70 'S an leabap Muimnead rgríobéa ón g-céad pear,  
 Nó a Saltair beannuigéte Cairil gan claonaó,  
 Do rgríob Cormac, cobap na cléipe.

Mo nuap a mndámuil mánla, glégeal,  
 Múinte, éuipa, éluimuil, béapaé  
 Do épeib éalma Gleanna na laóépaó,  
 Ag gol go epuaib air uaié a réim-pir.

52. taontuirg, we have taontoré, 100, *infra*, where it seems to mean 'demur'; and here we may translate 'quarrelsome, obstinate'; *coré* means 'journey, business'; *naó epuaé an coré opm é* = 'is it not hard case with me?'

58. riona-épié is like baille-épié, and can hardly be from *rion*: cf. *aian gerán* in "Cath Fentragha": cf. also *conn-épié*, XXI. 6.

- Bright branch of foliage, my tormenting ruin !  
 50 How Atropos has cut the thread of his life ;  
 A strong man, rapid, powerful, who tamed wolves,  
 Who was not anglicised, or morose, or stubborn.

The death of Tadhg's son is a knot in my liver,  
 And a gnawing pain in my knees prostrating, weakening,  
 A constant, violent pang in my frozen breast,  
 And a trembling fever of the stomach in my liver.

- My brain is sick without vigour or power,  
 My hand is tremulous as with eld, I am diseased and devoid of  
 strength,  
 The vigour of both my feet together has been checked,  
 60 As I bewail my horseman without blemish or perverseness.

And right well do the bards of Erin understand  
 That the hero I commemorate is of royal lineage,  
 That this man is a princely hound of the descendants of Eibhear,  
 Of the high lineage of the kings of all Munster's plain.

An apple, virtuous, beautiful, of mighty strength,  
 Who would give a draught to the pale sufferer,  
 Food in his need—sad though the tale be—  
 And who closed not his door against a procession of hundreds.

- His pedigree is there complete  
 70 In the Book of Munster, written from the first man,  
 Or in the Holy Psalter of Cashel without deceit,  
 Which Cormac wrote, the fountain of the bards.

My woe! his womanly, gentle, bright consort,  
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous,  
 Of the stalwart race of the Glen of the heroes,  
 Heavily weeping on the grave of her gentle spouse.

71. Saltap. The Psalter of Cashel was compiled by Cormac Mac Cuillinan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who was slain A.D. 903. It is now lost.

74. She was of the O'Donoghue family of Glenfesk.

Iṛ gup b'é Seagán a gṛáb 'r a Phœnix,  
 Fionuir d'eargair do élan-naib Milesius,  
 Maoipe calma Mainze iṛ Sléibe Mīr,  
 80 Aélann banba an fapaire tréin-niṛc.

Do b'é a iṛnṛear riḡ don caob éar  
 Cīan náṛ éoiril a éorcar ná a féaba,  
 D'páḡ mar beata fairsingze ḡaobalač,  
 Séan iṛ ponar ḡo pollur don c-raoḡal.

Do fuair Seagán ciall ó Dia na céille,  
 Cairceam iṛ faḡáil do ḡnát ḡan traočad,  
 Clá náṛ éim, iṛ ná cuillṛeab céad ḡut,  
 Iṛ beó a éaire, ní marb ačt raoḡal do.

Do bí an cupad, 'r ní éuipim-pe bréaḡ air,  
 90 ḡrábómair, dáilcead, fáilcead, déircead,  
 Dumeamuil, ríḡḡba, croidhe-ḡeal, tréiḡṛcead,  
 Aḡ dul car a éumair cum oinḡ do déanam.

Do péir a éumair, dar Muipir níor bréaḡ ran,  
 Ná raib diúic na pṛionnra a n-éirinn,  
 Triac ná earbog, raḡarṛc ná cléircead,  
 Do b'féárr na Seagán a ḡ-cáilib raorḡa.

ḡuirdim-pe iṛ ḡuirdib-pe Dia na n-béite,  
 An c-Ačair 'ran Mac 'r an Spiorad Naomta,  
 Iṛ Árd-Riḡ mór na ḡlóipe a n-éinṛeacč,  
 100 Seagán do ḡlacaó 'na éačair ḡan caonṛoirḡ.

#### AN PEART-LAOIB.

'S an béillic atá traočta fáib Phœnix ḡlan-uḡḡar  
 Pear ḡléḡeal blát péinne ráim raor baó deaḡ-čumta,  
 Áiḡ éimip Cláir éirionn, árd-baonnačč, fearamlačč,  
 Atá a n-éinṛeacč ráib' éraor aḡ Seagán c-raorḡa Ua  
 Mačḡamna.

79. maoipe = maor. 87. cuillṛeab, his fame did not deserve a hundred voices speaking against him in reproach: cf. XV. 261, "náṛ cuill ḡut coṁarran." céad ḡut is simply another way of saying ḡut coṁarran.

John being indeed her love, her Phoenix,  
 A vine-tree that sprang from the race of Milesius,  
 Stalwart steward of the Maine and of Sliabh Míe,  
 80 The hero of Banba, the warrior of mighty strength.

His ancestor was prince of the Southern Country,  
 Cian, who did not spare his money or his jewels,  
 Who left behind him, as a patrimony, Irish plenty,  
 Prosperity, and happiness for all men to see.

John gained wisdom from the God of wisdom,  
 Spending and getting for ever without pause,  
 Fame not weak, and which would not deserve a hundred reproach-  
     ing voices,  
 His spirit lives yet, one life alone is dead.

The champion—nor do I tell lies of him—was  
 90 Kindly, generous, hospitable, charitable,  
 Manly, princely, open-hearted, gifted,  
 Beyond his power attempting generous deeds to do.

According to his means—by Maurice it is no falsehood—  
 There was neither duke nor prince in Erin,  
 Nor chieftain, nor bishop, nor priest, nor scholar,  
 Who surpassed John in noble attributes.

I pray, and pray ye, to the God of gods,  
 The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,  
 And the great high King of Glory, likewise,  
 100 To receive John in His city without demur.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the great stone lies low a seer, a Phoenix, an unblemished  
     author,  
 A bright man, the flower of the warriors, pleasant, noble, well-  
     proportioned,  
 Emery pillar of the land of Erin, high humanity and manliness,  
 Lie together beneath thy throat in noble John O'Mahony.  
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## XV.

## AIR DÁS UÍ DEALLACÁIN.

D'euz a mbaile na m-buailteoirí de an 24 lá do mí Aogust 1724.

Saigeab-ghoin nime tré mēinn Fóola,  
'S gaob don pláig tré lár a bpolainn,  
Cár gan leigear ir adnab cóirre,  
Air feab cúig cúige, duabac na rgeóla.

Sgoth na Muimneac rínce air feócaib,  
Leannán banba, capaid na ngeócaib,  
A n-aon t-rúil a rún a n-bócur,  
'Sa g-cú glaca pe namaid dá mhóire.

10 Cúg a bár air bhráitrib beó-ghoin,  
Ár gan áiríomh d'fár air órbaib,  
Ciorrbaob cléire feuc gur fódgair,  
Do bhrí na rtorra ríetior air neólaib.

Fát na cúire duabac deópac  
Réilteann díona críce ir cóige,  
Seabac na peabac ir planba mhór-ful,  
Do dul a n-úir a b-cúir na h-óige.

XV.—Amid the long roll of transplanted Irish, given in the MSS. of the Marquis of Ormond, we find the following entry:—

“Donogh O'Callaghan, late of Clonmeen, in county Corke, and Ellen O'Callaghan, his wife; 12th of June, 1656 (date of decree); 29th of August, 1657 (date of final settlement). 2,500 acres. Donogh O'Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare, and was 'The O'Callaghan' during his life; he died before 1690. He had a son and heir, Donogh og O'Callaghan, also of Mount Allen, and 'The O'Callaghan,' who died in 1698, and with whom the pedigree in at least one copy of the *Book of Munster* begins. He had three sons, the third of whom was Dombhnull, the subject of this elegy, who was in 1715 of Mount Allen, and 'The O'Callaghan.' He married Catherine, second daughter of Nicholas Purcell, titular baron of Loughmore. He died on the 24th of August, 1724. His wife died in 1731. He was succeeded by his son and heir, Donogh O'Callaghan, of Kilgorey Castle, county Clare, who married Hannagh, daughter of Christopher

## XV.

## ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN,

WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724.

A wounding, venomous dart through the brain of Fodla,  
A blast of the plague through her inmost breast;  
An evil without a cure, and the kindling of sorrow  
Throughout five provinces—dismal is the news.

The flower of Munstermen stretched in decay!  
The darling of Banba, the friend of the strollers!  
Their only hope, their love, their confidence,  
Their hound in war against an enemy however great!

By his death the Friars are wounded to the quick,  
10 An untold destruction has grown upon the clergy;  
Behold, it was the signal for the ruin of the bards,  
By reason of the storm that rushed through the heavens.

The cause of this dismal, tearful ruin,  
Is that the protecting star of district and of province,  
The warrior of warriors, and the high-blooded scion,  
Has gone to the grave in the beginning of youth.

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O'Brien, of Newhall, county Clare, and at his decease left a son and heir, Edmund O'Callaghan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the father of Bridget O'Callaghan, wife of Thomas O'Reilly, Esq., Catherine O'Callaghan, the wife of Thomas Brown, late Earl of Kenmare, and Ellen O'Callaghan, wife of James Bagot, of Castle Bagot, Elizabeth O'Callaghan, wife of Gerald Dease, nephew of Lord Fingal, and a daughter who became a nun." (See Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry.") Thomas O'Reilly was father of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., a distinguished theologian, who died in 1878, at Milltown Park, Dublin.

There are two copies of this poem at Maynooth, and two in the Royal Irish Academy, but all seem to have a common original.

6. γε6cδc = a stroller, one of the numerous band included in λυττ κυρτ6  
'Cυρτ6, who obtained their livelihood by frequenting the houses of the wealthy;  
now a term of reproach.



Oigre Ceallacháin Cairil cáirb éróda,  
 Sáiré arí Ríogaéda, Ríog na ró-plaist,  
 Seapc na h-Éiríonn, laoc na leógan,  
 20 A g-Cill Éiríde fá béillie ró-ghar.

'Armur, ir é tarraingíte a n-op-baé  
 Paolú páobrac éigneac beóda,  
 Ag tréigean mill na coille 'na éóimíre,  
 'S ag dul air reilg air leirgib Póola,

Sínte anuap air uairg an leógan  
 'Na élaio díona air líg an róir ghinn,  
 Gan gneadaó bar ag teaét 'na éóimgar,  
 Ná gápta cliair 'na diaig am nóna.

Éug conn Clíoéna bíógaó ró-nipe,  
 30 Tá conn Ruðraige a b-púicín brónaé,  
 Conn Tuairghe dá puagrac go deórac,  
 Ir Capán Cloinne Mic Muirir ir Tóime.

Do géim conn Téide go glórac  
 Innrioc ir dá éaoib Abann Móipe  
 Lipe do dáil a n-árdaib deórac  
 'S an Flearg épaorac épaobac énoímar.

D'puagair an Ruaétaé a ró-ghol,  
 brog bonn Inir ir brog na bóinne,  
 brog na Ríog ir Ríog-brog úóiríne,  
 40 brog Áé Cliaé na pian-bapc peóla.

Do rgnearpac ríob-mná mín-élaip Eoguin,  
 bí a Síé Éruacán duarcan glórac,  
 A m-brog Énaill na g-conarac g-ceólmair  
 Ir Síé báioébe íleioébe a m-brón-ghol.

---

21. 'Armur. O'Callaghan's arms, "Pearl in an oak forest, a wolf passant proper," are here described. Abann Íllor = The Blackwater.

- The heir of Ceallachan of Cashel, the modest and valiant,  
 The beloved of three kingdoms, the prince of high princes,  
 The darling of Erin, the hero among champions,  
 20 Lies in Kilcrea beneath a great, grey stone !

His coat of arms, drawn in golden colours :—  
 A wolf, fierce, violent, impetuous,  
 Issuing from the wood's border in rapid race,  
 And going forth to hunt in the plains of Fodla,

Stretched above the grave of the hero,  
 A protecting cover on the tombstone of the bright rose,  
 Without clapping of hands coming near to him,  
 Or the shouts of hunting-bands in his wake at eventide.

- Tonn Cliodhna started with a mighty start,  
 30 Tonn Rudhraighe wears a veil of grief,  
 Tonn Tuagh proclaims his loss in tears,  
 And the Casán of the Fitzmaurices and Tonn Toime.

Tonn Teide moaned with a loud voice,  
 The Inches, and either marge of the great river,  
 The Liffey wept to the point of overflowing its banks,  
 And the hungry Flesk full of boughs and nuts.

- The Roughty proclaimed his death with much weeping,  
 The mansion of Bonn Inis, and the mansion of the Boyne,  
 The mansion of the kings, the royal mansion of Borumha,  
 40 The mansion of Dublin, of powerful ships under sail.

The fays of smooth Clar Eoghan screamed aloud,  
 In the fairy palace of Cruachan a confused hum of sorrow was  
     heard,  
 In the mansion of Conall, of the harmonious hounds,  
 And the fairy palace of Badhbh, of Meidhbh, woefully wept.

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30. Ruðparáige: MS. Ruðgim, but see Introd., Sect. IV. 40. pian-bapo :  
 cf. XII. 13, pian-loc an baill.

Do bheart Clíoðna tús na rgeóltair  
 Súr reabac Shaoðal na h-Éiríonn Domhnall,  
 A laot laóluir, a b-foobair comraic,  
 A g-ceann tíre, a Rí, 'ra ród-éilair,

50 A ngríar geimírib, a g-clairdeam a ngleó-gar,  
 A b-tuag gualann, a g-eruaib ród-élan,  
 A rínreap ceart, do élanair Eogain,  
 bun a ngeimealac uile 'ra b-teora,

A n-Orgar ceann, ceann a plóigte,  
 A rí, a m-biaótaó riam 'ra n-ór-élot,  
 A g-ceann díona, ir díon a mbólaig.  
 A Mairr tréan, 'ra péilteann eóluir,

Rabair a rúl, a lúe, 'r a lócpann,  
 A m-brataó cogair dá b-foptaó 'ran ló géal,  
 60 Leigear a n-ótar a g-clogab 'r n-ór-éleag,  
 A g-erann cumra, a lúe 'ra ród-nir.

Dubairt Clíoðna—fíor a rgeóltair,—  
 Éibir Fíonn ór glún-gean Domhnall  
 Céadurí Shaoðal, níor fáob an t-eóluir,  
 Síneap Clonme mic bile mic bpeógan.

Do baircar, ar rí, 'na ríog-bhog éólmair,  
 Sfodairge bpeaca, ir brataó ríóill glain,  
 Cuilg dá ngormaó, ótar ag ól miod,  
 Ar laóera ag imir air ríóill go glórac.

70 Cuilte dá n-beargab air maidin 'r am neóna,  
 Córugaó cleiteac ag bairrfíonnair óga,  
 Fíon air bñireac dá íbe, agur mórtaí,  
 Féil air beairib, ir beaóirge air bóruib.

46. Shaoðal: MS. gaol.

65-104. In these lines the life at Clonmeen while the O'Callaghans held sway over 50,000 acres of land, is described

Clíodhna said, as she told the tale,  
That Domhnall was the hawk of the Gaels of Erin,  
Their hero in valour, their sword in battle,  
Their head of a cantred, their ruler, their high chieftain,

50 Their winter's sun, their shield, their battle staff,  
Their shoulder axe, their steel the purest,  
Their true premier in descent, among the children of Eoghan,  
The foundation of all their genealogies, and their limit,

Their valiant Osgar, the leader of their hosts,  
Their prince, their almoner ever, their stone of gold,  
Their protecting chief, the defence of their kine,  
Their mighty Mars, their guiding star,

The light of their eyes, their vigour, their torch,  
Their standard in battle, protecting them in the open day;  
The healing of their diseased, their spear of gold,  
60 Their tree of fragrance, their vigour, their great strength.

Clíodhna said—true is her account—  
Eibhear Fíonn, from whom Domhnall sprang,  
Was first king of the Gaels—the intelligence was not idle—  
The premier in descent of the descendants of the son of Bile, and  
of Breogan.

I beheld, said she, in his musical, princely mansion,  
Speckled silks, and garments of pure satin,  
Swords being whetted, invalids quaffing mead,  
And warriors playing at chess noisily.

Coverlets being prepared, morn and even,  
70 Young maidens engaged in arranging down,  
Wines, newly-opened, being drunk, and jollity,  
Viands on spits, and uisquebagh on tables;

Uponza ag cairbiol gan mairg don nóir-bróg,  
 Uponza ag cuicim 'ra g-cuirlionna breáige,  
 Uponza air meirge gan éilg don éomairrain,  
 Uponza borba ag labairt go glóraí.

bolcanur cuimra blúe ag cóimriú,  
 Ó anáil baot na cléipe cóirne,  
 Gaota luata buana ar rónaib  
 80 Na faoié carnaíad maóaire an éompaic.

Puirt air érocaib dá peinn go ceólmair,  
 Scaréa dá léigeaí ag luét léiginn ir eóluir,  
 Mar a m-bíod éráde gan cáim air órdair,  
 Ir air gaé ploinneaí dáir geineáí 'ran éoruir.

Dóirre gan dúnaí ar dúntaib ómpaí,  
 Céir dá lapaí air gaé balla 'gus reómpa,  
 Cairg dá m-buiréaí don b-fuirinn gaé nóiment,  
 'S gan érágaí air laét aréaí 'ran ól ran.

Eicé ba m-bonnaí aca air ollamnaib Póbla;  
 90 Eáira garba air leacain ag cóimriú,  
 Troigéaí a n-iorguil, iomarca beóraí,  
 A g-cornaib aitéaí airgib ró-glair,

baí múnice 'ran éluain-rin fuaim na ngleóraí  
 Trom-gáir réalga a plearaib na g-ceó-énoc  
 Sionairg dá n-búirgaí éuca ir éróin-fuic  
 Míolca ar mongaib, ceapc' uirge, ir ríólaig.

Loinn na reilge ag geimnín re rór-luét,  
 Ir ceapca peaí go ráinneáí glóraí,  
 Conairc an ríga 'r a faoié cóirreáí,  
 100 D'éir a peaí a n-aígaí plearaib na g-ceó-énoc.

88. laot = liquid in general, often = 'milk,' sometimes used of tears: "éug mo deapca ag ríleáí laota cuig." *An Spealadoir*.

Companies coming to the famous mansion without sorrow,  
Companies falling down with feverish pulse,  
Companies inebriate without offence to their neighbours,  
Companies of pride conversing uproariously.

A fragrant odour issuing in strength  
From the tender breath of the trumpeting band,  
Swift, continuous currents from the nostrils  
80 Of the defensive nobles of the field of battle.

Airs being played harmoniously on harps,  
The wise and learned reading histories,  
In which an account was faultlessly given of the clergy,  
And of each great family that arose in Europe.

The doors not closed on enclosures bright as amber,  
Waxlights blazing from every wall and chamber,  
Every moment fresh casks being opened for the multitude,  
While there was no ebb in the liquid that came into that  
drinking feast.

Steeds being bestowed on the *ollamhs* of Fodla,  
90 Strong steeds in teams prancing on the hillside,  
Foot soldiers contending, abundance of *beoir*  
In goblets of wrought silver, of great purity.

Often in that plain was heard the clamour of sportsmen,  
The loud uproar of the chase on the sides of the misty  
mountains,  
Foxes and red bucks were being wakened for them,  
Hares from the mead, water-hens, and thrushes.

Oh! the rapture of the chase, as it presses onward with great  
force,  
With pheasants wide-scattered and wildly screaming;  
The prince's hounds and his men fatigued  
100 From their pursuit up the slopes of the misty mountains.

Tpeigib gan téarnam, méula mór liom,  
 An éluain pá gáir na g-cáig gan ceóra,  
 Glór na ngall go ceann 'ran ór-bhog,  
 Mar a m-bíod imirte ir ghlogar fear fóirne.

Aduðairt Cluðna ó fínn-éraig ómpaig  
 Náir éuibhe a gaoil do maoidéam ne mór-plaite,  
 Le ríge, dá feabhar, a m-breatain, ná a b-Flóndrapar,  
 A b-Fraime, a Sagraib, na a g-catair na Róma.

110 Do b'ríg gur b' Phoenix é ir mór-plaite,  
 Cloé do'n ériordal baó glaine 'ran Eorruir.  
 Capbuncail gan duibhe, ná cróine,  
 Ríog-laot, ríge-feabac, ríge-éann cóige.

Ríge-bréam uapal, ua na ngleó-feap,  
 Tí ar rígeir cruiteaé na banba cróda,  
 Fíod gan cuilíonn ná d'riplíoc 'ne éomgar,  
 D'raigheac dealb ná car-maibe dóige.

120 Éug an Lia Páil glib-gháir brónac.  
 Iar n-bul a g-cré dá éaban ró-geal  
 Dá béal tana, dá téangain, da glórtailb,  
 Dá ríge peammar, dá leacain mar pórrpar,

Dá éiab fionna-geal, fuinneamuil, fóirniur,  
 Dá b'riatpail binne, dá fíoinneac, dá óige,  
 Dá uéir éaoin, dá éoin, dá beó-éneap,  
 Dá meórpail cailce, dá peappain, da mórbaé.

An tan do rugaó an ceann cine ro Domnall,  
 Do raib Mars don leanb gleó-éur,  
 Baó fuaimneac plaiteap, ir calam, ir neóltailb,  
 Aer, ir péilteann, rpeir, ir mór-muir.

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110. Speaking of the MacCarthys, of whom the O'Callaghans are a branch, Sir Bernard Burke says: "Few families in the United Kingdom have so remote or so renowned a pedigree."

Oh pain without relief ! a great evil do I deem it  
That the vale is given over without reserve to the screams of the  
    jackdaws,  
Loud is the voice of foreigners in the golden mansion,  
Where there was wont to be the play and the chatter of chess-  
    players.

Clíodhna, from the fair rock of amber hue, said  
That it was not becoming to boast of his relationship to a great  
    chieftain,  
To a king, however good, in Britain, or in Flanders,  
Or in France, or in England, or the city of Rome.

Because he was a Phoenix and a great prince,  
110 A stone of the purest crystal in Europe,  
A carbuncle without stain or discolourment,  
A kingly hero, a kingly warrior, a kingly head of a province.

The noble scion of a kingly race, the descendant of warriors,  
Through whom was poured out the wheat of valiant Banba,  
A wood unencumbered by holly, or briar,  
Or sterile thorn, or burnt-up cross-stick.

Lia Fail uttered a doleful cry of strife  
When his forehead—the brightest—was laid in clay,  
And his fine mouth, and his tongue, and his voice,  
120 And his stout arm, and his cheek like purple,

And his fair, bright breast, vigorous and strong,  
His musical speech, his name, his youth,  
His noble chest, his waist, his live complexion,  
His chalk-white fingers, his person, his dignity.

When Domhnall, our tribal chief, was born,  
Mars endowed the child with the power of engaging in battle ;  
Heaven, and earth, and clouds were peaceful,  
The air, the stars, the sky, and the ocean.



130      Tuḡ an ḡrian do ciall gan teópa,  
             Uairleáct aigne, rḡairpeac, ir enórac;  
             ḡairḡe gan béim, don péarla ró-ḡlan;  
             Meabair, ir inleáct, cuirne, ir beódaet.

            Tuḡ Mercurius rún ḡo cóir do,  
             Seoirbe plaítear ḡo fairrinḡ gan cóirpioró,  
             Neart, ir oineac, ir ḡlaine, ir mórdaet,  
             ḡairḡe map déile ir laochur leóḡain.

            Do tuḡ Pan map airḡe Dóinnall,  
             Stab an tréada ir céir gan bpreóḡteaet,  
             ḡlaine map brúet ir clú gan reódaet,  
             140      Meabair ḡlan ḡrinn, ir ḡaoir 'na méopaib.

            Tuḡ Nereus do ḡoll na plóḡḡe  
             Riap le mairneac air imioll na bóena,  
             Neptunus tuḡ long do reóta,  
             Ir Oceanus ártac fóir mair.

            bainbia an t-raidbhir poinne do beónaig  
             Ceres ratmar tuḡ rat air an doḡan do,  
             Mil ir feur ir céir gan bpreóḡteaet,  
             Air ḡac talam 'na ratatala Dóinnall.

            'S an bliḡe éirte níos lóma bóltan,  
             150      Ná an ríḡ-ro do bpríom-ḡlioet Scóta,  
             Saor-bliḡe péir ḡlan péim pe comappain,  
             Do ḡnfoet caoirpeac Inre Móipe.

            Eson roéma gan rocall 'ná ḡlórtairb,  
             Saor-mac Donnchaḡa ir Donnchaḡa, Dóinnall,  
             Ir Caḡaoir Modarḡa porba na nḡeócaet  
             Ríḡ-biaḡtaet cinn iartair Eorpa.

133. rún: cf. XXVI. 123, where Mercury gives rún a cléirb.

138. céir: we know from XXVI. that wax was given to heal the flock.

141. do ḡoll: sic A. M: do ḡall. ḡoll is elsewhere used of a hero like Orḡar, &c.

142. imioll: MS. imiol, perhaps the right word here.

149. This line occurs in XXII., and in an elegy on O'Keefe by Domhnall

The Sun gave him wisdom without limit,  
 130 Nobility of mind, spending, and getting,  
 Faultless heroism to the purest of pearls,  
 Understanding, and intellect, and memory, and vivacity.

Mercury gave him a becoming secret,  
 Princely jewels, abundantly, without number,  
 Strength, and generosity, and purity, and dignity,  
 Valour as his mate, and the heroism of a lion.

Pan gave to Domhnall as a gift  
 The shepherd's staff, and uncorrupted wax,  
 Brightness like the dew-drops, fame never to decline,  
 140 A clear, sprightly intelligence, and skill in his fingers.

Nereus gave to the Goll of the hosts  
 To command with courage, on the borders of the ocean ;  
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,  
 And Oceanus a small vessel to guard the sea.

The goddess of riches granted him a portion,  
 Ceres, the fruitful, fructified the earth for him,  
 Bestowing honey and herbage and uncorrupted wax  
 On every soil on which Domhnall would set foot.

Not Boltan was more skilled in genuine law  
 150 Than this prince of the primal race of Scota ;  
 Noble, equable laws, pure, mild to his neighbours,  
 Were framed by the chieftain of Inismore.

A sedate Eson, without corruption in his speech,  
 The noble son of Donogh, and of Donogh, was Domhnall,  
 And of Cahir Modartha, the stay of the strollers,  
 The princely almoner, of the head of Western Europe,

---

Garbh O'Sullivan. 152. What O'Callaghan's connexion with Inismore was has not been ascertained.

153. Here begins the pedigree of O'Callaghan, in which he is traced up to Adam. Many of the adjectives applied to his ancestors have little historic meaning. Some copies of the *Book of Munster* begin the pedigree thus: Donncaib

Mic Ceallaáin fearaíhail meannmairg beóda,  
 Mic Conchubair raol bí ríochair cróda,  
 Mic Donnchaða mic Taidg ríoch-níre eólaig,  
 160 Mic Conchubair laigheis eadm náir bólaing,

Mic Donnchaða uairil cuan na ró-boét,  
 Mic Maoilíreáclainn Finn baó éaoiréat cóige,  
 Mic MicCraic fuair meap a n' óige,  
 Mic Cineide d'arzuin éoganaét,

Mic Lochlunn riach náir gíall i ngleoidéib,  
 Mic MicCraic náir leam a g-comrac,  
 Mic Maéghaimna Finn raol ir leógan,  
 Mic Murchaða mic Aóda na g-cop g-comrac,

Mic Cineide fuair do ríagaeó ríorpe,  
 170 Mic Ceallaáin Finn raol, mic Domhnall,  
 Mic Murchaða neartair ceap na mór-flait,  
 Mic Donnchaða fuair comérom cré éródaét.

Nuair mo éroide-re, ar Chioéna éomáctat,  
 An maíom talman fabtuiréat brónat,  
 Tuadmúthain uile go boirinn na mór-élot,  
 'S an Druimnín ag caol na n-beópa.

Pailir éadmar tréit-lag, cóirreát,  
 'S an dáin-tír 'nar ghnát ríor-éóirreát,  
 An Cúil Ruad pá ghuaim um nóna,  
 180 'S a n-Árpuim ppearbail ní lapcar na cóirrí.

Óg fuair báir a g-cuntae an Éiláir mac Donnchaða mic Cathair Modartha mic Ceallaáin, &c. This Donagh Og must be the father of Domhnall. O'Rahilly's pedigree begins thus: The sedate Eson, that is Domhnall, was son of Donogh, and of Donogh, and of Cahir Modartha, &c.; and this accords with the *Book of Munster*. Eson is probably = Aeson, a name for a hero like Goll above.

155. Cahir Modartha lived in the reign of James I.

157-8. Conchubhar died at his Castle at Clonmeen on the 31st of May, 1612, and left a son and heir, Callaghan O'Callaghan, then aged 25 years and upwards.

Son of Ceallachan, the manly, the high-spirited, the vivacious,  
 Son of Conchubhar, a noble who was bold and brave,  
 Son of Donogh, son of Tadhg, the staying strength of the learned,  
 160 Son of Conchubhar Laignach, who did not suffer from sickness,

Son of Donogh, the noble, the haven of the poverty-stricken,  
 Son of Maolseachlainn, the Fair, the chieftain of a province,  
 Son of Macraith, who was esteemed in his youth,  
 Son of Cinede, who spoiled an Eoghanacht,

Son of Lochlann, who never was a hostage in contests,  
 Son of Macraith, who was skilled in fighting,  
 Son of Mathghamhain, the Fair, a sage and a hero,  
 Son of Murchadh, son of Aodh, of the wrestling contests,

Son of Cineide the Red, who expelled the foreigners,  
 170 Son of Ceallachan the Fair, the sage, son of Domhnall,  
 Son of Murchadh the Strong, the root-stock of great chieftains,  
 Son of Donogh, who obtained justice by valour.

Oh sorrow of my soul, said the powerful Cliodhna,  
 This eruption in the earth, so sad and doleful !  
 Thomond entire, to Burren of the great stones,  
 And Drumaneen pouring out tears.

Weak is Palice, envious and sorrowful,  
 And Banteer, where high festival was wont to reign,  
 Culroe is in sadness at eventide,  
 180 And at Ardrum of festivity the torches blaze not.

and married: see Archdall's *Lodge*, vol. 7, p. 244.

160. The word *pólaing* is merely a conjecture, as MSS. are defective.

172. This Donogh was son of Ceallachan of Cashel, and here the poet takes a rest: after a few stanzas the pedigree is resumed.

175-6. Thomond, for the O'Callaghans then lived in Clare, and Drumaneen, near Mallow, as they lived there formerly.

180. "A mile north-east of Inniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, near which is the village of Cloghroe." Smith's *Cork*, p. 155.

Aéúingear Jupiter upraé mórda  
 Air Clíodna doirb bí roéma le deórais,  
 Fíor gainealaig an rígh d'inríne dóib rín,  
 Ó bí an leabhar 'na glacais ir eóluir.

Aéair Ceallaadán, capais dá éomgar,  
 Duabtain bínn, ar Clíodna ró-geal,  
 Mac laéna láidur, lán-meap, beóda,  
 Mic Aircgoile, rígh clirbe cúig cóige,

190 Mic Sneabgura, mic Donnsgaile, ró-niré,  
 Mic Aongura rígh raotrac reóbat,  
 Mic Colgáin éaim tuig timéioll Róma,  
 Mic Fáilbe Plann ó Céamap tuig mór-épeac,

Mic Aoda buib Rígh Muman, epóda,  
 Mic Críométain t-réim, mic Féilim deólmhair.  
 Mic Aongura Rígh raotrac, reómpac.  
 Mic Nabppaoic nár élaoidce a g- nírpac,

200 Mic Cuirc Cairil na n-eacra reóla,  
 Mic Luigdeac, mic Oilill do bponnac reóibe,  
 Mic Fíada Mlaoil nar éim, mic Eogain,  
 Mic Oilíoll uapail fuadpaig Óluim,

Mic Moza Nuadat puair leac Fóbla,  
 Mic Moza Neib nár éimig gleódur  
 Mic Eanna Deirg, mic Deirg na reóla,  
 Mic Eanna Mundeaim muirpín ógban,

Mic Moza neapemair do épeacac cúig cóige,  
 Mic Moza Feirbír raop le deórais,  
 Mic Eachaib éine, éluinn, ríodh-geal,  
 Mic Duac Dallta dall a éomfogur,

181. This stanza is a kind of invocation of the Muses for what follows. The poet intentionally omits to say that Donogh, at whose name he halted above, was son of Ceallachan, of Cashel, but after this brief interruption starts from Ceallachan as if he had said it.

185. In that interesting tract "Topuigeacac

The sustaining, majestic Jupiter besought  
Of Cliodhna the doleful, who was sobered with her tears,  
To trace for them the genealogy of this prince,  
Since she held the book in her hands and the knowledge.

The father of Ceallaċhan, dear to his kinsfolk,  
Was Buadhchain, the melodious, said the bright-visaged Cliodhna,  
Son of Lachna the strong, the nimble, the sprightly,  
Son of Artghoile, the accomplished king of five provinces,

Son of Sneadhghus, son of Donnghaile the valiant,  
190 Son of Aongus, the victorious, the wealthy monarch,  
Son of Colgan Cam, who went the round of Rome,  
Son of Failbhe Flann, from Tara who took great spoils,

Son of Aodh Dubh, the valiant, King of Munster,  
Son of Crimhthain the genial, son of Felim the musical,  
Son of Aongus the laborious king, of great halls,  
Son of Nadfraoc, who was unconquered in fight,

Son of Corc of Cashel, of the nimble steed-studs,  
Son of Lughaidh, son of Oilioll, who dispensed jewels,  
Son of Fiacha Maol, the fearless, son of Eoghan,  
200 Son of Oilioll Oluim, the noble, the vigorous,

Son of Mogh Nuadhat, who obtained the half of Fodla,  
Son of Mogh Neid, who refused not warfare,  
Son of Eana Dearg, son of Dearg of the sails,  
Son of Eana Munchaoín, the beloved of maidens,

Son of Mogh the Strong, who was wont to spoil five provinces,  
Son of Mogh Feirbhis, hospitable to strangers,  
Son of Eachadh the honourable, the beautiful, the bright-visaged,  
Son of Duach Dallta, who blinded his kinsman,

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Ceallaċán Cárul," is given Ceallachan's pedigree, which differs somewhat from our author's, but is too long to give here. 207. *dine*: MS. *pup* *dine*.

208. *Quac*, blinded Deaghaidh, his brother, hence his name, Dallta: see Haliday's *Keating*, p. 364.

210 Mic Cairbre Luirg, an omiz r6-glaim,  
 Mic Luðair Luaiðne luailc ðlorað,  
 Mic Ionnabháir mic Níad fuair fiað Fóola,  
 Mic Adamaíur folcðaoín porð-glain, r6-glaim,

Mic Moða Cuirb, mic Fíur Cuirb róinir,  
 Mic Cobðairð çaoir, an mfead mómaíur,  
 Mic Reaðta muirnið, mic Luðair Lóige,  
 Mic Oiloll áiru bað fáim a n-óirpcead,

220 Mic Luðair ðeirð nár ðeirðcead élóðruib,  
 Mic Oilill Uairceap ua na mór-flaíð,  
 Mic Luíðcead Iarðoinn éliað-éruim éróða,  
 Mic Eanna Élaoin bað fíodmaíur fórrað,

Mic Duad Fínn, nár élaoidce a ngleóidceib,  
 Mic Séadna Ionnaruib éuirbið ceolmaíur,  
 Mic ðreirrið na Muimnead mórbá,  
 Mic Airce Imlið Ionnarba lóitnið,

Mic Féilim peadcmáir, mic Roiteadcaíð ðeóða,  
 Mic Roain ríoglan ruígead cóige,  
 Mic Fáilbe érucaíð bað furcaðe dá éomarrpáin,  
 Mic Cair fáilmaíur rriancáíð éóirrið,

230 Mic Fáilbearðaid uil fuair fíor ir eóluir,  
 Mic Muineamuin mic Cair, neart gað deopaid,  
 Mic Iripea mic Fínn, raoi bað éreórad,  
 Mic Roiteadcaíð miz Roir do éuir gleóidce,

Mic Glair, mic Nuaid, na ruaz r6-fada,  
 Goirceap don té rin Rex Scotorum,  
 Mic Eochaid fáobhraið, géar a ngleóidceib,  
 Mic Conmaoil bað dípead beóð-éuirp,

211. fiað Fóola. "By the magic powers of his mother, Fliodhuis, the wild hinds came and gently yielded their milk for him like cows." Haliday's *Keating*, p. 363.

212. porð-glaim: MS. porðlin.

226. ruígead = ruaiðgead: MS., riðcead, perhaps = ríð gað, &c.

- Son of Cairbre Luisg, of purest generosity,  
 210 Son of Lughaidh Luaine, the expressive, the noisy,  
 Son of Ionnadmhar, son of Nuadh, who obtained the deer of  
 Fodla,  
 Son of Adhamar of the fair locks, of bright eyes, very pure,
- Son of Mogh Corb, son of Fear Corb of great strength,  
 Son of Cobhthach Caomh, the noble warrior,  
 Son of Reachta the affectionate, son of Luighe Loige,  
 Son of Oilioll the great, whose face like a fawn's was gentle,
- Son of Lughaidh Dearg, whose features were not rusty,  
 Son of Oilioll Uairceas, descendant of great chieftains,  
 Son of Lughaidh Iardhonn of the strong, valiant breast.  
 220 Son of Eanna Claon, who was fierce and forceful,
- Son of Duach Fionn, unconquered in contests,  
 Son of Seadna Ionnaruidh the clutching, the musical,  
 Son of Breisrigh, of the stately Munstermen,  
 Son of Art Imleach, the angry, the stormy,
- Son of Feilim, famed for government, son of Roitheachtach, the  
 vigorous,  
 Son of Roan the royal, the pure, who would despoil a province,  
 Son of Failbhe the well-shaped, who was a protection to his  
 neighbour,  
 Son of Cas the hospitable, of the bridles and festive gatherings,
- Son of Faildeasgad, the beloved, who obtained wisdom and  
 learning,  
 230 Son of Muineamhun, son of Cas, the strength of every stranger,  
 Son of Irirea, son of Fionn, a prosperous noble,  
 Son of Roitheachtach, son of Ros, who engaged in conflicts,
- Son of Glas, son of Nuadh, of the long hostile excursions,  
 He it is who is called Rex Scotorum,  
 Son of Eochaidh Faobhrach, who was sharp in conflict,  
 Son of Connhaol, who was stately and vigorous of frame,



Mic Éidip mic Míleab éomáctair,  
 Áir-pí ráin na Spáinne an leógan,  
 Mic Díle éumra úir mic Dpeógan,  
 240 Mic Dpáta éionnragan cúr nár cóirneab,

Mic Deagpáta nár méata 'r a éomágleic,  
 Mic Aipeada éaoin do éiméill Eopuir,  
 Mic Alloid uabpaz uapail ró-nipt,  
 Mic Nuadat mic Nenuall baó ró-meap,

Mic Aónamain mic Tait do éleact cómhguil,  
 Mic beogamain níniníz rígz ip ró-élaic,  
 Mic Éidip Seuit cap muir euz epeóin-éip,  
 baó rígz ran Scythia an lué-éial beóda,

Mic Éidip Gluin éinn luét gpinn ró-nipt,  
 250 Mic Aónamain aómaip aig glic eóluir,  
 Mic Éidip Seuit cap muir éaib ómpaiz,  
 Mic Láin-éinn baó époide-geal cópaé,

Mic Spú mic Earrú na plóizte,  
 Mic Gaoibil élaip baó éupaó cómpaie,  
 Mic Niuil mic éinapa éóppaiz,  
 Mic beac ná éleactaó móibe,

Mic Magoz éaoin mic lapet beóda  
 Mic Naoi 'ran aipe ófon éuaip ip cómbaé  
 Mic Laimeic do máip éeal 'r an dóman  
 260 Mic Mecupalem do b'éada bí a m-beóépuicé,

240. The tower of Bragantia, near Corunna, in Spain, visited by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1602: see "beata Aoba Ruaid," p. 322.

245-252. These stanzas are given as in M (vol. 4). A gives them thus:

"Mic 'Éidip gluinéinn luét gpinn ró-nipt,  
 Mic Aónamain aóbaip aig glic eóluir,  
 Mic 'Éidip gláinfinn cuilbuidé ompaiz,  
 Mic Láinfinn baó époide-geal cópaé,

Son of Eibhear, son of Mileadh the powerful,  
Which hero was a sedate high King of Spain,  
Son of Bile, the sweet, noble son of Breogan,

240 Son of Bratha, who began the tower which was not destroyed,

Son of Deaghfatha, who failed not in contest,  
Son of Airead Caoin, who travelled over Europe,  
Son of Alloid the proud, the noble, the strong,  
Son of Nuadhat, son of Neanual the rapid,

Son of Adhnamhan, son of Tait, who practised condolence,  
Son of Beoghain, the fierce king and high chieftain,  
Son of Eibhear Scot, who brought brave men across the seas,  
This vigorous, hospitable, vivacious hero was king in Scythia,

Son of Eibhear Glunfiann, the cheerful and strong,

250 Son of Adhnamhain, the fortunate, the generous, the subtle, the  
wise,

Son of Eibhear Scot, from across the sea, the modest, the amber-  
visaged,

Son of Lamhfiann, the cheerful-hearted, the handsome,

Son of Sru, son of Easru of the hosts,  
Son of Gaodhal Glas, who was a champion in battle,  
Son of Niul, son of Fenius, the powerful,  
Son of Beath, who was not wont to swear,

Son of Magog the gentle, son of the sprightly Japeth,  
Son of Noah, who found protection and shelter in the ark,  
Son of Lamech, whose life was long on earth,

260 Son of Metusalem, who was long in mortal shape,

"Mhic Adhnamhan mic Toit do cleaóir comh-ghul,  
Mhic Beoghain nómhuig níg ir no-flaite,  
Mhic 'Eibhir Scuit cap muir euz cneóin-éir,  
baó níg 'ran Seythia an lúe-éial beóda."

For detailed information about several of the names mentioned in this pedigree, the reader is referred to Keating's and O'Halloran's *Histories of Ireland*, and to the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

Mic Eonac éaoin nap éuill gúé comarran,  
 Mic Iapac mic Malalel beóda,  
 Mic Enoir mic Set nár beag cóta,  
 Mic Ádairé éríona rmaoin air mhór-olc.

Ní'í glán le ród ó Ádairé go Domhnall,  
 Aét árú-ríge bí air an dóman,  
 Ríge éríce ir ríge éóigeac  
 Fial-caoirig tigeapnaoi 'r leógaín.

### AN FEART-LAOID.

270 Pefle, ir mipeac, ir foineann, ir clú gan éar,  
 Tréite riorgaiéte, zorm-glán, úr, ir mear,  
 Réimix uile na Muíhan a d-éir 'ra neart  
 Go tréite-lag azad fad' éumaraib, ir duéac, a leac!

Son of Enoch, the gentle, who deserved not the reproach of his  
neighbours,

Son of Japeth, son of Malalel, the sprightly,

Son of Enos, son of Seth, whose garments were not short,

Son of Adam the wise, who conceived great evil.

There is no link to record from Adam to Domhnall,

But high kings, who ruled the world,

Kings of countries, kings of provinces,

Generous chieftains, lords, and heroes.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without  
sorrow,

270 The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem,  
The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength,  
Thou holdest prostrate within thy hollow—it is sad—O stone.

## XVI.

## AIR DÁS AN FÍR CÉADNA.

Sgeul gairt do ghéar-ghoin mo cpoide-pe,  
 'S do léir-éuir na mílte cum páin,  
 Céir beac ip péarla na Muiríneac  
 Gup faigeadab le h-inceleact an báir,  
 A cédar, a Céarar, a rínreap,  
 A n-aon t-plaet, 'r a n-aoin eulig gndiét,  
 A méin uile d'aon toil, 'r a rígh éirt  
 'S a g-caom-coinneal oirde ip lá.

10 Saob-beamuin aep agup bpaioite,  
 Ní féioip a mín-éoriz dá ráiz  
 Tá Thetis pá éap-éonnaib rínce,  
 'S a céile, dá coimbeact ní nár ;  
 Phlegon gan éirceact, ip Triton,  
 Créan-Míarr ip epaiopeac 'na láim  
 Phaeton ag léimniz cap líne  
 Agup epéact-dealg nuíneac 'na fáil.

20 Mo déara map féala air an rígh-lic,  
 Ip éadepom le maoidaib dom go bpadé,  
 Muna b-epéizpinn-pe paop-éuil mo élfiz  
 Air épé-eulc an taopiz cap bárr ;  
 Caop éumair éipeann an paop-pín  
 A ppéim-dair dob'aoirde ró bláé,  
 Éag-bul éuz mé-rí go claoirde,  
 'S na céadta map rínn uile air lár.

XVI.—This elegy is on Domhnall O'Callaghan, lamented in XV. Its plan reminds one a little of the "Gallus" of Virgil, and the "Lycidas" of Milton. An elegy by O'Lionnan, on John O'Tuomy, appears to be a close imitation of this piece. The metre is the same, and even the same deities are introduced.

3. céir beac = 'bees' wax,' something rich and precious.

4. faigeadab, MS., faobab: cf. XV. 1. *Ib.* inceleact = 'cunning contrivance, cleverness, strategy': cf. *peuc* an inceleact atá 'na cpoide =

## XVI.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

A bitter news that has sorely wounded my heart  
 And sent thousands into banishment for ever :  
 The bees' wax and pearl of the men of Munster  
 Has been shot down by the cunning contrivance of death ;  
 Their Cedar, their Caesar, the head of their race,  
 Their own ornament, their own constant sword,  
 The beauty of mien to all, as all acknowledged, their true prince,  
 Their beautiful light by day and night.

The furious demons of the air and the magicians  
 10 Cannot be restrained in their fury ;  
 Thetis lies stretched beneath fiery waves,  
 And it is not unseemly for her spouse to accompany her ;  
 Phlegon is without hearing, and Triton,  
 Mighty Mars holds a spear in his hand,  
 Phaeton leaps beyond his track,  
 While a wounding, venomous thorn pierces his heel.

My tears as a seal on the prince-covering stone,  
 Trivial is the tribute ever to boast of,  
 If I do not pour out the generous blood of my heart  
 20 On the clay-coverlet of the matchless chieftain ;  
 The flash of Erin's power was this noble,  
 Her tallest root-oak in blossom ;  
 His death has been my undoing,  
 And has laid prostrate hundreds like me.

'see the cunning that is in his heart.'

6. aon c-plaōt, plaōt = 'finish, ornament, what makes comfortable'; obair plaōtair = 'finished work,' &c. 17. aom cuitg = aon colg; M muidcuitg; aom, the pronunciation of aon in Connaught.

13. Phlegon, one of the horses of the sun.

15. Phaeton, the sun's Charioteer; some MSS. give Etan, others Aeton, which perhaps suits better with Phlegon.

16. Some MSS. give cpaob-ōealg;

and some read bpaomig, for nūmneac.

19. M b-cneigib-ra.

21. caop cūmair, cf. caer comhraic = 'brand of battle': *Lismore Lives*, p. 22.

- Do raobabap rreápta 'gur cforta,  
 Do érean-ε-εloiz an ε-εreal an ε-εáp.  
 'Na éaom-éoblað réim do bí Typhon  
 Gup léim d'earbaib éaibe aip an epáiz;  
 Péirce na m-beul ngorm cfor-éub  
 30 Gup léigeabap éioð uile an ε-εpnám,  
 Gó n-éirbeað na déite cé an pfoz-élaie  
 Do paop-élanneab Mléað puair báp.  
  
 Do beapε Clfoðna ón g-cappaiz m-bán gpuagaiz  
 Gup b'é peabac ápb Óluana gíl mfn,  
 Ceap pfozða Cairil, ápb-éuaile  
 Ó Ceallaéáin uapal 'pa pfol,  
 Dpac éfona aip éallaib lá an épuacain  
 Do éopnaim le épuar nipe ip éloibim,  
 Coip laoi éap mapb éá aip puapab,  
 40 Mo éealz báip épuab gupce, ap pí.  
  
 Do rgreab Cluibill éailce pá Óoinall  
 Do épeargup a deópa aip an d-éofnn;  
 Do glac bíoðgað ip peapz báip lóba  
 Agup aingil go deopaé az caoi;  
 An éeal-nipe a g-caéaip bpedz glórmnar  
 Éuz peapann pécie mór do 'gup cfor;  
 A meapz naom éá anam pá mór-éion  
 Ip peappa map lón do 'ná paiozeal.

## AN PEART-LAOI.

- A mapmaip-leac glap, pá ap leagað capa Ólaip Gaóal,  
 50 Dá b-peappað neac cé'n plaie po cairgeað páb' éaob,  
 Abaip go ppeap ná pan az azaile pán rzeal,  
 Ua Ceallaéáin ceapε ip mac Uí Ceallaéáin é.

25. raobabap, cf. paobab rgamail, XXII. 5. 37. Ealla, the place of his ancient patrimony, now Duhallow.

39. He was buried at Kilcrea, which is near the Lee.

43. Ioba, M Joseph, another MS. Iova.

are obscure. A óáib éóip, for pécie mór; the island meant, perhaps = the

38. A épuab-nipe a éloibim.

41. Cluibill, M Sybil.

45-46. These lines

Heaven and earth have torn themselves asunder,  
 The low has fiercely swallowed up the high,  
 Typhon lay in a soft, lovely sleep,  
 Until he leaped on the shore through the absence of the tide;  
 The black, blue-mouthed sea-serpents,  
 30 All ceased from their swimming  
 That the gods might hear what royal prince  
 Of the noble race of Milesius had died.

Clíodhna, from the white fairy rock, said  
 That it was the noble warrior of bright Clonmeen,  
 A royal chieftain of Cashel, a high branch,  
 The noble O'Callaghan and his seed,  
 The protecting robe of Ealla in the day of distress  
 Protecting with the vigour of his strength and sword,  
 Who lies beside the Lee, in the south, cold in death;  
 40 O bitter piercing sting of death to me, said she.

The chalk-white Aoibhill screamed in grief for Domhnall,  
 She poured her tears on the waves,  
 Ioba started and was seized by a deadly frenzy,  
 And angels tearfully lamented;  
 The fair Island gave him, as he dwelt in a beautiful glorious city,  
 Large estate-lands and rents;  
 His soul is amid the saints in high esteem,  
 And this is better as a possession than worlds.

#### THE EPITAPH.

O gray marble stone, beneath which the beloved of the land of the  
 Gael lies low,  
 50 Should someone inquire what chieftain is this who is treasured  
 beneath thy side,  
 Reply readily, nor delay in discoursing on the tidings,  
 The true O'Callaghan and the son of the O'Callaghan is he.

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Inismore of XV. 152. Inismore, or the Great Island, is perhaps that in Cork Harbour, on which Queenstown stands. The Cotters owned this island in the seventeenth century. O'Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare.

47. naonh = naorh, spelled according to Connaught pronunciation.

49. mapmair; a mapbíl, a mopbuill, &c., are variants.



## XVII.

## AIR DÁS INIUIRCEARTAIḠ UÍ ḠRÍOBḠA.

A báir, do ruḡair Muirceartaḡ uainn;  
 Ró déigeanac an uain do éac;  
 Fuadaḡ go ppear Taḡḡ don éill,  
 A deigile leir ní cuibe go brát.

Ḡo brát, a ḡarḡ-leac, ceanguil le dḡḡraḡc ríor  
 An fánaḡ flearguḡ lér cpeacac ḡo duḡac an tír;  
 A ḡ-cár ḡo b-ppeabpaḡ ó Achepion éuḡainn aníor  
 Fáirḡ ḡo daingion an paille, ar bhrúḡ a éroibe.

10 Cpoibe ḡan aḡ-ḡruaiḡe, ḡan tairḡe,  
 Éiriceac fuair báir bíogḡa,  
 Tá re a n-irpionn dá ríanaḡ,  
 Ioir rḡata diaḡal dá ḡríoraḡ.

Tá Ḡríobḡa air rruḡ rín Styx ḡo fáon, laḡ, fann,  
 Ír na mḡlce bpuinnḡiol an' fḡcuir air éaḡḡ don aḡainn,  
 A ḡroibe-éorp rín fá lic ír daoil dá rḡraḡaḡ  
 Rríomḡoin uile le ním dá ḡaopaḡ ír deamain.

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XVII.—In his satire on Cronin, our author handles the subject of this fierce poem severely. He also refers to him in XIII., and II. Murtagh Griffin was administrator to Helen, wife of Nicholas, Lord Kenmare. He had been originally a Catholic. In a "Book of Claims" (1701), concerning the lands forfeited, in 1688, we have the following entry: "Murtogh Griffin, gent., as Administrator to Dame Helen Browne, and on behalf of Sir Valentine Browne, and the rest of the children of the said Helen, claims £400 per annum, and the arrears thereof, on the whole of Sir Valentine Browne's estate, by a reversing clause in the act of Parliament." He appears to be the person who was Clerk of the Common Pleas, to whom a long letter on the state of Kerry was written by Maurice Hussey, February 28th, 1712. See *Old Kerry Records*, second series, p. 139. The strong language of this poem indicates the feeling that prevailed in those days against those who rose on the ruin of the great nobles.

## XVII.

## ON THE DEATH OF MUIRCHEARTACH O'GRIFFIN.

Thou has taken Muircheartach from us, O death,  
 Too late is the time for everyone;  
 Snatch Tadhg quickly from us to the churchyard,  
 It is not fitting to separate him from him for ever.

For ever, O rude stone, bind down with zeal  
 The wandering rake by whom the country has been wofully  
 despoiled;  
 Lest he might come back to us suddenly from Acheron,  
 Press the villain tightly and bruise his heart.

A heart pitiless and without mercy,  
 10 A heretic who met with a sudden death,  
 He is in hell tortured  
 Roasted among a band of demons.

Griffin is feeble, weak, and helpless, in the stream of Styx,  
 Accompanied by thousands of maidens at the river's marge;  
 His great body is beneath the stone, and chafers mangle it,  
 While the primal hounds of evil, and demons, execute his  
 damnation with bitterness.

2. *Ṫaṇḡ*, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin. In a severe personal satire on Cronin, the poet connects him with Griffin in an unenviable manner. Griffin has the task allotted to him of selecting a new nobility from among the rustics in the room of those who had been banished, while Tadhg looks after the 'Parliament.'

10. *bár bíogṫa*, a sudden or startling death. *M bíogṫaḃ*.

11-12. *ḡrṫaṇaḃ* is quite as suggestive as *ḡrṫaḃṫa*. A gives the chain word, for 11-12 it has

“ Ní léir írrṫonn dá rṫanaḃ  
 Muirṫearṫaḃ iatṫar O ḡrṫaṇa.”

15. A deviation from MS. reading has been necessary in this line.

- Dearhain íppinn do ruais  
 Cúg bat an gual air a gné;  
 D' iarb Peabar an dorur roime,  
 20 'S do éuaib ríor go cig na n-daor.

Ó daorair Shioct Éibir bað foilbip clá,  
 Ír le caom-éumann cléipe go deugair do éal;  
 O féanair mac Séamuir, le fuipinn na mionn,  
 A péirte uile, ní leun liom a n-íppionn cá.

### AN CEANZAL.

Péu' goile cá, a fearhair-leac, amur tar Sionainn éainig;  
 Péirte éruinnigíte geall gac pann-boict bhirte éraibte;  
 Peacaó cuirpe meall gac reang-bean éuige éaplaig;  
 Ír béal clirpe éum mionn do éabairt a g-coinne an pápa.

- Maor cuirpe ceanntair o'féallrígior cinead Óaréac,  
 30 Ír caom-ionad an t-peabaic ón leamain dá ngoirib Partur,  
 Daor-peapann éall, 'na geall ro, éuige éaplaig;  
 Sé troigíte go gann do Ceampull Éille h-Áirne.

22. caom-éumann cléipe = 'the Catholic Church.' 27. peacaó is a syllable too long, and does not give assonance; perhaps péic is the true reading.

31. M ó éaplaig; A ír, for ro, and íppionn, for peapann, which suits assonance better. If we read íppionn, then 32 should begin 'S pé, &c.; and éall, in 31, will = 'in the other world,' which may be the meaning in either case.

The demons of hell he put to flight  
Which made his countenance of the colour of coal;  
Peter shut the door against him,

20 And he went down to the house of the condemned.

Since thou didst condemn the race of Eibhear of pleasant fame,  
And didst turn thy back on the fair company of the clergy,  
Since thou didst desert the son of James for a blaspheming band,  
Thou serpent of evil, I grieve not that thou art in hell.

#### THE BINDING.

Beneath thy maw, O stout stone, lies a reprobate who came across  
the Shannon;

A serpent who embezzled the pledges of every poor ruined  
helpless man;

A wicked sinner who deceived the slender maidens who came in  
his way;

Lips skilled in pronouncing imprecations against the Pope.

Wicked steward of a barony, who plundered deceitfully the  
MacCarthys,

30 And the fair seat of the warrior from the land which is called  
Parthus,

In reward for this, dear is yonder demesne he possesses,  
Six scarce feet of the Killarney Church.

## XVIII.

## AIR DROGAIÐ DO BRONNAÐ AIR.

Do fuarar reóide ir leór a m-bredágtacht,  
 Dá bróig éaoine míne bláta,  
 Don leatár do bí ran éapbairpe báin éear,  
 Ir eugabap loingior Ríg ílilb ear fáile ;

Dá bróig riorgoigte riobanta bearréta ;  
 Dá bróig buana a b-euaragaint lán-énoc ;  
 Dá bróig leapaité bearnad go bláémar ;  
 Dá bróig díona air féic na m-bánta ;

10 Dá bróig íaopa éadepom fárgéta ;  
 Dá bróig íocapa a ngoréaið le námaib ;  
 Dá bróig éana, gan carḡar gan fáibpe ;  
 Dá bróig élipde, gan bripéad gan beápná ;

Dá bróig éróda órda air áiridib,  
 Do rinnead do'n éroicidonn do rtoetad von bán-ḡruig,  
 An bó do bí dá díon air fáraé,  
 Do bí dá fáiréad ag an b-faéac go lán-éearc.

20 Do bí Phoebur tréimpe a ngpáð dí,  
 ḡur éur Ceadmur a lionn sub 'na beagatú rin,  
 ḡur ḡoir í 'ran oidee b'áille,  
 Ó éeann céad rúl an tríú boét ḡránna.

XVIII.—This curious poem is taken from a scribbling-book belonging to Og Michael O'Longan, and bearing date, 1785. A few emendations have been made from a MS. in R. I. Academy. The date of composition is given in the latter as "about 1724." The O'Donoghue here lauded seems to be Domhnall O'Donoghue Dubh, the father of Finneen, the subject of XI.

17. a ngpáð dí: the usual expression is a ngpáð léi. *Íb.* In this reference to Phæbus and the cow, there is a confusion of two myths. 1°. Zeus, not Phæbus, stole Europa, the sister of Cadmus, who was sent by his father, Agenor, in search of her. After consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was directed to

## XVIII.

## ON A PAIR OF SHOES PRESENTED TO HIM.

c. 1724

I have received jewels of conspicuous beauty :  
 A pair of shoes, fair, smooth, handsome,  
 Of leather that was in white Barbary in the south,  
 And which the fleet of King Philip brought over the sea ;

A pair of shoes, neat, decorated, well-trimmed ;  
 A pair of shoes, durable, in stamping on great hills ;  
 A pair of shoes that repair breaches beautifully ;  
 A pair of shoes that are a protection from the roughness of the  
 meads ;

A pair of shoes, of high quality, light, closely-fitting ;  
 10 A pair of shoes, steady, in encounters with a foe ;  
 A pair of shoes, slender, without folds, or welts ;  
 A pair of shoes, nimble, without seam, or gap ;

A pair of shoes, valiant, splendid in public places ;  
 A pair of shoes, made of the hide torn from the white cow,  
 The cow that was guarded in a desert place,  
 And watched over by a giant with great care.

Phœbus for a season was in love with her,  
 So that he put Cadmus into black melancholy after her,  
 Until he stole her, on a most beautiful night,  
 20 From the hundred-eyed head, the poor, ugly monster.

---

follow a certain kind of cow, and to build a town on the spot where she should sink of exhaustion. As he wished to sacrifice the cow he sent for water to the well of Ares, whose guardian dragon slew the messengers. Thereupon Cadmus slew the dragon. 2°. Zeus had converted Io into a white heifer, but Hera, discovering the plot and obtaining command of the heifer, set Argus Panoptes to watch her. But Zeus commanded Hermes to put Argus to death and deliver Io. The story in the text is a curious mixture of both fables. Zeus is confounded with Apollo, Cadmus with Hermes, and Io with Europa.

18. Ceabmur, for Cadmur : like Ceapolur, for Capolur.

Bpóga an éroicinn ní bogaid le báirtig,  
 Ir ní éruadhann ceapbaé a m-bappa ná a m-bálta,  
 Ní léanann gaot a rḡéim ná n-bedllpað  
 Ní éig arca ir ní érapaid le lán-ceap.

An gúaire rnaðmaiz a larḡa 'ra pála,  
 Gúaire clúim an túir dob áille,  
 Tug clann Tuireann cap uirge 'na n-áptad  
 Cum luḡaid do bí lútmair láidir.

30 Bpóga b'feappa níor ceapabap báime,  
 Ir ní b-fuair Aicil a ramail re pártacé,  
 An oibpeacé tug tpeigead air Ajax,  
 Ní b-fuair iab, cib dian a páitce.

An meanaic lép pollað an éroicinn ro páidim lib,  
 Do rinnead don éruaid bað éruaide dá b-cáiniz,  
 Seaot g-céad bliadhain na diaibail do bádap  
 Ag déanaim deilz le ceilz bólcánuir.

40 Air bpuacaid Achéron d'earḡair an enaid dub,  
 'S a rnsom le cailleacaid cuideacéa Atrops,  
 Lép puagad feóir na m-bpóga n-deárrḡnac  
 Le comacéa bpaoidacéa an tpir ban árra.

Do bádap realað dá g-ceapað do Óáruir,  
 Nó go ruḡ Alarbrum barra na g-céarb leir,  
 Do bádap tpeimre ag Caerap láidir,  
 Gup goibeað bréaga an t-paoḡail dá lán-troiḡ.

Do bádap tpeimre ag déitib Páilhe,  
 Ag lir clúmail 'r ag luḡaid na lán-épeað,  
 Ag doðð deapḡ, bað éaca le námaio,  
 Ir ag balap béimionn éacéac aóðpac.

28. lútmair : A lúbað.

31. The defeat of Ajax, in the contest with Ulysses for the shield of Achilles, caused his death. See *Odyssey*, Bk. XI.

Shoes of this hide, they do not soften by rain ;  
Nor do hot seasons harden their tops, or their welts ;  
Winds do not mar their beauty, or their lustre ;  
They do not shrink, or shrivel, through excessive heat.

The bristle that bound their edges, and their heels,  
Was a bristle of feathers of the finest incense,  
Which the children of Tuireann brought in their bark across  
the sea,  
To Lughaidh, who was vigorous and strong.

Shoes more perfect poets have not feigned ;  
30 Nor did Achilles get the like of them for comfort  
In his legacy, which brought pain on Ajax ;  
He did not get them, vehemently though he declaimed.

The awl that pierced this hide I tell you of,  
Was made of steel the best tempered that could be procured ;  
Seven hundred years were the demons  
Fashioning the point with the skewer of Vulcan.

On the brink of Acheron grew the black hemp,  
Spun by the hags of the band of Atropos,  
By which the borders of the beauteous shoes were sewn  
40 Through the magical power of the three aged women.

They were for a time being fitted up for Darius,  
Until Alexander carried off the perfection of the arts ;  
For a season they were possessed by the mighty Cæsar,  
Until the ornaments of the world were stolen from off his power-  
ful feet.

They were for a time in the possession of the gods of Failbhe,  
Of the renowned Lir, of Lughaidh of vast spoils ;  
Of Bodhbh Dearg, a stay against the foe ;  
Of Balar, of the blows, the renowned in deeds, the fortunate.

---

38. Atrops = Atropos, one of the Fates.

40. ἀτρεα. Α λάϊνρη.



50 A m-bruigín maige Seanuibh ír faba do bádar,  
 Aḡ Aoiḡill 'r aḡ bpaiciḡib árpa;  
 A n-uacḡar ní éaiḡib ní éailḡib a n-beallpaḡ,  
 Do puapap iad ón b-pial-pḡar fáilḡeac.

Domhnall cneapḡa mac Cátail do ráibim liḡ,  
 Turcallac pḡor, ír caoirḡeac aḡbpaḡ,  
 Do pḡor an ḡleanna ná peacab dá námaib,  
 Do bḡonn domḡa na bḡoga bḡeáḡḡa.

Ní' galap ná leiḡirpib, cḡeigib ná lán-éiḡc,  
 Ciac ná peapḡ ná peacab le pánuib,  
 Tapḡ ná ḡorta, ná oḡarap cḡaibḡe,  
 60 Peannuib ná pian ná diaḡair báir-bḡuib.

Ionnta do riḡḡeac Óḡar ḡac beapḡa,  
 A n-ḡleḡibḡib 'r a ḡ-comḡac námaib;  
 ḡoll mac Mḡrḡa, ḡéap mḡr a ḡail rin,  
 A n-iaḡacḡ baḡ mian map éac leir.

Aḡ Cúrf do biḡar páite,  
 Ír aḡ Cúḡulainn Muirḡeimne baḡ éabacḡeac,  
 Aḡ Meaḡb Cḡuaḡna do buaḡab báipe,  
 Ír aḡ Niall ḡlún-buḡ, ír aḡ Conall Ceapḡac.

A ḡ-Cluain Taiḡb ír beapḡ ḡup bádar,  
 70 Aḡ Dunlainḡ do bí púḡac pápḡa;  
 'S dá n-iaḡab pé a n-iall 'r a bḡáḡḡac aip,  
 Do béapḡab Mupḡac ón iomaḡ rin plán leir.

An cí do paib ír peap a éáile,  
 bile do ḡrian-ḡlioḡḡ Piana ír Páilḡe  
 Do íaoirḡib Cáiril, baḡ peapḡa, fáilḡeac,  
 Cúḡ domḡa na bḡoga bḡeáḡḡa.

49. Seanuibh, *sic* A: another MS. gives Samḡ as a correction.

55. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk: see Introd., also XLIX.

56. In prose the phrase is do bḡonn oḡm-pa.

58. peacab le pánuib: variants are pala pe pánuib, paicaille aip pánab. 61. M, Ionna paḡail do riḡeac an c-uirḡe aip ḡac beapḡain.

Long were they in the fairy mansion of Magh Seanaibh ;  
 50 They belonged to Aoibhill, and to the ancient magicians ;  
 They wear not their uppers out, nor lose their appearance ;  
 It was a hospitable, generous man who bestowed them on me.

Domhnall the polite, the son of Cathal, is the man I speak of,  
 A true hero, a fortunate chieftain,  
 Of the race of the Glen, who knew not to retreat before their  
 enemies ;  
 It was he who presented me with the beautiful shoes.

There is no disease, or pain, or sore affliction they will not cure ;  
 No asthma, or frenzy, or falling sickness ;  
 No thirst, or starvation, or gnawing hunger ;  
 60 No tribulation, or torment, or evil of death-bondage.

In them would Osgar run upon every gap,  
 In battles and fights with the enemy ;  
 Goll mac Morna, though great his fame,  
 Yearned for the loan of them, as all others did.

Cúrf had them for a quarter ;  
 And Cuchulainn of Muirthemhne, who was valiant ;  
 And Meadhbh of Cruachan, who used to win the goal ;  
 And Niall Glun-Dubh ; and Conall Cearnach ;

In sooth they were on the plain of Clontarf ;  
 70 Dunlaing had them there, who was joyous and contented ;  
 Could he but have tied their thongs and fastened them upon him,  
 He would have brought Murchadh safe with him from that conflict.

Conspicuous is the fame of the man who gave them,  
 A chief of the sun-bright race of the Fianna and of Failbhe,  
 Of the nobles of Cashel, who were hospitable and manly ;  
 He it was who bestowed on me those splendid shoes.

---

70. Dunlaing. Dunlaing O'Hartigan came late to the battle of Clontarf, being delayed by the fairies. He came to meet certain death, and foreknew that Murchadh would also fall.

80 Cioð tá pe realab faoi Gallaidh ag áitreab,  
Níor fogluim uata cruap ná cráidreacht,  
Ní'l cinnreacht 'na éiríde ná cáim air,  
Aéir búidear maíe a sean ag fáir leir.

Fear rialmar ir rial le báime,  
 Fear tréigthead nár tréig a báirde,  
 Fear bronntad tabartac fáit-ghic,  
 Fear rocair ruile náđ goirgthead gáibthead.

Ní reanchar bpréige a rgeíge go h-árb aip  
Oé ríge b'éag do'n ppréim ó d-cáimig  
Do bí ag riapab a n-iaabib Páilbe  
Ó Car t-poluir go Donnchaob deáátaab,

an ceanḡal.

90      1<sup>o</sup> **Ի տօճա բեճիճե մօ Երօճա Իր ռի Եւ. իւսիւ ըմքսմն ;**  
**Ի բօր Իս Եւր ըճօսիւ նա յցօրմ զի կօճ ;**  
**Բօրքիմ մօ Երօն-բա Ե՛ ծօլիւ ծնճա՛ բոն**  
**Զսր տօճօ ծաճրա ԼԵ Ծօմնալլ Օ Ծօննճաճա Ծօմն.**

88. M 6 captallop. A 6 Ćear τ-poluip.

91. In one MS. (R.I.A.) this line is erased, and the following substituted:—

**“Բոգսլւ յճ-տարբե եզ ձօնար շիծ Ծօլն Ծածա՛ լոռն.”**

Though he has long been dwelling with the English,  
 He learned from them nor churlishness, nor ill-humour ;  
 There is no stinginess in his heart, nor has he a fault,  
 80 But the hereditary goodness of his ancestors grows with him.

A generous man, hospitable to the bards ;  
 A virtuous man, who has not abandoned his friends ;  
 A bestower, a contributor, of philosophical mind ;  
 A sober, joyous man, who is not querulous or cruel.

It is not spreading abroad a lying pedigree of him  
 To say that there were eighteen kings of the race from which he  
     sprang  
 Ruling in the lands of Failbhe,  
 From Cas of the light to Donnchadh the good.

#### THE BINDING.

My shoes are choicest jewels, many are not like them ;  
 90 They are an ornament on roads of the fresh-cut, blue stones ;  
 It will be a relief to my sorrow, sad and wretched though I am,  
 That Domhnall O'Donoghue has chosen soles for me.

## XIX.

## AIR DÁS DÁUSON.

Faoi lár na lice ro curta cá an olla-piart peamhar,  
 Do éraib le bliḡtib an fuirionn baḡ mīnic riam teann;  
 Do b'péarpe mire, ir gaḡ n-duine acá fulang pian ḡall,  
 An báir dá rḡiobaḡ cá cuilleaḡ ir píce bliabain ann.

Cuinnib ḡo lom páo' donn a ḡairb-leac mór  
 An murḡuire pallra do meabruig ḡanḡuib ir rḡóig,  
 Le bliḡtib na nḡall tuḡ rḡannraḡ air ḡanba ir cóir,  
 Ir ḡo b'peiceam-na an t-am beid pán raḡail ro a mairpeann  
 b'á póir.

An marb ro feuc, mo léan! náir rmaḡtaig a toil;  
 10 Ir mairḡ do éreig Mac Dé ir mar p'eadar náir ḡoil,  
 A marb ní h-éaḡt 'r an méib náir mairb ní boḡt,  
 Aḡt ḡur marb é péin mar aon ibir anam ir corp.

Ir iomḡa marb do mairb an marb ro pút-ra, a líog,  
 Ir mairḡ don marb-ro mairpeaḡ le rún a éroiḡe,  
 Marb do mairb na mairb ir náir ionntaig rliḡe,  
 'Sir marb é an marb ro a n-Acheron rúigte ríor.

XIX.—Seaghan Claragh Mac Donnell has written a poem on the same subject as the above. It is longer and far fiercer than O'Rahilly's.

4. diabal of MSS. does not suit metre; a milder word like báir suits.

6. rḡóig = 'the neck,' hence 'servitude' (f).

15. do mairb na mairb: cf. aḡ b'ruḡaḡ na marb, VIII. 23.

XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF DAWSON.

Underneath the middle of this stone is laid the sleek serpent,  
 Who harassed with enactments a people long in prosperity ;  
 Better had it been for me, and for all who suffered hardships  
     from the English,  
 Had death snatched him away more than a score of years ago.

O great, strong stone, hold tightly beneath thy foot,  
 The false tyrant who planned deceit and servitude,  
 Who brought destruction and rout on Banba by English laws,  
 And may we see the time when all of his race who survive shall  
     lie beneath stones like thee.

Lo ! this dead man, alas, who subdued not his will ;  
 10 Woe to him who abandoned the Son of God and did not weep  
     like Peter ;  
 His death is no loss, and those whom he killed not are the richer  
     for it ;  
 But he, for one, is dead as regards both soul and body.

Many dead did he do to death, he who lies in death beneath  
     thee, O stone !  
 Woe to the dead man who should live with the secrets of his  
     heart ;  
 A dead man who slew the dead, and changed not his ways,  
 And this dead is now dead sucked down into Acheron.

## XX.

## TIONÓL NA B-PEAR MUIRÍNEAC.

Aḡ riubal dam air bhuigionta na Mumhan mór b-timéioll  
 Do duabdamar 'r an gheimreac éuaib éorainn,  
 Do bÍ Tuatail Ó Rínn ann, ir ḡorball Ó Cuínn ann,  
 Ir pluaiḡte fear Muiríneac na b-foḡair;  
 Do bÍ bpuada ir bpuoite ann, uairle aḡur írle  
 Iona n-uaine a m-buibe ir a nḡorm;  
 Ir ḡan ruainne air an m-buidín rin anuair aḡe bpuite ríoda,  
 O éluaraiḡ a maiole ḡo copaiḡ.

Do bÍ Ó Néill ann, Ó Domnaill, Ó Conéubair 'ra plóḡte  
 10 Mac Capéaiḡ mór ir Mac Crioiméain;  
 Do bÍ cḡearna cḡre Eoḡain ann, Ó brian ceart na bḡiríne;  
 Mac Caéáin, Mac Cḡda aḡur cuilleaḡ;  
 Cḡí ríeib cḡirir, naoi ríeib reḡmra,  
 Cḡioḡad ríḡ copóineac tap tonna,  
 Aḡe ní raiḡ ríḡ Seoipre ann, ná aonneac dá pḡr-ran,  
 'Nár ḡ-cuibḡionn, 'nár ḡ-cḡir, ná 'nár ḡ-cumann.

Do bÍ bḡúnaḡ Loḡ Léin ann, ir bḡúnaḡ na h-Éile;  
 An Dúic ir a ḡaolta rin uile;  
 Ó an bḡreac, 'ran Léireac, Ó Dúḡda 'ran Céitneac,  
 20 'San Cúrrac puair ḡéilleaḡ a ḡ-cúḡe Ulaḡ.  
 Ó Londain cḡ rmeirle, cap-éḡúbaḡ an bÉil buiḡ,  
 Ir rúba an tobac bḡéin air a plucaib,  
 Cúir rḡúna air ár laocpaiḡ le púdap ir le pléaraiḡ  
 Ir cúḡear níor téarnam dáir b-puirinn.

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XX.—This interesting song, composed to a beautiful air, has come down by oral tradition. There are two copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy; one is modern, made by the late Nicholas O'Kearney. He inserts his own family name, in line 12, for Mac Cḡda, of the older copy. Some of those allusions in the poem are obscure, but it appears to have reference to the expected rising in favour of the Pretender, soon after the accession of George I.

1. air = 'amongst, from one to one'; the order perhaps is aḡ riubal dam

## XX.

## THE ASSEMBLY OF MUNSTERMEN.

a/ter 1746.

In my wanderings among the fairy mansions, throughout Munster  
 Went I, in the winter that has just passed ;  
 With me there were Tuathal O'Rinn, and Gordall O'Quinn,  
 And hosts of Munster men in their company ;  
 There were druids, and magicians, the noble, and the lowly,  
 In their various colours of green, of yellow, and of blue ;  
 Nor did the band wear any other covering by night,  
 Than silken coverlets from the ears of their head to their feet.

There were O'Neill, and O'Donnell, and O'Connor, and their hosts,  
 10 MacCarthy Mor, and MacCrimhthain,  
 There was the lord of Tyrone, the true O'Brien of the Borumha,  
 MacCahan, MacGillycuddy, and many besides ;  
 There were three score festive bands, nine score apartments,  
 And thrice ten crowned monarchs from over the main ;  
 But King George was not there nor any of his family,  
 Taking part with us, or present with us, or in our company.

There was Brown from Lough Lein, and Brown from Eile,  
 The Duke, and his relatives, in full muster ;  
 There was De Burgh, De Lacy, O'Dowd, and Keating,  
 20 And De Courcy, who obtained sway in the province of Ulster.  
 From London comes a clown, cantankerous, club-footed, of black  
 mouth,  
 With the juice of foul tobacco on his cheeks,  
 Who dispersed our heroes, with powder and shot,  
 Nor did five of our band escape.

---

an bhuigíona, do éuađamar mop b-ciméioll na Muňan.

3. O'Curry (MS. Cat. R.I.A.) thinks this poem has reference to some political movement in Munster, in which the Celtic and Anglo-Irish families were to take part. 21. pméipie. The allusion is obscure. The individual here referred to appears to be the "Roibin" of Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis," who is called 'Robin an tobac,' and an 'oglaó ġallba.'



- Ó dhírtó cig ceann cuir ag leigear air an g-campa  
 Cúf h-adarca 'gúr peam air mar éluinim;  
 Ní raib leigear air gan amhar, gúr rḡinn orḡa clámra,  
 Nó claiḡpe gan ceann le ríḡ Ílilb.  
 Leigean re ceann cuir le trídíḡ ip cúf beann air,  
 30      Leigear air ó Írancad ní rug ran;  
 ḡo ríot-ḡpuiḡe Ónoic Samna nfor díomaoim dam amail dul  
 díonn fionta 'gúr bpanba aca an iomad.
- Cig an pápa 'ran éleip ceapḡ a láḡair an éipilḡ,  
 Iona láim beap díonn céip agúr coinniol;  
 Cig bláḡ air na gḡaḡaib ip d'páilḡig an rḡéip ḡlan  
 Roim ḡrápa Ílilc Dé do ḡeaḡḡe éḡgaim;  
 Cig an pánuibe gan aon loḡḡ (cúḡ páibḡear leip bréaḡa)  
 'Na lán-ḡumar caom-ḡlan dá ionab;  
 báibḡib ré an tréaba éḡḡ cáip agúr béim do,  
 40      Ip ní páibim-re ann rúb aon rub na éoinnib.

25. The Owl seems to represent the British Navy: for *campa* the older MS. has *camḡpuib*. The whole stanza, 25-32, is obscure.

27. *leigear*, the older MS., *peidim*. *Ib.* *clámra* = a scratcher. Why is the same thing called a '*clámra*' and a '*claiḡpe gan ceann*'? A crying child is sometimes called a *clámra*.

33-40. The triumph of the Pretender is described, and the calumnies regarding his parentage scornfully alluded to.

From Bristol there came an Owl to relieve the camp,  
He had three horns and a tail, as I hear;  
Doubtless there was no help for it, till there sprang upon them a  
scratcher,

Or a headless vagabond, belonging to King Philip.  
He sends the Owl, with his three horns, adown the tide,  
30 Nor could he receive any aid from the French;  
For one like me it was no idle journey to the fairy mansion of  
Cnoc Samhna,  
They are wont to have wines and brandies in great abundance.

The Pope with the true clergy comes to where the destruction  
was wrought;

In his right hand he held a seal (wax) and a candle;  
The boughs burst forth into blossom, and a cloudless heaven  
welcomes

The grace of the Son of God which is come unto us;  
Comes the wanderer without a blemish—though he has been evil  
spoken of—

To his rightful place in his full power and pure beauty;  
He will submerge the band who despised and struck at him,  
40 And for that I will say nothing against him.

## XXI.

AN pÍle AR leabaíð a báis aḡ sḡríðað ḡus a  
 áraíð íAR N-ḡul a N-éadócas DO a ḡ-cúisíð  
 áIRÍḡte.

CabaíR nÍ ḡoíRḡecḡ ḡo ḡ-cuÍRḡear mē a ḡ-cruINN-ḡómpaINN,  
 'S ḡap an leaḡap ḡá ḡoíRḡINN nÍoR ḡoíRḡe an nÍḡ ḡóh-ḡa,  
 áR ḡ-coḡnac uÍle ḡlac-ḡumapac ḡÍl ḡoḡaIN,  
 Íḡ collḡa a ḡ-cuÍRḡe ap ḡ'ímḡíḡ a m-ḡríḡḡ aÍḡ ḡeoḡað.

ḡo ḡonn-ḡríḡ m'ínḡINN, ḡ'ímḡíḡ mō ḡríḡmḡḡḡap,  
 ḡoll am' íonaḡap, ḡíopanna ḡríḡ' ḡríḡlann,  
 áR ḡ-ḡonn áR ḡ-ḡoíḡIN áR mōḡa 'ḡ áR mÍon-ḡóḡḡur,  
 A ḡeall ḡe ḡínḡINN aḡ ḡuÍRḡINN ó ḡríḡḡ DOVER.

ḡo ḡoḡap an ḡ-SíonaINN, an Íḡe, 'ḡ an laoÍ ḡeolmáR,  
 10 aḡaINN an ḡíopḡa'ḡuÍḡ, ḡruice, Íḡ ḡríḡíḡ, ḡóINNe,  
 Com loḡ ḡíḡḡ 'na ḡuÍḡe, Íḡ ḡuINN ḡóIME,  
 Ó lom an cuÍRḡeaḡa cluÍḡe aÍḡ an RÍḡ coḡóINEac.

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XXI.—A painful interest attaches to this poem. The author had been reduced to extreme poverty, his lands and cattle and even his house had apparently been seized for rent-charge or some such debt. He lay on his bed of death and thence despatched this epistle to a friend. Every line of it breathes the spirit of unwonted passion. There are two copies of the poem in the Royal Irish Academy and another in the British Museum. The style is abrupt and many of the allusions are obscure. The full title of the poem as given in text is found only in the British Museum copy.

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2. ḡap an leaḡap, lit. 'by the book,' i.e., the Bible; a common mode of strong assertion.

3. coḡnac, sing. for pl.

4. an cuÍRḡe is a variant (R.I.A.)

7. coḡḡap, Brit. Museum copy; the two copies, R.I.A., coḡḡur, which may = 'neighbourhood,' or = 'kinsfolk.' The latter meaning suits best here.

## XXI.

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND,  
HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO  
DESPONDENCY.

I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin,  
And I swear, if I were to cry, it would not come at my call;  
All our chieftains, the strong-handed of the race of Eoghan—  
Their strength is undermined, and their vigour gone to decay.

My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope is gone;  
My entrails are pierced through, darts penetrate my heart;  
Our land, our shelter, our plains, our fair kinsfolk,  
In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover!

The Shannon, the Liffey, and the tuneful Lee are become  
discordant,

10 The stream of the black water, of Brick, of the Bride, and the  
Boyne,

The waist of Lough Derg and Tonn Toime are turned red  
Since the knave completely won the game from the crowned king.

8. Unfortunately we are ignorant of the precise transaction he refers to;  
pinninn, a 'penny,' hence, a 'trifle.'

9. do boðar, was discordant like a bell out of tune.

10. bpiðib may be taken as poet. gen. after abainn or bóinne, poet. nom.  
The former seems preferable.

11. B coðam; A com.

12. lom, do lom re cluice seems = 'he won the game even to bareness,' i.e.,  
completely. cuipeata = 'Knave' at cards in spoken language. O'R. has  
cuipeac. The Knave and King are William III. and James II., respectively:  
cf. *Rape of the Lock*:—

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins, oh shameful chance, the Queen of Hearts.

Mo glam ! ír minic do filim-pe ríor-*deóra* ;  
 Ír epom mo túbairt, 'rír buine me air míódomérom ;  
 Fonn ní éigean am goipe 'r me ađ caoi air bóitérib :  
 Áet pođar na muice nóđ goincear le raigeadóipeáet.

- Đoll na Rinne, na Cille, ar epó Eođanaáet,  
 Do lom a goile le h-uipearbair, ar díé éopa,  
 An reabac 'đ a bpuilib rin uile 'r a đ-cíoróipeáet,  
 20 Pađar ní éigean don buine cé đaoil bó-pan.

Pán epom-*lot*, d'íméiz air éinead na ríođ mórba,  
 Treabann óm ipionnair uirge đo rđm-đlórac,  
 Ír lonnmair cúipib mo řpuitéib-ri paoinpeođa,  
 'S an ábainn do řilear ó Ćruipill đo caoin-Eoéuill.

Stabpab fearba 'rír đar dam éađ đan mail,  
 Ó treapđpab dpeađain leamhain, Léin, ír laoi,  
 Raéab na b-parđ—le reape na laod—don éill,  
 Na pata pá paib mo řean poim éađ do Ćríorb.

16. Does the poet refer to the seizure of a pig for hearth-money or for tithes ?

17. Đoll, B and one MS. R.I.A. have Đall. The words are pronounced alike. Đoll is used often like Orđar, &c., for a hero.

17-20. This stanza is obscure. It seems simplest to take Đoll and reabac as referring to the same person, and a goile = 'his (that is, my, the poet's) strength,' and similarly, an buine as referring to the poet. Who the Đoll was is not clear. B has Eođanaáet, as in text, for Eođain of the other copies, and we know that the poet often spoke of Eoghanacht O'Donoghue simply as the Eoghanacht; cf. XIII. 33; hence, not improbably, reference is to Lord Kenmare, whom he had already attacked (VIII.). Moreover, from 24 *infra* it would seem that the poet at this time was beside some tributary of the Blackwater that may be said to flow from Truipill (a mountain east of Mangerton) to Youghal, or the Blackwater itself, as there is also a place called Truipill near the source of the Blackwater. na Rinne = of Ross promontory (?), na Cille = of Killarney (?).

My groan ! often do I shed copious tears,  
 Heavy is my woe, and a man am I under injustice,  
 No tune comes near me, as I weep on roads,  
 But the screaming of the pig which is wounded by dart-throwing.

The hero of the Rinn, of Kil', and of the land of the Eoghanacht—  
 Has wasted his (*i.e.* my) strength by want and injustice !

The hawk who possesses all these and their rentals—

20 Does not give favour to the man, though he be his kinsman.

Because of the great ruin that has overtaken the race of the  
 proud kings,

Waters plough their way from my temples with heavy sound !

High swelling do my fountains give forth streams

Into the river which flows from Truipill to fair Youghal !

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;

Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have  
 been laid low,

I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—  
 to the graveyard,

Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the  
 death of Christ.

20. *paðar*, MS. *poðar*. Pronunciation is much the same. Two MSS. give *cuðeann* ; one copy (R.I.A.) has *cuðann*, which does not rhyme ; the sense is much the same ; 'favour does not come (from him) to the man,' = 'he does not give favour to the man.'

24. His tears augment the river beside which he is living. It is possible to take this line = 'while I shed a river from Truipill to fair Youghal.'

25-28. This stanza—the last the poet penned—seems to dispose of Edward O'Reilly's statement that the poet was of the Cavan O'Reillys. See *Intro.*

## XXII.

## marbna diarmuda uí laogaire an cúlúin.

l. 1-12. *The tender cause  
by his death*

Cnéab an ríob-bhrac nime ro air Fódla,  
 éirp an t-iarctar diaépac deópac?  
 An t-eug éré rúib na tonna go glópac,  
 Ar b'púig an ílluia a g-cuía go b'pónac?

Tá rgeim na b-plaítear air lapac map lórpann,  
 Ar ppaod na fairpge ag cairmúit le feoréain,  
 Éin a g-cpeataib le h-anaité an éomraic,  
 Ar cpeáéta an calaib ag ppeazairt 'r ag pógairt.

10

Raobaib rgamail ip rgapaib le pórpa,  
 Táib caopa ppara dá g-caíteam air bóitérib,  
 Géim na Sgealg go Ceallaib air cóm-élor,  
 A n-béig an thairp map mearaib luét eólaip.

XXII.—The subject of this, perhaps the finest of all the elegies, was Diarmuid O'Leary of Killeen, near Killarney, who died in 1696 according to one MSS. copy of the elegy. He is said to have fought under King James, and is popularly known as Captain O'Leary. There is a Leary, but the Christian name is not given, mentioned as a Lieutenant in Boiselaui's regiment of Infantry, in King James's Army, and it is probable that it is the same person.

The country of the O'Learys called Iveleary is wild and mountainous, and extends from Macroom to Inchigeelagh. The chief residence of the O'Learys was Caislean Charra na Cutra, which is built on a somewhat elevated rock on the south bank of the Lee, a mile to the east of the present village of Inchigeelagh. The ruins are in a good state of preservation and command an extensive view of the valley of the Lee and the mountains of Iveleary.

The O'Learys had for centuries been followers of the Mac Carthys of Carbery, and the castles described were within easy reach of Dunmanway and Tochar, and marriages between them and the Gleann an Chroim MacCarthys were very frequent.

That the O'Learys were a favourite family with our author is manifest from

## XXII.

ELEGY ON DIARMUID O'LEARY OF KILLEEN. 1616.

What fairy-covering of bitterness is this on Fodla,  
Which makes the western regions sad and tearful?  
What the death because of which the waves run noisily,  
And which has left Munster dolefully in grief?

The beauty of heaven blazes like a torch;  
The violence of the sea struggles with the grassy fields;  
Birds are trembling in terror at the fight;  
And the ravines of earth reply and make proclamation.

Clouds burst asunder and violently disperse;  
10 Showers of berries are poured on the roads;  
The groan of the Skelligs is heard at Killybegs;  
Lamenting the dead as the learned suppose.

---

this and from some of his other elegies. Indeed he tells us (XXXV.) that his ancestors lived for a time in Iveleary.

The text here given follows the order of a modern MS. in my own possession. It is the most accurate copy of all as regards arrangement, and is the fullest. There are several other copies of it extant, many of which I have examined, but most of them stumble over the proper names. The greater part of this poem has come down by oral tradition.

In the list of certificates of persons ordered to transplant from Kerry, in 1653, we find the insertion "Arthur Leary of Killeen, gent." who may have been grandfather or uncle to the subject of this elegy. But there is no record of the transplantation.

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3-4. These lines may be regarded as an answer to 1-2, or as putting the same question in another way. The latter view is preferable.  $\rho\iota\omicron\delta\text{-}\delta\rho\alpha\varsigma$ , *sic* B, Museum copy; most other copies  $\rho\iota\omicron\delta\rho\alpha\delta$ , which was the word that reached the editor by oral tradition.

11.  $\text{Ceallaib}$ , Killybegs in Donegal (?). A metrical translator of this poem (A.D. 1820) took the word = 'the churches.'



Thiob na n-ból ip cúip a g-comhairle,  
 Diarmuid pionn 'ran úip mac Domhnaill,  
 Capabuncal epú na móir-éilait,  
 Ip fearaéú nár rmuin beir péollta.

Ríð-laoé cozaib mar ðoll Mac Mórna,  
 Driú-ðeuz ronair bað þorva dá émhur  
 Ðairðieac na b-pad-rðriob do émhur  
 20 Ðleacuibe agur caic-míleac þóirnipt.

Uí 'na leacain bað þamail le þór-luib,  
 Ag coimearðar caeta le pneaceta 'na lóduib,  
 Inleacat feaðaie ip aigne leogain,  
 'O luigín a baðair go ratailt a þróige :

bað þriob a b-þearaib, þaoi calma epóða,  
 Þioðmar neapðmar a g-caðair 'r a g-comlann,  
 Ríðac þearðac a g-caipnipt 'r a ngleðicib,  
 Naðaiðeac, þreagðac, þearaðac, þórrac.

2. 30 Ué! mo éiac! mo þian! mo þeðra!  
 Ué diaépac eu a Ðiarmuid mic Ðomhnaill!  
 Mo rðiaé-ðupac a nðliað-ðup, mo leogan,  
 Mo éþann baðair, mo éaca 'r mo lóéþann.

he was himself.

Þráðair þaop Uí Néill na g-cóigeac,  
 Uí þriain Aþa, Uí Éalla, 'r Uí Ðomhnaill,  
 Ílic na Maþa do þavað na feðibe,  
 Ar céile cneapva na Capraige feðlta.

Þráðair þráðac Ílic Áþéta móip eu,  
 Ar Ílic Áþéta na bláþnan nár leónac,  
 Ílic Áþéta Éalla Éinn þainb na g-cóirpeac,  
 40 Ar Ílic Áþéta na Mainge mín maacanta móðmar,

16. rmuin for rmuain. A man who taught me this poem orally glossed this word by rmuainig.

17. péollta = peallta, 'treacherous' (?). Most MSS. have pódalta or pódalta, many pólta, some polpa; cf. 94 *infra*; the word in oral version sounded péollta.

24. luigín = the little hollow in the skull just above the occiput; eufinn is a variant.

36. Céile na Capraige, perhaps the lord of Carrignavar, near Cork, a

There is war among the elements; and the cause of their strife is  
That Diarmuid the fair, son of Domhnall, is in the grave,  
The carbuncle of the blood of the great chieftains,  
And a hero who thought not of being treacherous.

- A princely warrior in battle like Goll Mac Morna;  
A prosperous chief branch, the stay of his kinsfolk;  
A hero who made far-extending tracks;  
20 A fighter, and soldier of great might.

The hue of his cheek was like the rose flower  
Contending in strife with the driven snow;  
The acuteness of the hawk and the courage of the lion  
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe.

A griffin in battle; a noble, bold, and brave;  
Fierce and strong in strife and conflict,  
Princely, impetuous, in combat and struggle;  
Hostile, responsive, enduring, forceful.

- Ah! my grief! my pain! my tears!  
30 Alas! my bitter distress thy loss, O Diarmuid, son of Domhnall!  
My shielding champion to engage in battle, my hero,  
My threatening staff, my stay, my torch.

Noble kinsman of O'Neill of the Provinces,  
Of O'Brien of Ara, of O'Kelly, and of O'Donnell,  
Of Mac na Mara, who bestowed jewels,  
And of the mild spouse of Carrick of the sails.

- The beloved kinsman of MacCarthy Mor wert thou;  
And of MacCarthy of Blarney, the unscathed;  
Of MacCarthy of Ealla, from Kanturk of the feasts;  
40 And of MacCarthy of the Maine, the mild, the gentle, the  
courteous.

celebrated branch of the MacCarthys of Muskery; *peolta* refers rather to Cork than to Carrignavar. But more probably O'Connor of Carrickfoyle is meant.

38. The MacCarthys of Muskery are also called of Blarney and of the Lee.

39. *Cinn báinb*, Kanturk (= 'boar's head') is meant; *bainb*, 'a young pig.'

40. *na Mainge*, *Uígearna Coipe Mainge*, a branch of the MacCarthys often referred to by the poet.

bpadéair poirtel Shioct Eodaid na mór-éat,  
 Ar pleáda Cair na g-cread ear bóda,  
 Sleáda Pílib dob' upra a n-am gleó éur,  
 Ar Clanna Ruðraige éilúuil éinn áéilmar.

bpadéair gearraib ríg Cairbhead cóirhead,  
 Ar Uí Raḡallaig an tpeun-pear nár leónad,  
 Mhic Suibne bað fíodmar a n-gleóitib,  
 Ar Mhic Ámlaoib ó Cearaib buide an mór-éon.

50

lapla Seannaid an Daingín 'r an Tódaip,  
 Do bí a g-carabap ceangailte doc' pcoil-puil,  
 An t-lapla epíod Dán baol 'ra pór-phíodt,  
 'S an t-lapla pionn glic Cúppad epóda.

3  
*Genealogical matter.*

Mac Fínnḡin Mapa an Éin éanainn an leogan,  
 Ua Donnúda Tuirc 'ran Ruir na mór-plaít,  
 Ua Donnúda an ḡleanna bað macanta a g-comhlann,  
 Ar phíodt Éin do áitead a maítear pe plóigtib.

Ua Ceallaádaín na n-eaé m-bán bað épeórad,  
 Ua Ruairc do b'uapal pe deóraidib,  
 Ua Caoim Ealla Óruimtairb na b-tóppam,  
 Ua Seaénaraig ar Ua Cearbuill epóda.

4  
*Pronunciation  
 and meaning* 60

bpadéair Pearḡuir éalma épóda,  
 Do éur Alba a g-ceangal pe Póda,  
 bpadéair Néill nár géill dár n-órbaid,  
 Ná a mac Laoḡaire cé ḡur éoir do.

41. The O'Sullivans.

42. Car was the son of Corc, King of Munster, and from him descended the O'Donoghues, O'Mahonys, &c.

44. Clann Ruðraige, the descendants of Ruðraige Mór, King of Ulster and Meath before the Christian era.

45. The MacCarthys of Carbery, one of the three chief divisions of that family.

48. an mór-éon, na mór-éon is a variant, and, except for metre, a better reading.

53. an 'Éin éanainn, of the white-faced bird; which means that

The stout kinsman of the race of Eochaidh of the great conflicts;  
 And of the race of Cas of the spoils beyond the sea;  
 Of the race of Philip who was a prop when the war was waged;  
 And of the race of Rughruidhe, the illustrious, the musical.

The near kinsman of the king of Carbery, of the coaches;  
 Of O'Reilly the mighty man, the unscathed;  
 Of MacSweeney who was fierce in battles;  
 And of MacAuliffe from Teamhair Bhuidhe of the great hound.

- The Lords of Shanaid, of Dingle, and of the Tochar,  
 50 Were in friendship bound to thy life-blood;  
 The Lord of the lands of Dunboy and his descendants,  
 And the fair, skilful, comely De Courcey.

Mac Finneen Mara of the Eun Ceanann, the hero,  
 O'Donoghue of Torc, and of Ross of the great chieftains,  
 O'Donoghue of the Glen, steadfast in the strife,  
 And the race of Cian who lavished his wealth on hosts.

- O'Callaghan of the white steeds, the active,  
 O'Rourke who behaved nobly to strangers,  
 O'Keeffe of Ealla, of Dromtairbh, of hostile pursuits,  
 60 O'Shaughnessy and O'Carroll the valiant.

Kinsman of Feergus, the strong, the valiant,  
 Who brought Alba into union with Fodla;  
 Kinsman of Niall who did not submit to our clergy,  
 Nor did his son Laoghaire, though he should have done so.

Mac Finneen was from "Uótc an 'Eín pinn," as a lullaby for a child of the O'Leary family tells us:—

17 Mac Pinnghin ó Uótc an 'Eín pinn leat.

56. Cian, ancestor of the O'Mahonys, is again eulogised by the poet for his generosity, XIV. 81-84.

62. The allusion is to Fergus's conquest of Scotland in the early years of the sixth century.

63-4. Niall of the Nine Hostages; the allusion means that he did not become a Christian; *ḃáip n-ópdaib* = 'to our hierarchy.' The same is said of Laoghaire, *cé gup óóip do*, because he got every opportunity. It was Niall who introduced St. Patrick into Ireland as a slave.

bpadáir Cúrf úr-éirídeas leoganta,  
 bpadáir Irial ir Orzáir na mór-geat,  
 bpadáir Conaill ó fínnebhrog bóinne,  
 Ar bpadáir buinne Cúculainn ir Eogain,

70 bpadáir Airt na g-caé do édméur,  
 Ar Coinn do b'adair d'Art na g-copóineas,  
 Cormaic geal mic Airt an leogan,  
 Ar Cairbre rzáir a d-creap na creóinte.

Do ríomhainn-re laoié go léor duic,  
 Aét a ríor-ríor ag raoitib an eóluir,  
 Sur epíob-ra do ríolraig gac mór-fuil,  
 Inr an ríogáet-ro do ríomh-fleactaib Scóta.

D'admuig bpaioé epíóca Fódla,  
 Ar caitéib raoitib ar laoié na mór-g-caé,  
 Sur dliur bod' rínreap go ró-éap,  
 80 Cíor air ríioet Coinn agur Eogain.

An líne rígtib epíor gaimir gan bpeóigteat,  
 Ó íe mac díle go rugab tu a Dóinnail,  
 Le gaoir do rugabap uirim na copóineas,  
 Ó ríomh-ríioet Oilill Coinn Conaire ir Eogain.

Laóepas Connaet ir Ulaó baó épóda,  
 Ar rígtib Muman baó éupanra a g-comlann,  
 Epíob-ra rnaidmib a g-cuirle 'r a móróas,  
 'S ir ríor go rugair tap iomaó dá n-ógaib,

A n-uairleas, a m-buasas, 'r a m-beódas,  
 90 A g-clú, a g-céill, 'r a n-éireas, tórra,  
 A n-eagáa a rzáire 'r a nóraib,  
 A d-teangtaib, a labarétaib, 'r a n-eólar,

82. A Dóinnail, Diarmuid was his name; the poet addresses him by his father's name, or else addresses his father. Perhaps we should read Ó Dóinnail.

83. uirim = uiraim.

83-4. He refers to the Battle of Magh Muchrume, in which Mac Con slew

Kinsman of Cúrl of the noble heart, the valiant ;  
 Kinsman of Irial, and of Osgar, of the great combats ;  
 Kinsman of Conall, from the fair mansion of the Boyne ;  
 And kinsman of the stock of Cuchulainn, and of Eoghan.

Kinsman of Art, who engaged in conflicts ;  
 70 And of Conn, who was father of Art, of the crowns ;  
 Of Cormac the bright, son of Art, the hero ;  
 And of Cairbre, who scattered the strong hosts in battle.

I should weave verses in abundance for thee,  
 But that the men of learning know full well  
 That it is through thee descended every noble blood  
 In this kingdom, of the chief families sprung from Scota.

The druids of the lands of Fodla have confessed,  
 And the nobles and the heroes of the great conflicts must confess,  
 That to thy ancestors belonged of just hereditary right  
 80 A tribute from the race of Conn and of Eoghan.

The line of kings through whom without taint thou art descended,  
 From Ith son of P'ë, till thy birth, O Domhnall,  
 By wisdom they won the honour of the crown  
 From the main descendants of Oilioll, Conn, Conaire, and Eoghan.

The heroes of Connaught, and of Ulster, who were valiant,  
 And Munster's kings who were strong in conflict,—  
 In thee they unite their veins and greatness,  
 And truly hast thou excelled many of their youths,

In nobility, in virtue, and in vigour,  
 90 In fame, in wisdom, in worth,  
 In prudence, in generosity, in manners,  
 In language, in speech, in knowledge,

---

Art, and reigned after him. See note 217 *infra*.

90. *tórra*, beyond or superior to them. In a copy of a poem spelled phonetically it is *tórra*, as pronounced.

91. *Meaganaið* = *eagnaib* for *eagna*, 'prudence.'

A lámháð líog, a ringce, 'r a g-cómh-ríé,  
 A marcuígeaé na n-eaé ngróíde náir b-peóllca  
 Ađ cógailc páinne an páir air bóiéirib,  
 'S ag caiteaé ga 'ran b-cpear pe páirneapc.

An tan do bairceaé 'na leaé an leogan,  
 Do bponn Mars do ga éum cómpaic,  
 Éug do píce claiéaé ar rróll-rđapc,  
 100 Ar do bponn Diana páinne an óir do.

Do éug Jupiter culaib don c-rróll do,  
 buaib agur calmaé gaigce agur cpeóáé,  
 Do éug Venus do cpeíé móra,  
 bpeáđéaé ar díleáé ar óige.

Do éug Pan do rcap ar córda,  
 Do éug Bacchus ceapc air ól do,  
 Éug Vulcanus ceárb ar cómaé do.  
 Ceárbóca gaigce na n-apn éum cómpaic.

Do éug Cloibill cfor 'na bóir do,  
 110 Do éug Juno clú 'na deóig do,  
 Éug Neptunus long faoi íeól do,  
 lonar íiubail cap rprúill gaé mór-plaíé.

A b-foipeapbeaé do b'é Solomon solus,  
 A b-pilíbeaé do éuir cipeigc air Ovid,  
 A neapc do éug Sampson rđóp do,  
 Le n-ap leag 'r an b-cpear na faéaig móra.

A b-peallpaé do bí ceann map Scócup,  
 'Na pannaié gan cam 'na g-códaib,  
 A b-ceangéaib, a labapéaib 'r a-n-eólap,  
 120 'S a m-beapcaib pann do íieaépaig Homer.

94. peóllca. MSS. gen. póðalta: see 16, *supra*.

105. córda, sic A, other copies córcap.

118. This line is probably corrupt; either cam or pann in pannaié must be

In stone-casting, in dancing, and in running,  
 In riding on horses, strong and not treacherous;  
 In taking up the ring of the race on roads,  
 And in throwing the javelin in battle with great power.

When our hero was baptized as a child,  
 Mars bestowed upon him a spear for the fight;  
 He gave him a pike, a sword, and a satin scarf;  
 100 And Diana gave him a ring of gold.

Jupiter gave him a suit of satin,  
 Virtue, steadfastness, heroism, and valour;  
 Venus bestowed on him great qualities,  
 Beauty, loveliness, and youth.

Pan gave him a staff, and string;  
 Bacchus gave him leave to drink;  
 Vulcan gave him skill in workmanship, and power,  
 A martial forge for arms for the fight.

Aoibhill gave him rents in his hand;  
 110 Juno gave him fame in addition thereto;  
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,  
 In which every great chieftain voyaged across the main.

In wisdom he was "Solomon *solus*";  
 In poetry he could question Ovid;  
 In strength Samson yielded to him,  
 By it he overthrew in battle the great giants.

In philosophy he was firm as Scotus,  
 In sentences which had no flaw in their burthens;  
 In language, in speech, and in knowledge,  
 120 And in feats of verse, he realized Homer.

pronounced as in Connaught. A variant is

po fpanzcae gan cam na corhabair,

and even some of those MSS. which give the line as in the text have corhabair;  
 c66air, dat. pl. from c66 or c66ir.



Մոռար ա շնչե զօ րնչիլ 'րան Ե-բճմար,  
 Զան քեօլ լայրրիցե, բանն ոճ լուսից,  
 Զան քեօթ, զան քիօն, զան քիւնքան, զան քօրիք,  
 Զան քօլիլ էլցրե լայրն ոճ օրն անն.

Մար ա մ-բիօթ զարքած քարքած քօմքօլած,  
 քիօնքա քարքիցե ա ռ-քարքարիք օրքա,  
 Լաօքած զարքե ար քիւնքան քեանքան քօմքար,  
 Ինչքե ար քալարիք է' քար քե քեօլքարիք.

130 Մար ա մ-բիօթ էլցրե լայրն քեօլքար,  
 Մար ա մ-բիօթ քօմքար քե քօլիլն ռա քօլիցե,  
 Ա քիօլք-քիօլք է' քար քօլիլ քեօնքանքար,  
 Մօ քիօլք քար քարքած քօլիլ քեօլքարն մօ քեօլքար.

Ան քիօնքա քօմքարն ռար քեօլքարն օն ք-քօմքար,  
 Աք քօլիլք քիօնքա քօլիլ քեօլքարն-քե,  
 Ա քարքարիք քօլիլքարն քար քօլիլ ռա քեօլքար,  
 Անքա քօլիլքարն քե քօլիլ քիօլքարն.

140 Լան-քեօլքարն քօլիլն ոճ քարքար քե քօլիլքար,  
 Զօ քօլիլ աք քօլիլքարն քօլիլ քեօլքարն քար քեօլքար,  
 Զօլիլ քօլիլ քօլիլքարն քօլիլ քօլիլ ռա քօլիլքար,  
 Օ քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն ռա քօլիլքարն Անքա քօլիլքար.

125. For the company that frequented great houses, and the pastimes indulged in, cf. :—

քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 Աք քարքարն քօլիլքարն 'ր աք քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 Աք քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 Անքա քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն  
 քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն քօլիլքարն

*Elegy on O' Keefe.*

Alas his dwellings lonely in the Autumn !  
 Without the music of the harp, without seers, or the learned !  
 Without a banquet, without wine, without company, without a  
     festive gathering !  
 Without meetings of learned men, of bards, or of divines.

Where there used to be a multitude of chattering gamblers,  
 Abundant wines in golden goblets,  
 Champion warriors, and a high-spirited, courteous band,  
 And dances to music in thy father's halls.

Where the learned, the clergy, and strollers were wont to be ;  
 130 Where the poets and bards of the province used to be ;  
 In the princely mansion of thy father beside Glanworth of the  
     Eoghanacht,  
 My woe while I live that my hero lies beneath a stone !

The company I have mentioned, unconquered in the fight,  
 Rehearsing witty compositions on every generation that preceded  
     us,  
 Telling Gaelic tales about the wisdom of the heroes,  
 Clan Baoisene, and Goll mac Morna.

O dire ruin of children, which is not restored by force,  
 Going early under the stone to decay !  
 It is a trouble which makes every multitude scream tearfully,  
 140 From the borders of the Maine, to the sides of the Great River.

131. *Gleannamhuir* = *Gleannabuir*, Glanworth of the Eoghanacht: cf. *Eoganaoic Gleannabpaio* in *Aisling Meic Conglinne*. In 175 *infra* we have *Gleannmhuir* rhyming with *atcuimac*; the word is understood = Glanworth by the metrical translator. O'Brien's Dictionary gives *Gleannamain* = Glanworth, and Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. I., p. 445, derives it from *gleann iudair*, but both derivations seem incorrect; for *Eoganaoic* some MSS. have *oinneao*, others *oineao*. Glanworth is only two miles from the Blackwater.

134. One or two MSS. have *griinn air gao*.

137. *Luan-creao*. Monday was supposed to be an unlucky day; thus, *beairpaio an luain*, a cutting of one's hair on Monday, was inauspicious; also the Day of Judgment is called *la an luain*; hence *luan-creao* = utter ruin.

Monuair a cúmplaé b'fúighe b'péighe,  
 Éagcór Dál go ceann dá ród-réir,  
 Gan ríatá corraíth gan porba gan cómla,  
 Aéte Airé ir é a b'fáid ón g-cómhar.

Baó éu a b-cigearna a b-cíat 'r a g-cómhalea,  
 Baó éu a m-beata a b-cáirge 'r a lóirann,  
 Baó éu a meáir a n'péirinn 'r a n-eólar.  
 A g-cú luirg a n-urra 'r a mór-luét.

150 Oíraó cléib ir péin do nóair,  
 A boé, a bláé, a ríatá 'r a h-óige,  
 Dían-ghrád Síle rínte a g-cómhairn,  
 Aoda ir Airé 'r a maireann beó aca.

Baile Uí Sguire ní r'guireann dá beóirí,  
 An Cillín iona m-bíod cunnatáe ag ríóighe,  
 Tá an Díaná ag dian-ghol gan ród-ríor,  
 'S an Sgarraí ní faillígeac r'ógairé.

160 Tá Drom Dúatá gan urra ná mór-plaé,  
 Ar Eadlaíde go r'gíormar b'póná,  
 Cnoc na Carráige a g-craeataí le b'péigheacé,  
 Ar Rát gairgíde go lag-b'píogac r'ógairé.

A n-Uíb Laozáire do r'gíe an mór-ghol,  
 Ar Uíb Fionluad go buadapá b'póná,  
 A g-Carráige na Corra do góileadap r'píoghe,  
 b'pónáda póla ar a porzáib ag cómpuét.

Do góil an Laoi epí m' go b'póná.  
 Do góil an t-Sionainn an lípe 'r an Úróimpeac,  
 An Mílaing 'r an Píearg, Ceann Mara ir Tóime,  
 An Féil an Daoil 'r an b'píveac mór íoir.

153-160. The places mentioned in these lines are all in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

161-3. Iveleary of course wept; Ive Fionluadh is in Muskery. At Carrig na Corra was the largest of O'Leary's castles.

166. The Croinseach is again referred to in XXXV.

Alas ! for his people, crushed, and afflicted,  
The injustice of the English forcibly despoiling them,  
Without a shield of defence, without a pillar, without a door,  
Except Art who is far away from them.

Thou wert their lord, their ruler, and their foster-brother,  
Thou wert their life, their treasure, their torch,  
Thou wert their pleasure, their love, their knowledge,  
Their tracking-hound, their prop, their great store.

It is a heart-groan and pain to thy consort :  
150 Her shieling, her bloom, her protection, her youth,  
The fond love of Julia, stretched in a coffin !  
And of Aodh and of Art and of all of them that survive.

Baile Ui Sguiré does not cease from her tears,  
And Killeen, where there were casks for multitudes ;  
The Dianach is bitterly weeping without cessation ;  
And Sgardeen is not neglectful in proclaiming his loss.

Dromduthaig is without a prop or a great chieftain,  
And Achalee is in woe and anguish ;  
Cnoc na Carraige is trembling through affliction ;  
160 And Rathgaisge is deprived of strength and sorrowful.

In Iveleary great weeping overflowed ;  
And Ive Fionluadh was doleful and sorrowful ;  
At Carraig na Corra multitudes wept,  
Drops of blood running down from their eyes.

The Lee wept three months sorrowfully ;  
The Shannon, the Liffey, and the Croinseach wept ;  
The Maine, the Flesk, the Kenmare River, and Toime  
The Feale, the Deal, and the great Bride in the east.

---

167-8. Ceann Mara, the Kenmare River. There are two rivers called Bride in Co. Cork. The one flows into the Lee on the south side, and through the Bog of Kilcrea : on it are the castles of Kilcrea, Castlemore, Clodagh ; the other flows into the Blackwater north of Tallow.

170 An Ruaéac ag fuar-ghol go b'ónaé,  
'S an Claodaé ag géimnig 'na cómh-búir,  
An Ciapann go diaimhar go mór-muir,  
An Cáptac eiciollaé beite agur Spón-rpuicé.

Abainn Daluad ran Cuanac éróda,  
'S an t-Siúir v'pág cúrra do éoméur,  
An Gleannmhuir go h-aééúmaé, 'rap cóir vi,  
Ag huirig 'r ag búiéirig 'na deóig rin.

Tá Dá Cíot Danann 'r an Capn ag éom-ghol,  
'S an Sliab Riadaé a b-piancaib móra,  
Fionnrgoé go nímneac dá pógairc,  
180 Do ríod-brogaib bpuighe na n-Eoganaéc.

Gol na m-bairppíonn ó Seanair go bóéna,  
A élor níor deacair ó fleairib na g-cór-énoc,  
Acá Aoiré 'na ríod-broga go deórac,  
Ar Aoirill go ríóirímar 'na cóirib.

Do góil aingir air éalaé na bóinne,  
A m-dun Raicé do rígeadabap ceóla,  
Bpuighean Maighe Seanuib a g-craeacáib go deórac,  
Bpuig Ríé go duabaé epíot 'r an íeóir ríor.

A g-cpíócaib Connaéc níor ríguiréad don mór-ghol,  
190 A g-cpíócaib Laighean baé éinn map rígeól cu,  
A g-cpíócaib Muman, pá rmúib ad' pógairc,  
A Maig Raéan coir Glairleann 'r a n-Eócaill.

170. Claodach, a river flowing south of the Paps, eastward through a village of the same name, and emptying itself into the Blackwater.

171. Ciapann. One MS. has Ciapdun, another Cuipéan, &c. The metrical translator understands Carane in West Kerry. For diaimhar a variant is diaiméac.

172. Carthach, a river in West Kerry, now Caragh: the Beithe is the Glenbeigh River in West Kerry: the Shrone Stream has its source in a hill of that name east of the Paps.

173. Abainn Daluadh joins the Allo near Kanturk. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.; it seems to be in West Limerick.

175. The Gleannmhuir is probably the Funcheon which is near Glanworth.

The Roughty coldly weeps in sorrow,  
 170 And the Claodach screaming with responsive shout,  
 The Carane running darkly to the great sea,  
 The fitful Carthach, the Beithe, and the Shrone stream.

The river Daluadh and the valiant Cuanach,  
 And the Suir, which ceased to follow its course,  
 The Glanworth in great sorrow, and it is due,  
 Screaming and crying for his loss.

The Two Paps of Dana and Corran weep in unison ;  
 And Sliabh Riabhac is in great trouble ;  
 Fionnsgoth in distress proclaims his loss  
 180 To the fairy dwellings of the Bruighin of the Eoghanachta.

The crying of the fairy maidens, from Shanaid to sea,  
 Was not difficult to hear from the sides of the stately hills ;  
 Aoife is tearful in her fairy dwelling ;  
 And Aoibhill is sorrowful in her strains.

A maiden wept on the harbour of the Boyne ;  
 At Bunratty did they make a melodious complaint ;  
 The fairy palace of Magh Seanaibh is trembling and in tears ;  
 Bruree is doleful for thee, and the Nore in the north.

In the regions of Connaught, there was no rest from great  
 weeping ;  
 190 In the regions of Leinster, thy loss was sore tidings ;  
 In the regions of Munster, wrapped in mist proclaiming thy  
 death,  
 At Magh Rathan, beside Glaisleann and at Youghal.

177. Carn, a hill in the Kenmare Range, about 2000 feet high.

178. Sliabh Riabhach, a hill in Co. Limerick.

179. Fionnsgoth, a hill in West Kerry, mentioned again in XXXV., which I cannot identify.

181. na m-banpíonn, often na m-ban m-banpíonn; the fairy maidens are alluded to.

184. c6ib6 = c6ab6 : dat. pl. of c6b or c6ib.

187. Seannib or Seanaib, sic gen. in MSS. Peter O'Connell has corrected MS. in some places to Samib, which Keating gives: probably the same fairy mansion is meant here as in V. 4.

Caoimhíbh Muinínig a b-íor-ghol bhróin tu,  
 Ó Inir Fínn go Rí-éac Móire,  
 Ó bpuac uirge na Sionainne féolta,  
 Go léim Con duíbe 'r go bdoi na mór-m-bapc.

Caoimhíbh mná do báp go deópac,  
 Caoimhíbh leinb ná puac go mór tu,  
 Caoimhíbh éirge cléir ip óirb tu,  
 200 Ip caoimheab féin go n-eugpac leó tu.

Omboc! a maircarz mór éalma éróda,  
 An coét epé padaid mo deapca-ra deóra,  
 Oé! a mairb gan airioz go deó anoir,  
 A b-epé na n-airioi let' anam don glóire.

#### AN PEART-LAOIB.

Aca eiaé air na mairgaid 'r air pléibcib dúda,  
 Ip cá dian-éapz eian air na ppéapcib éugainn,  
 Cá gliabap ip mianra na n-eun go ciúin,  
 Ó ériallair a Diarmuib Uí Laozairpe a n-úir.

Cá an t-iaréap go diaépac ag deunam cumá,  
 210 Cá an grian geal ag dian-ghol 'r an pae paol pmúib,  
 A n-diaiz an éupaid éiallmair dob' éacéac clú,  
 Diarmuib, an epiaé-uppa, ip leun, a n-úir.

A leac rin paol do ppróm na féinne fút  
 Cairgiz peo' éoim ip pmaoin gup Phœnix clúmuil  
 Do pleacéacib íte bile ip ílic Con búib,  
 Ip gup narzairz epí píoacéca paol géille an epíúr.

194. Rí-éac Móire = Tivora, near Dingle.

196. Léim Con duíbe = Cuchulainn's Leap or Loop Head in Clare;  
 bdoi = Bantry Bay.

204. Glóire is used as nom. in spoken language.

Munstermen will lament thee in the genuine cry of sorrow,  
 From Inisbofin to the Royal House of Moire,  
 From the marge of the waters of Shannon of the sails,  
 To Leim Conduibhe and to Baoi of the great ships.

Women will lament thy death in tears ;  
 Children unborn will lament thee greatly ;  
 The learned, the bards, and the clergy will lament thee ;  
 200 And I myself will lament thee with them until I die.

Alas ! thou fleet, strong, brave horseman !  
 The grief that makes my eyes to pour forth tears !  
 Alas ! thou dead, without restoration now for ever,  
 May thy soul enter into glory among the angels.

#### THE EPITAPH.

There is a mist on rough meads, and black mountains,  
 And the heavens are long in fierce rage against us ;  
 The song and rapture of the birds are hushed ;  
 Since thou, O Diarmuid O'Leary, didst go to the grave.

The West is sadly making its moan,  
 210 The bright sun is bitterly weeping, and the moon is veiled in mist,  
 For the wise champion, whose fame was wonderful,  
 Diarmuid, the lordly prop, who, alas ! is in the grave.

O stone, there is a noble of the race of the warriors beneath  
 thee ;  
 Treasure him within thy breast and remember that he is a  
 renowned Phœnix  
 Of the race of Ith, of Bile, and of Mac Cu the gentle,  
 And that these three bound three kingdoms beneath their  
 obedience.



Ան տրար Ծո ընտան Ծոծ ըն Ծոծ' ճաճած բոնն,  
 Ա ճ-ած ան Մննջե Ծոծալե շոջ ար Լաճրա Մանան,  
 Արե մա Ըսոն Ելաճե շար տրածա ան-նար,  
 220 Ա Ծ-բարեար ընջ տրածո ան Ծնջ Մա Ըն.

Բարե ար ընտան Ծոծած Ծո ճաճալն ընն,  
 Ծո ճաճալն ար ըն-նար ար Ծո ճ-ածա ըն,  
 Ըար Ծո ըն ընջե բար ընն ար Ըն,  
 Ըար ճ ան ընջ բար' ընն, 'ր ար մալա Ծոնն.

## XXIII.

## ԱՐ ԾՈՒՆ ԵՆՆԱՆ ՃՈՒ.

Ընած ան Ըն ըն ան-նարն ընտան,  
 Ընած ան ընն ըն ար Ծոծար ընն,  
 Ընած ան Ծոն ըն ար ընտան ընտան,  
 Ընած ան բար ըն Ծոն ըն Ծոն.

Ընած ան Ըն ըն ար ընտան ընն,  
 Ընած Ըն ըն-նար ան Ընտան 'ր ան ընն,  
 Ընած Ըն ընտան ան բար ըն ընտան,  
 Ընած ան ընած-ըն ար ընտան ընն ըն.

Ընած ըն ըն ըն ան ան ընտան,  
 10 Ըն ընն ան ընտան ըն ընտան ըն ընտան,  
 Ընտան ան ընտան ըն, ընն ար ընտան,  
 Ընտան, ընն, ար ընտան ընն.

---

217. Lughaidh, called Mac Con, the son of Mac Niad, was of the race of Ith, brother of Bile, and son of Breogan, and hence was not a Milesian. At the Battle of Magh Mucruimhe he overthrew his uncle Art, son of Conn of the hundred fights, and reigned as chief monarch in his stead. The poet says he reigned thirty years, and in this he agrees with Keating and others. The O'Learys were

The third of these I name, wonderful was his ardour  
In the battle of Muigh he took vengeance on the warriors of  
Munster,

He sent Art, son of Conn, vanquished to the grave,  
220 While Mac Cu reigned thirty years after him in the realm as  
a king.

A prince and a direct offshoot from their branches,  
Of their true and proper families, and of their noble breasts ;  
Head of the seed of kings who obtained sway and fame,  
A treasure, O stone, beneath thy breast,—and a sore loss to us !

## XXIII.

## ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GOULD.

What woe is this in the land of Erin ?  
What mist is this on the country of Eibhear ?  
What sorrow is this in the songs of the birds ?  
What rage is it that has disturbed the heavens ?

What fit is this on the assemblies of the bards ?  
What makes the Shannon and the Feale tremble ?  
What causes the mighty ocean to roar wildly ?  
What is this despoiling on the borders of Sliabh Mis ?

What has brought the poets to dateless durance,  
10 And nobles to dungeons long without release ?  
The friars to straits, the clergy, and the learned,  
Heroes, seers, and bards without a meal ?

---

descended from Ith, and hence the superiority claimed for them by the poet over the descendants of Conaire, Olioll, and Eoghan, who were from Milesius.

222. caolač, 'the ribs,' hence the breast : it is used here in the same way as we use *loins* in English.

Cúir a n-deóra, rgeól ir céarba,  
 Uilliam zeal Dúl do éirí na raor-plaist,  
 Coinnleóir óir ir léóirann laóiruib,  
 D'éag a Nantir, ir cpeac do Dáobalaib.

bronnecóir eac ir bpat ir éabuis,  
 bronnecóir óir go leór gan aon doic,  
 bronnecóir ríoba ir ríonta ir gréite,  
 20 bronnecóir airtib ir arim air laódaib.

## XXIV.

## DO DÖNNCHAÖ UA H-SCÍDE.

Séim-peap rocair, ropurta, ríor-éaoin, raor,  
 Don cpeib b'póirtear gac oéar ó dolam na b-rianta ngeur;  
 Aon ir copmúil le Solam a nblíge ríogaac Dó  
 Dlé-meap borb-nipte Donnchaö Ua h-scíde an té.

Cúir don b-peap do fleacdaib óriain gan éaim,  
 Ughar greanta garba ciallmair cáid,  
 An cúir ó Óar nár éar go liaé air lár,  
 Cúir na b-plaist nár éapc do riapad dáim.

Air lár ór ríor go rínpíom uile éum báir,  
 10 A gpad mo éroide buic rípríobaim go h-oilte mo pád,  
 Ná páruig naoi le blíge do ríriotal gan áirb,  
 Dap lám mo éoim cá nío nár éuigir le pagáil.

XXIV.—The three pieces collected under XXIV. are addressed to Donogh O'Hickey, on the occasion of his leaving Limerick, for England, to avoid "Abpribasion" oaths, in October 1709, and are taken from a MS. copy of Keating's History by Dermot O'Connor (23, G. 3), dated 1715. O'Connor is the much abused translator of "Keating." It would seem that O'Hickey fled rather than swear away the lives of some persons who had violated the penal laws of the time; though "abpribasion" may be for "abjuration."

2. The O'Hickeys, as their name implies, were famous for their skill in medicine.

5-8. Syntax not clear. ughar and go liaé air lár seem to refer to Brian as well as cúir. Brian was old at the Battle of Clontarf. nár éar = 'who did not return from battle.'

The cause of their tears—harassing is the tale—  
Is that William Gould the fair, of the blood of noble chieftains,  
The golden candlestick, the torchlight of heroes,  
Died at Nantes—it is ruin to the Gaels.

A bestower of steeds and cloaks and clothes,  
A bestower of gold in abundance, without stint,  
A bestower of silks and wines and jewels,  
20 A bestower of silver and arms upon warriors.

## XXIV.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

C. 1709

A man, gentle, of easy manner, sedate, truly mild, and noble,  
Of the clan that relieved each diseased one from the grief of sharp  
pains,  
One like Solomon, versed in the law of the kingdom of God,  
Blithe and active, proud in his strength, Donogh O'Hickey is he.

The man had his origin from the faultless race of Brian,  
An author, beautiful, skilful, of sound judgment, modest,  
A chief, sprung from Cas, who did not come back, falling in his  
old age,  
Of the blood of chieftains who dispensed to the poets without  
stint.

Since it is true that we shall all lie down to die,  
10 O beloved of my heart, I write learnedly for thee my maxim,  
Do not injure anyone in law for the sake of a dishonourable word.  
I pledge my heart that thou wilt obtain a thing thou know'st  
not of.

---

12. *lám*, gen. *laíne* = 'surety, pledge, guarantee.' *daip láim* forms a common part of various forms of asseveration. "One of the greatest protestations that they think they can make, and what they hold an oath very sacred amongst them, and by no means to be violated, is *dar laue mo hardis Criste*, 'by my gossip's hand.'"—Dineley's *Tour in Ireland*.

'Fagáil rin aghab, mar tuisim, ó Rí na ngrár,  
 A n-áic nár tuisir na mionna le b'fíle b'ár, b,  
 Deir éáinte éiocpar ó flióctail b'á maoibeam bo gndé,  
 Dúir epáibéac cupata éura bo fíor a ngábaó.

'Sé Donnchaó réim ear éub ip m'ín álunn,  
 Porba don éléir ip b'éigri éaoin Éáir Éuir,  
 Ollam na réx a g-éill 'r a g-caoin-éáiribí  
 20 Clumhaó foirtil na b-paon ip aon don fíor-áró-fuil.

### genealach uí íciúe.

#### cum donncáda uí íciúe.

A cumainn glain bo'n fuirinn m'ip lé a g-claibéide éáin,  
 Náir b' uppamaó bo buine air bíé a b-fíor-ghíom lám,  
 Do b' upur dom a b-fuirim éiré ip bíríge dán,  
 Gemealaó bo éine-rí bo rígríobáó fíor báib.

#### DON b-PEAR CEADNA.

A g ceiteaó noim m'óibí "Abpribasion."

Tréig bo éalam buéáir,  
 Déin air éoirbe Lunbain,  
 A g peááine móibe an amháir  
 Do éur bo éir fá b'ón.

Cuir bo b'ócar éompeaó  
 30 A g-Críoró bo éigearna bíir,  
 Ná tabair air beáa an t-raoigil ro  
 An t-rioppuiéacé éá ad' éomair.

14. The "Abpribasion" oaths perhaps = the abjuration oaths.

This thou wilt obtain, as I understand, from the King of Graces,  
Because thou hast not sworn in public in order to injure;  
Generations to come from living families will be constantly pro-  
claiming

That thou wert ever steadfast and charitable in need.

The gentle Donogh is meek, and lovely beyond a hundred;  
A prop to the bards, and to the noble learned, of the plain of  
Core,

The Ollamh of kings, in wisdom, and noble friendship,

20 The strong support of the weak, and one of the true high blood.

### THE GENEALOGY OF O'HICKEY.

#### TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

O pure friend, of the nimble race who were wont to subdue  
hosts,

Who acknowledged no superior in true feats of manual skill,

It were easy for me in exact form, and in verse of most accurate  
metre,

To write down for thy race their genealogy.

#### TO THE SAME.

##### WHEN ESCAPING FROM "APPROBATION" OATHS.

Quit thy native land,

Approach the London jury,

To shun the oath of trouble

That has brought sorrow on thy country.

Put thy deliberate hope

30 In Christ, thy beloved Lord,

Do not give for this mortal life

The eternity that is in store for thee.

---

21-24. This stanza is followed in MS. by a pedigree of Donogh O'Hickey.

Բիլլիս Ծա Ծօ ծիւր  
 Եր ճա՛ ճա՛ իօրծ ճիւր,  
 Իր լեարս թ Ծօ յա՛մ  
 Ծօ ճիւր Եր Ծօ ճիւր.

## XXV.

ԱՆ ԵԱՆ ԵՃԻՆԻՃ ԱՆ ՔՐԻՈՆՆՏԱ ՏԵՐԼՍ ՏԵՐԾԱՐԵ  
 Ծօ Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ.

Իր մա՛ Ծօ Մարր Իր մա՛ թօ Ի Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ յա՛մ,  
 Իր թար Իր թարրա Իր թարրա թարրա Իր Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ,  
 Մա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛,  
 Րա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛.

Ծար Իր թար Ի Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛,  
 Ծօ ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ Իր ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛;  
 Ա ճար Իր Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ Իր ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛,  
 Օր ճար Ի Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ Իր ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛.

---

XXV.—This poem bears date in the MS. 1745. Still, as such title dates are often wrong, it is, I think, probable that it refers to the rebellion of 1715, in spite of the name Charles in the title, and is perhaps the work of O'Rahilly, though that inference is not clear from the MS. itself. It was replied to by the Rev. Conchubhar O'Brien. The last verse of his reply is interesting—

Մա՛ թարթար Ի Ի-ԱԼԲԱՅԻՆ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛  
 Ծար Իր ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛,  
 Մա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛,  
 Օ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛ ճա՛.

God will restore thee from banishment  
After thou hast gone round every land,  
And will entomb thy enemies  
Who put thee from thy right.

## XXV.

WHEN PRINCE CHARLES STEWART CAME TO  
SCOTLAND.

He is a son of Mars, this son in high Alba ;  
He is the man who is best in the host-overthrowing plain ;  
May he win Macs, and Clans, and a complete triumph over the  
foreigners ;  
May enduring success attend the chieftain in each battle.

A young shoot who is ready in bold stern fights,  
Who took in hand to stand for the right without hardship ;  
O Prince of Miracles, and Father of heaven above,  
Since his right is right unto his right may he soon come.

---

"Though the Scotch, without desiring his death, betrayed  
Charles to the English, upon an agreement of the state,  
Forgive ye, and I will forgive them this deed,  
Since they have accepted lovingly our Prince in his stead."



## XXVI.

11'1' AIR DÁS GEARAILT MÍIC RIDIRE AN GLEANNA.

Créad é an cláir ro air ceannaid éirionn ?  
 Créad do deo-ghuig rúdb na gréine ?  
 Cláir Rí-Flaith do príom na n-Gréagaí,  
 A g-clúid 'ran b-peart gan ppeab ná éiríocht.

Seabac Muhan, cupad laóair,  
 Seabac Gleanna, mac na féile,  
 Seabac Sionann, Orzay euctaí,  
 Seabac Muinnead Inre Féidlim.

10 Phœnix croidhe-geal, mín a géaga,  
 Phœnix mipe, gaoir baí éiríocht,  
 Phœnix lié agur lipe mo méala,  
 Phœnix beóda, cróda, caomneart.

Péapla baile na Martra méite,  
 Péapla Cluana, ruain-bpeac gnégeal,  
 Péapla Siúipe ir clú b-peap n-éirionn,  
 Péapla Luimnig ir fuinne-bpeac Féile.

20 Ruipe diaída ciallmair tréíocht,  
 Ruipe peactmair, fearaí, féata,  
 Ruipe air éolgaib zorma caola,  
 Ruipe gairge na banba tréine.

---

XXVI.—The first twelve quatrains of this elegy taken from a scribbling-book dated 1781, and belonging to Michael og O'Longan, were already in type when the entire poem was discovered in a MS. in the King's Inns Library. The subject of this poem appears to have died before 1700. See Burke's "Landed Gentry," sub nomine *Fitzgerald*, where no Gerald son of Thomas is mentioned, save a knight of Glin, who made a deed of settlement of his estate in 1672. The knights of Glin were great favourites of the bards. It is probable that XXVI. and XXVII.

## XXVI.

## ON THE DEATH OF GERALD, SON OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

What garb of grief is this over the headlands of Erin?  
 What has deformed the living features of the sun?  
 What but that the kingly prince of the stock of the Grecians,  
 Is covered in the tomb without life or vigour?

Warrior of Munster, hero in valour,  
 Warrior of Glin, son of hospitality,  
 Warrior of the Shannon, Osgar of wondrous feats,  
 Munster's warrior of the Island of Feidhlim.

Phoenix of the bright heart, of the smooth limbs;  
 10 Phoenix, playful, wise, virtuous;  
 Phoenix, prosperous and accomplished;  
 Phoenix, sprightly, valiant, and stalwart.

Pearl of the townland of the fat beeves,  
 Pearl of Cloyne, of sober countenance, of bright aspect,  
 Pearl of the Suir, and glory of the men of Erin,  
 Pearl of Limerick, and fair trout of the Feale.

Knight, pious, wise, virtuous;  
 Knight, a lawgiver, learned and brave;  
 Knight of the slender blue swords;  
 20 Knight of valour, of the brave land of Banba.

---

were written about the same time (1709), as they are the only pieces in this collection on subjects connected with Limerick.

2. *do beó-ghnuig* from *beó*, and *ghnuin*, a scar or notch; translate 'what has deformed the living features,' lit. 'what has live-deformed.'

3. The Geraldines are said to be of Greek descent.

7. *Sionann*. MS. *ruinnna*.

8. There must be some corruption; *Murhan* and *Muirhneac* occur in same stanza.

11. *Uíte*, I cannot identify this river.

Diar don éruíneadh gan cogal gan claonadh,  
 Croidhe lúiréig éinn úirb a gaoilte,  
 Éide pláta air éad gan raobadh,  
 Dá n-bíon air ghuaim, air buairt, air baogal.

Coimniol eólur, rór na h-Éirionn,  
 Coimniol eólur, lóerann raor-plaite,  
 Tapúr ciara, grian an lae gíl,  
 Tapúr clúmhail, crú nirt laodair.

30 Fíonúr áluinn, bláé na féinne,  
 Fíonúr cine na b-fionna-mac laodair,  
 Fíonúr oéda na g-Conallac réadaé,  
 Fíonúr Caluinne, arna na laodraé.

Rór nár feirg gur feirg a n-éagair,  
 Rór na leógan, comet rpéire,  
 Rór na Ríograé dob' aoirde a n-Éirinn,  
 Rór na dáime ir ríad na cléire.

Naragna Conallac uile gan aon loét,  
 Naragna an Gleanna dá éaraib ir daor-goin,  
 Naragna an Daingin, ní beartaím-re bréaga,  
 40 Naragna corraim a bpoair a éréada.

Geapalt mac Comáir leannán béite,  
 Duinne raðarta mára na m-béimionn,  
 Sáit epí Ríogaéda ag lúige gan éiread,  
 Do bhir Átroph ríadíte a faogail.

Mo nuar éoim mo mfe geur-goin,  
 Páir go dian, mo psan an té reo,  
 Aénuaé bpoín ir deóir a n-aonféad,  
 Geapalt gan ppeab pá leacail éraodéda.

50 Ag reo plannba Gallba Gaodalaé,  
 Ceann dualaé nár ghuamda raodac,  
 Ceann ba éannra, meabair éum réitig,  
 Ceann nár amairc neac mairg an' feudaint.

An ear of wheat without husk or bending ;  
Heart of mail for the leader of his kinsmen,  
A coat of unbroken armour for the rest,  
To guard them from grief, from trouble and danger.

Candle of guidance, rose of Erin,  
Candle of guidance, torch of noble chieftains ;  
Wax taper, sun of the bright day ;  
Illustrious taper, blood of the strength of bravery.

Vinetree, comely, flower of warriors,  
30 Vinetree of the race of fair sons of valour,  
Vinetree, a breast-plate of Connello of the jewels ;  
Vinetree of Callan, rib of heroes.

Rose which shrivelled not till it shrivelled in death,  
Rose of heroes, comet of the heavens,—  
Rose of the kings, the highest in Erin,—  
Rose of the poets and shelter of the bards.

Rallying chief of all Connello, without fault,—  
Rallying chief of Ulin—a sore wound to his friends ;  
Rallying chief of Dingle,—I utter not lies,—  
40 Rallying chief of defence along with his flock.

Gerald, son of Thomas, beloved of women,  
Flood-tide wave of the sea of blows,  
The beloved of three kingdoms lying without vigour !  
Atropos has snapped the thread of his life !

My sorrow of heart, my thousand sharp woundings  
My intense agony, my pain is he,  
Renewal of weeping and of sorrow at once,  
Gerald, lifeless, prostrate beneath a stone !

Here is a foreign and a Gaelic scion,  
50 A head of fair locks, who was not morose or stubborn,  
A head that was gentle, a brain to make peace,  
A head that beheld none wretched in his sight.

A ruirg ba gorm mar gorm na ppéipe,  
 A éannga mílir ba míocair a v-éarpmá,  
 A píacla míne do bí déanta,  
 'Sa bpaoidé reannga, cearta, caola.

60 A láma air arpm ba deacair a v-εραοάδ,  
 Láma na n-oirbheart, tobap le baonnaét,  
 A éom map leoğan a g-coimngleic laocair,  
 A éroidé ba mór 'ra glór ba glé-nipt.

Tig gan moill dá bpuim bul d'éagaid  
 Céirpe dúile a líuipéact d'aonbul,  
 Ceata pola dá n-borpad go faobpad,  
 Ir mná riúe gaó epíce céarba.

A g-Caonpaige 'na díleap caom-éart,  
 Cfoé-bán áluinn ag párgaó déapa,  
 Úna Aoiré Chioðna, ir Déirbpe,  
 'Sa Síó beirde Meirb ag gáap-gol.

70 A Síó Cpuaéna duartan ppéipe,  
 A Síó bainne coir Plearga 'r air Élaobairg,  
 A Síó Tuirc coir imill léine,  
 A Síó beirb na mílleac, aorba.

D'abmuig bean a éart air Élaongluir,  
 Mná Cuanaá a m-buairéartair céarba,  
 A v-Tig Molaga do rgreabadap béiré,  
 Mná loma ir coir Daoile a n-aonféact.

80 D'abmuig bean a éart 'ra gaolta,  
 A n-Éoéaill 'ra Róirteaáa baopa,  
 A v-Tráig bí 'r le taoib loé Éirne,  
 Coir Capáin 'ra g-Cinedl m-béice.

Air élor cáirg ir báir an Phænix,  
 Cúg Tonn Chioðna bioðgaó baogalaé,  
 Do bí loé Guir an' fuil peact laete,  
 'S an lílaimg gan bpaon dá ní 'rí gné-pliud.

66. cfoé-bán. MS. cfobán.

72. mílleac, sic MS.; meaning uncertain; perhaps = mínléac.

His eyes were blue as the blue of heaven,  
 His sweet tongue was mild in its words,  
 His fine teeth were well fashioned,  
 His eye-brows slender, proper, thin.

His hands in arms it was hard to subdue,  
 Hands of generous deeds, well of humanity,  
 His waist as a lion's in the strife of valour,

60 His heart was great, his voice clear and strong.

Because he went unto death, without delay  
 The four elements burst at once into tumult,  
 Showers of blood were sharply spilled,  
 And the fairy women of every district in torture.

At Kenry in his own fair land,  
 A white-breasted maiden pressing forth tears,  
 Una, Aoife, Cliodhna, and Deirdre,  
 And in Sidh Beidhbh Meadhbh bitterly weeping.

At Sidh Cruachna, a hum of sorrow in the heavens,  
 70 At Sidh Baine, beside the Flesk, and on Claodach,  
 At Sidh Tuirc, beside the margin of Lein,  
 At ancient Sidh Beidhbh, of the pastures (?).

A woman confessed his merit in Claonghlais,  
 The women of Cuanach were tormented with sorrow,  
 At Timoleague women screamed,  
 The women of Imokilly and beside the Deel together.

A woman confessed his right and his kinsfolk,  
 At Youghal and in rich Roche-land,  
 At Tralee and beside Lough Erne,  
 80 On the marge of Casán and in Kinalmeaky.

On hearing the tidings and the death of the Phœnix,  
 Tonn Cliodhna gave a start of danger,  
 Lough Gur was blood for seven days,  
 And the Maine without a drop for two months, though wet-faced.

---

73. A district in West Limerick.  
 VOL. III.

74. A barony in Co. Limerick.

D'páirg an líte a rruíte raopa,  
 D'iompuiḡ map ḡual rnuad na ḡréine,  
 Níor fán meap air bair 'nád air éaolaé,  
 Do éréig banba a capa 'ra céile.

90 Do ruaimneadar cuanta na rpréire,  
 Do rcpíocadar ríor na réaltainn.  
 Do ḡleóðadar a ḡ-clóð na h-éanlaíé,  
 Do múcadar búile baonna.

Ní b-puil rḡim air mínleac maol-énoc,  
 Ní b-puil copad air éalam aolbuiḡ,  
 Ní b-puil ceól a m-beólaib éanlaíé,  
 Do balbair cláirreac bláíé-ḡeal éirionn.

100 Do b'é ḡeapalc capa na cléire,  
 ḡoll meap Mórna a nḡleó nád rpaóacáð,  
 Cúðulainn na ḡ-clear n-ionḡnac 'déanamh,  
 Conall ḡulban ir Orḡar na m-beímionn.

Do b'é an cúir reo rúil re h-éirionn,  
 Do rab rí rearc ir ḡean a cléib do,  
 Do éuḡ rí páiré do ir ḡráð rap ééabairé,  
 Do éuḡ rí a rḡim dá ḡnaoi 'r a h-aonta.

ba beaḡ map ionḡnac í dá déanamh,  
 Ní raib ríḡ b'puil ír nád éibir,  
 Cúair nád éear air reab na h-éirionn,  
 Náir rḡagað éris ó rínn ḡo maol-rpóirḡ.

110 Air élor lé 'ra érfíóé bon b'é ḡlain,  
 Do ruḡ rí eicim ir rḡeinim a n-aonféacé,  
 Do bearpbaig an báb, noc b'pár a léíte,  
 ḡo bpadé aríir ḡan luiḡe le céile.

93. rḡim seems = 'fortune, prosperity': cf. *infra*, 104 and V. 5, rḡim bpaóibeacáca.

94. aolbac as an adj. seems = 'delightful.'

The Lithe compressed her noble current,  
 The face of the sun turned to coal-black,  
 Fruit remained not on oak, or on sapling,  
 Banba abandoned her love and her spouse.

The depths of the sky grew red,  
 90 The stars sank down,  
 The birds contended on boughs,  
 Human elements were quenched.

There is no prosperity on the pasture of bare hills,  
 There is no produce on the beautiful land,  
 There is no music in the mouths of birds,  
 The fair-blooming harp of Erin is silenced.

Gerald was the beloved of the bards,  
 A swift Goll, son of Morna, unsubdued in conflict,  
 A Cuchulainn in performing wondrous feats,  
 100 Conall Gulban and Osgar of the blows.

This chief was the hope of Erin,  
 She gave him her love and her heart's affection,  
 She gave him friendship, and fondness beyond hundreds,  
 She gave her prosperity and her consent to his complexion.

Little wonder that she did so:  
 There was not a prince of the blood of Ir or Eibhear,  
 North or south throughout Erin,  
 Who was not strained through him from head to bare foot.

On the fair woman hearing Ith and his region,  
 110 She bounded and started all at once,  
 The maiden swore, who grew grey,  
 Never again to lie with a spouse.

101. *cuip. MS. cuap.*

108. For *rgaḡaḡ*, cf. XXIX. 33. Something seems to have dropped out between 108 and 109.



Ir iomda plait do éar an mhéirbheas,  
 Fuair a leaba 'ra realb 'ra caom-ghlac,  
 Fuair a rún 'ra dúil 'ra h-aonta,  
 Do éuit dá corpmá a n-doéar-bhruid daora.

'Óg-dul air feóda do éar me,  
 A n-uaim linn a fínnpeap raorba  
 Sínte a b-peap a g-clair fá béillie  
 120 Taob re gairge na n-geapalta caom-ghlan.

An tan do bairteas 'na leanb an laoc ro,  
 Fionúir ríogaéta Óuinn na g-céab-éat,  
 Éug Mercurius rún a éléib do,  
 D'páirg ré mil go tiug 'na méaraib.

Do rínn Mars 'na leanb laoc de,  
 Éug do colg glan gorm ir éibe,  
 Clogab caom dá díon a ngéibíonn  
 Lúipeas 'na n-aice 'gur ceannar na Féinne

Fuair re ciall ó Dia na céille,  
 130 Inncleáet, cuimne, míne, ir céadpáet,  
 Meabair, ir eólar, beódaet, ir léigeancaet,  
 Suaimneap aigne, maire, 'gur péile.

Fuair ó Pan gaé airge b' féidir,  
 Scáinpe reirpéta éúig cúige a n-aonpéaet,  
 Céir go raibbair éum leigir a éréada,  
 Ir gaobair dá g-corpmá air doéar na b-paoléon.

Fuair ré gnaoi glan mín ó Venus,  
 Éug Vulcanus do ceárbéa éraoraet,  
 Neptunus éug long do air raop-muir,  
 140 Agur Oceanus ártáet taoragáet.

Monuap epóide, mo míle céara!  
 Gleann an Ríuibe ag ríleat na n-béara!  
 Gan bpuide ceóil gan glór bínn éanlaet!  
 Do éuit a pat a maet 'ra péilteann!

Many are the chieftains the vile woman loved,  
 Who obtained her bed, her possession, and her fair hand,  
 Who obtained her love, her desire, and her consent,  
 Who fell in her defence into the dire hardship of bondage.

His early going to decay has tortured me,  
 Into the narrow grave of his noble ancestors,  
 Stretched in a tomb, in a pit, under a great stone,  
 120 Beside the champions of the pure, noble Geraldines.

When the hero was baptized as a child,  
 The vine of the kingdom of Conn of the hundred fights,  
 Mercury gave him the love of his heart,  
 He pressed plenteous honey into his fingers.

Mars made him a hero when a child,  
 Gave him a pure, sharp sword and armour,  
 A noble helmet to protect him in difficulty,  
 A coat of mail also, and the headship of the warriors.

He got wisdom from the God of Wisdom,  
 130 Intelligence, memory, refinement, and judgment,  
 Mind and knowledge, vivacity and learning,  
 Peace of soul, beauty and generosity.

He got from Pan every possible gift,  
 A staff to direct five provinces together,  
 Wax in plenty to heal his flock,  
 And dogs to guard them from the mischief of wolves.

He got a fair, smooth complexion from Venus,  
 Vulcan gave him a greedy forge,  
 Neptune gave him a ship on the open sea,  
 140 And Oceanus a scoop for baling.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !  
 The Knight's glen shedding tears !  
 Without a musical starling, without the sweet voice of birds,  
 Its fortune, its good, its star has fallen !

Do bain a báir a gáirpe d' Éirinn,  
 D' airceir a bat ba géal air baol-bat!  
 Sillib lionn a rmúir 'ra raor-bearc!  
 Smíor a cnáin pe fána tréigeann!

150      Gníomh-pe do feabac na lann do raobað,  
 Glóirpe ríor gan díe gan éiríng,  
 Cuar a g-caibreadh plaitéar na ggréine,  
 Cúg an rmúir-peo air úr-bhog éibir.

Cúg rmaile 'na rghiorcar ó Sionainn go béara,  
 Cúg dub-dat air lonnrad na ggréine,  
 Cúg ríad Fáil go cráidte béarað,  
 Ó Capn tear go h-Aileac Néibe.

Monuar croidhe, mo míle céarað!  
 Oclán ir treigheán a n-aonpéact!  
 Aðbar bhrón a g-cóirib éirionn,  
 160      Cnú mullaig an érainn bupraig do léirrgior.

Lile idir rpiúnaib úr nár éraob-dar,  
 Ór na g-cupad, ir cupad na laóera,  
 Don ríog-éuaine dob' uairle a n-Éirinn,  
 Nár gairb rghannrad a ngleó ná a m-baozal.

Do bí leat líloza go epom ag éab leir,  
 Tré n-a maítear car maiteib rhióct éibir,  
 Mar bapp na rgaite rgaipce ó éile,  
 Go ríe a élu gan rmúir 'ra tréite.

'Sé mac Rídirpe Sionna na raor-barc,  
 170      Ioménúe gac rir é d'púil na raor-plait,  
 Croidhe nar éur do díl gac aonneac,  
 bponnecóir beact do lagairb éirionn.

ba éurata a ghuair a n-am buairdearta ir baozail  
 ba géal a éroidhe, 'ra éil, 'ra éeabrad,  
 A méinn gan miorgair, 'ra miotal dá réir rin,  
 Gan eláct ná carcuirne a g-ceangal don méib rin.

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145. This line in MS. is  
 d'airplead a raozal a bhrón beirionn,  
 which is difficult to cure.

His death took away her laughter from Erin,  
 Her bright colour has changed to chafer-black,  
 Her nostrils and her noble eyes shed their humours,  
 The marrow of her bones she lets waste away.

I beseech for the sword-breaking warrior  
 150 Eternal glory, without loss or blemish,  
 Above, in the society of the sunny heavens,  
 Who brought this sorrow on a noble mansion of Eibhear.

Who dealt a blow that works ruin from Shannon to Beare,  
 Who coloured black the brightness of the sun,  
 Who made the lands of Fál sad and tearful,  
 From Corran to Aileach of Neid.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures!  
 Woe and pain together!  
 Cause of grief in the provinces of Erin,  
 160 The ruin of the topmost nut of the noble tree!

Lily amongst thorns, fresh, not branch-tangled,  
 Gold of champions, champion of heroes,  
 Of the princely far'ly, noblest in Erin,  
 Who were not panic-stricken in fight or in danger.

Leath Mhogha was greatly envious of him,  
 Because of his goodness above the chiefs of Eibhear's race,  
 As the choice of the flowers—separated from one another,  
 His fame ran unclouded, and his virtues.

He is the son of the Knight of Shannon of the noble ships,  
 170 The envy of every man, of the blood of noble chiefs,  
 A heart not hard whom all loved,  
 An exact bestower on the weaklings of Erin.

Firm was his brow in time of trouble and danger,  
 Bright was his heart, and his breast, and his mind,  
 His mind without malice, and his spirit in like manner,  
 Without raillery or contempt in connexion with these.

## AN PEART-LAOIB.

Aíthairb-leac bioé-árb, rin cáir fíe 'na lúige  
 Capa na m-boéctán buinneán úr ba groidhe,  
 Neart cupaó na leannán, crué éaib d'úr-fuil ríog,  
 180 Gearalt mac Tomáir oélán úr! fáo' éif.

Fáo' éif aca cáim-lag Gearalt Dhréagaó,  
 Ríog-plaie ip fáib rug bárr na b-plata b-foobrac  
 Saoi nár éainig éum cáim gur éaie a faogal  
 'S Críofa dá faóáil gan éaibe 'na plaitear naomta.

## XXVII.

## MARBNA AN ACHAR SEÁGAN MAC INEIRGE.

D'éag an ragar cnearda cráibéac,  
 buacaill ían baó maie láime,  
 Solur móir baó ró-maie cáile,  
 Raelcean eóluir pól 'na ráibéib.

D'féidg an t-uáil cúmra grádmhar,  
 D'féidg an crann 'r an planba bládmhar,  
 D'féidg an ríonúir caoin, ríonn, páirteac,  
 D'féidg géag parlimé ó íaréar áluinn.

D'féidg an teanga nár íearb a ráibéib,  
 10 D'féidg an teactaire ó plaitear do éainig,  
 D'féidg an buacaill buapac deagteac,  
 Do bíob ag cornam na b-peacac ó Sátan.

---

XXVII.—Of this poem I have seen only the copy in the Royal Irish Academy. Three or four lines at the end have been omitted as they are difficult to decipher. For some account of the family of Mac Inery, see "Topographical Poems," edited by O'Donovan, *Index in voce*.

## THE EPITAPH.

O death-stone, ever high, there lowly beneath thee is lying,  
 The beloved of the poor, the noble, valiant branch,  
 Champion of strength of favourites, modest face, of the noble  
 blood of kings,

180 Gerald, son of Thomas—oh, bitter woe!—beneath thy breast.

Beneath thy breast, Gerald the Grecian is lifeless,  
 Royal chief and prince who excelled the keen chieftains,  
 A noble who was faultless until he had spent his life,  
 And may Christ receive him, without delay, in His holy heaven.

## XXVII.

## ELEGY ON FATHER JOHN MACINERY.

He is dead—the priest, mild, and pious,—  
 The servant of Pan, whose surety was good,  
 A great light, of truly good qualities,  
 A guiding star, a Paul in his maxims.

Withered is the fragrant, lovely apple,  
 Withered is the tree and the blooming plant,  
 Withered is the gentle, fair, loving vine,  
 Withered is the palm-bough from beauteous Paradise.

Withered is the tongue which was not bitter in speech,  
 10 Withered is the messenger from heaven that came,  
 Withered is the excellent, virtuous servant,  
 Who was wont to defend sinners against Satan.

---

2. buacáill Pán, 'the servant of the Most High.' Pán is sometimes used as a name for the Deity by English writers. *lámne*: cf. XX. 12, and XXIV. 12; perhaps *lámna* is the word here.

D'péidig Mercurius, cúir le námaib,  
 Léopann pobuil gan poéal ná cápuib,  
 An gaobar luirg bað cupaó le h-áear,  
 'S an dam tpeabéa gan cealg dá mídigrar.

20 D'péidig an ríaduibé rial-éroiðeac fáilteac,  
 Do lean lorǵ ar beata naoim pádruiǵ,  
 An t-Orǵar ruagmhar uapal dána,  
 Do leag ríor an Díomar lán-mear.

D'éag an Dóll dob' oll-ǵlic láidir,  
 Do cúir an t-Sannc le faill 'r a cáirbe,  
 D'éag an palmaó, balca do Dáibíð,  
 Náir rímúin Druir 'r a t-Tnúc náir éarlarǵ.

Craor níor fearc an fear do rádaim líð,  
 Do fearnaó a corp ó ole go báir do,  
 D'fuaéaig Fearǵ, níor éanǵuil le páirt di,  
 Do ruaisǵ ré an leirǵe ear leirǵ le pánaib.

30 Do b' é ro an gairǵíodaó neart-éroiðeac áluinn,  
 Do b'fearra 'r an g-caé pá fearc ná Ajax,  
 Do b'fearr é air éloiðeam pá éirí ná an ráir-plaé  
 Alexander, ó Míacebon éáinǵ.

Liaǵ an anama péacais do-fláinte,  
 Liaǵ do Éríoró, dá éaoirib bána,  
 Liaǵ an Áear, don péacaó an-éraibéac,  
 Liaǵ na n-óear nǵorcuǵéte cráibéte.

40 Tiompán bínn a laoiéib Dáibíð,  
 Cláirpéac halla na n-ainǵiol baó gnaómar,  
 Liaǵ léir cneapaó ar guineaó le Sátan,  
 Dólla Míuipé 'r a gónna air an m-beapnum.

Liaǵ don ocpaó cíocpaó táir-noé,  
 Liaǵ na n-ball a n-am a nǵábair,  
 Liaǵ na lag 'r a m-bpataó rǵáéa,  
 Liaǵ na b-fear, na m-ban, na nǵáplaó.

20. Díomar = 'pride, contempt for others.' The priest is represented as routing the seven deadly sins.

Withered is the Mercury, the tower against the enemy,  
 The torchlight of the people, without corruption or cunning,  
 The tracking hound, who was a joyous champion,  
 And the plough-ox, without deceit, to his master.

Withered is the huntsman, generous-hearted, hospitable,  
 Who followed the track and the life of St. Patrick,  
 The Osgar, host-scattering, noble, bold,

20 Who overthrew full-lusty Pride.

Dead is the Goll who was so skilful and strong,  
 Who sent Avarice with his kinsfolk adown the cliff;  
 Dead is the psalm-chanter, the disciple of David,  
 Who thought not of Lust, and was not found in Envy.

The man I pourtray to you loved not Gluttony,  
 He guarded his body from evil until death,  
 He hated Anger, nor joined with it in love,  
 He put Sloth to flight out of the way adown the slope.

A champion was he of stout heart, comely,  
 30 Who was in battle seven times better than Ajax,  
 At the sword he was thrice better than that famous chieftain,  
 Alexander, who came from Macedon.

Physician to the sinful, sickly soul,  
 Christ's physician, for his white sheep,  
 The Father's physician, for the impious sinner,  
 Physician of the sick, wounded, and tormented.

A melodious timbrel for the songs of David,  
 The harp of the hall of the angels, who was pleasing,  
 Physician who cured all who were wounded by Satan,  
 40 Mary's servant and her gun in the breach.

Physician of the hungry, the ravenous, the naked,  
 Physician of the blind in their time of need,  
 Physician of the weak and their battle-standard of protection,  
 Physician of men, of women, and of babes.



Máigirip luinge gan uipearbaid cábla,  
 Cipí nuip bréige an t-raogail báidce,  
 Scriortóir Acheron, capa na d-tám-laḡ,  
 Do éuir na deamuin a ḡ-ceangal air fárad.

50      Eaghuidhe pocair map Soloman éapla,  
 bríogthar bleacthar bar-ḡeal báilcead,  
 Soctma pionnanta poitib 'na éailib,  
 Meanmnao múinte clúmuil ráim-bpéad.

Scuamda meaparda ḡeanmnao ḡrárad,  
 Uaill ná dímeap cipí níos fárgnaih  
 Píréan naothta déapcead d'fár d'fuil  
 Na m-brianao ḡ-calma ḡ-ceannapad láidip.

60      Ar cigí Óinn Copra gan poéal do éainig,  
 D'píop-fuil píḡce cipíe fáilbe,  
 Do pleactaib laetna Cuir na lán-épead,  
 Dpóng na n-Danar do rḡaipead cap ráile.

Atd an pobal ḡo dorp 'na deagaid ran,  
 Atd an t-aep 'na déig ḡo epáidce.  
 Do ḡoil Sol pe ppoatib ráile  
 Do rḡeig an Daoil map díon paol bántaib.

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50. bar-ḡeal: MS. béar-ḡeal.    57. Ceann Copra, lit. = 'the head of the weir'; it is situated near the town of Killaloe.

Captain of a ship that wanted not a cable,  
Through the false sea of the drowned world,  
The spoiler of Acheron, the beloved of the feeble,  
Who tied down the demons in the wilderness.

A philosopher sedate like Solomon,  
50 Strong, fruitful, white-handed, bestowing,  
Quiet, peaceful, gentle of disposition,  
High-spirited, accomplished, of good repute, peaceful of mien.

Demure, esteemed, pure, gracious,  
Nor vanity nor pride grew with him,  
A righteous man, holy, almsgiving, who sprang from the blood  
Of the O'Briens, the stalwart, the ruling, the strong.

Of the house of Kincora without corruption did he come,  
Of the genuine blood of the kings of the land of Fáilbhe,  
Of the race of Lachtna, of Cas of the abundant spoils,  
60 A race who scattered the Danes across the sea.

The congregation is doleful at his loss,  
The air is troubled at his death,  
Sol wept with briny streams,  
The Deal overflowed as a covering along plains.

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59. Lachtna was great-grandfather of Brian Borumha, and traces of his royal residence, 'Grianan Lachtna,' are still to be seen within a mile of Killaloe.

## XXVIII.

## TARNĞAIREACÉT DÓINN FÍRINNÍĞ.

An tpuagá lú na faoláoin an éiríğ 'r an féill buib  
 Ag puagairt na cléipe ar dá léir-éur fá daoirre?  
 Mo nuar-pa go tpeit-lag mac Séarluir ba ríğ aguinn,  
 A n-uaiğ curéa an' aonar, 'r a faor-dalta air víbiré!

Ir tpuailigéte, claonmar, 'r ir tpeáron do'n bpoing oile,  
 Cpuad-mionna bréige fá feula 'r fá rcpíðinn,  
 'Ğ a m-bualab pe beulaib ár ġ-cléipe ar ár raoite,  
 'S náir buab do élaonn Séamuir copóin faor na b-tpí  
 ríogáéta.

Stabpaib an tóirneac le róirneart na ġréine,  
 10 Ar rğairpíð an ceo-ro do rór-fléacéteib éibir;  
 An t-imppe beib deoraé ar Flónbpuir raoi daor-rmaéte,  
 'S an "bpicléir" go moðmarac a reompa ríğ Séamuir.

beib éipe go rúğac 'r a dúnta go h-aodapaé,  
 Ar ġaodailğ 'ğ a rcpúbaé 'na múraib ag éiríð;—  
 beupla na m-búir n-buð go cúéail raoi neultuib,  
 Ar Séamuir 'n a búiré ġil ag tabairt eunğanta do ġaod-  
 laib.

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XXVIII.—Donn was a celebrated Munster fairy supposed to haunt Cnoc Firinne, near Ballingarry, County Tipperary. He holds much the same rank in the fairy world as Cliodhna and Aine. He is a kinsman of the Donn, son of Milesius who is supposed to haunt the sand-banks known as Teach Doinn, and to whom Andrew Mac Curtin made complaint of his grievances. There is a copy of this poem in the British Museum, and two copies in the Royal Irish Academy, of which one is in the MS. copy of Keating's History that contains the pieces on O'Hickey (23, G. 3). It has been printed by Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. ii.

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4. Here *dalta*, evidently = 'son,' and not merely 'foster child.'

6. The poet refers to the Acts of Parliament passed settling the succession on William and Mary, but chiefly to the alleged suppositiousness of the son of James II.

## XXVIII.

## THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Are ye moved with pity because the lying wolves of black  
treachery

Are scattering the clergy and bringing them to complete  
servitude ?

Oh woe is me ! the son of Charles who was our king is lifeless,  
Buried in a grave alone, while his noble son is banished ;

It is foul and evil, it is treason in that wicked race,  
To brandish audacious perjuries, sealed, and in writing,  
Before the faces of our clergy and our nobles,  
That the children of James have no hereditary title to the noble  
crown of the three Kingdoms.

The thunder will be silenced by the strength of the sunlight,  
10 And this sorrow will depart from the true descendants of Eibhear :  
The Emperor will shed tears, and Flanders will be in dire  
bondage.

While the "Bricklayer" will be in pride in the halls of King  
James.

Erin will be joyful, and her strongholds will be delightful ;  
And the learned will cultivate Gaelic in their schools ;  
The language of the black boors will be humbled and put  
beneath a cloud,  
And James in his bright court will lend his aid to the Gaels.

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12. bñicléir. In a copy of the poem in a MS. of *Keating's History*, bearing date 1715, this word is glossed thus: .i. pñionnra Séamur mac don bapa Séamur bñ ionpáirte 'na ríac tabairta ag an m-bñicléir. In a poem on the 'Coming of the Pretender to Scotland,' and probably by our author, this subject is dealt with in strong language :

"Na galla-bhuic do dearbairg go díot-éorad  
Gur bairtair cu nár rreabab d'fuil an rí g éoráa  
Go b-faiciomna le h-arnmaib na nGaoibh Eoghan  
Na garb-éoirce 'na rpadalaib a n-bpaib bóearp.

beir an díobla rin lúiteir 'r a dub-éagairg éitig,  
 'S an buirdean ro cá cionntac ná huilsiúgeann don g-cléir  
 éirte,  
 'D a n-díbirte cap triúcaib go Neuu-land ó Éirinn ;  
 20 An laoiréac 'r an pphionnra beir cúirte aca 'r aonac !

## XXIX.

## INGION UÍ GEARAILT.

A péarla gan ríamal, do léir-éir mé a g-caíab,  
 Éirb liom gan fearg go n-innriob mo ríeól ;  
 'S gur faobrac do éitir gaele 'gur deapra  
 Tríom' éreácta 'na g-caíab, do míl mé gan treoir ;  
 Gan bréagnac do raéainn don éirirte cap calab,  
 'S go h-Éirinn ní éiríonn éiríce dom' deóin ;  
 Air tréan-muir air calaib a ngéibinn a n-aicior  
 Níor léan liom beir ad' aice coir línre gan ríeól.  
  
 Ir craobaic, 'rír capra, ir bréimreac, 'r ir blaíac,  
 10 Ir néamrac, 'rír leabair, a blaíge mar ór ;  
 Ir péarlaic a deapra, mar paeltean na maíone,  
 Ir caol ceapra a mala mar ríeíob pinn a g-cléic ;  
 Sgéim-éirte a leacan aolra mar íneácta  
 Go h-aoprac ag carmairte tré líonrac an róir ;  
 Cúg ríhebur 'na peácaib cap beiríob ad' aíapra  
 'S a éadan air lapad le díograir doo' éicé.

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XXIX.—There is a copy of this poem in the 69th volume of the *Renahan MSS.* Maynooth College. The piece has already appeared in print in "Poets and Poetry of Munster." We have followed O'Daly's text, making some corrections from the *Renahan* copy. The subject of the poem was celebrated in countless poetical effusions during the early part of the eighteenth century. Her name was Lucy Fitzgerald. She lived at Ballykennely in the County of Cork.

Luther's Bible and his false dark teaching,  
 And this guilty tribe that yields not to the true clergy,  
 Shall be transported across countries to New Land from Erin,  
 20 And Louis and the Prince shall hold court and assembly.

## XXIX.

## THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

O pearl without darkness, who hast driven me into contests,  
 Listen to me without anger, whilst I tell my story ;  
 Seeing that thou hast keenly shot shafts and darts  
 Through my wounds in showers, which have ruined me,  
 without strength ;  
 In sooth I would go to Egypt across the sea,  
 And to Erin I would never willingly return ;  
 On the strong sea, on land, in bonds, and in joy,  
 I would not grieve at being near thee by a river's side without  
 wandering.

Branching, plaited, in long wisps, in short clusters,  
 10 Brightly shining, and limber, are her locks like gold ;  
 Pearls her eyes, as the star of the morning ;  
 Right slender her eyebrow as a pen-line in print ;  
 The beauteous appearance of her cheek, lime-white as the snow,  
 Struggling gaily through the brightness of the rose,  
 Which caused Phœbus to rush to behold thee above all maidens,  
 While his forehead was aflame through love for thy beauty.

---

12. rǵrǵob pǵnn. O'Daly aspirates b, which is wrong: cf. a parhap-  
 noirǵ ólaona 'r a mala deap maorǵa map tarrainǵreab caoll-peann  
 a ǵ-clób cáb.—*O'Sullivan's Vision*.

16. R: 'S ac-éaban air lapab le bíogpur dá clób. O'Daly: 'S c-éaban  
 air lapab le bíogpur dob clób. Neither of these lines gives good sense.

- Ir glézeal a mama mar ghéirib coir calaib;  
 A h-aol-choirpín rneáda ir paoileanba ríod;  
 Ní féirib a maítear do léir-éur a b-pracainn  
 20 Caoimhile cnearda ir mín-ríod na n-óg;  
 Ir croidéarag a balram, a déib geal gan aitéir,  
 Do íaorpad ón ngalar na mílte dom íóir;  
 Saor-ghut a ceangán léigíonta do reartairb  
 Déir eóan-ruic ear deannairb pe míltea a glór.

- Phoenix d'fúil Gearailt Driéagaig an cailín,  
 Séim-íúir do élanua míleab na ríod,  
 Laoðpad gan cairé praóda le Gallairb,  
 Gan eóine gan calaib gan ríod-éirí gan réir;  
 Gan bdeágnab gur ríagab Paoragis ir darragis  
 30 Ir eóan-éoin óun Raite ríod-ra paol ód;  
 Ní'í raor-plaib ná bragan do pdeim éoinne Cairil  
 Gan gaol rir an ainna mionla gan ríod.

- Ní léir dom a ramuil a n-éirinn ná a Sagran,  
 A n-éipeaet a b-pearrain a n-íntleat 'ra g-clod;  
 An bdeit éiríbe ir pearra eóite 'gur ceardar  
 Ná Helen léir cailleab na mílte 'ran ngleod;  
 Ní'í aon fear 'na beaetairb d'feudab air maibin  
 'Na h-éaban gan maig ná ríagailpeab a brón;  
 Mo géibionn! mo deacair! ní pdeabaim a peacain  
 40 Trém' neulaib, am' aipling, ardoióde, ir do ló.

18. The subject of this poem has been called "Paoileann maorba deapad banamuil," by Domhnall na Tuille. 20. R is followed here; balram seems = lips,' on account of their fragrance, cf. :

Ir binne gut gearra-ghuib balram-buig mánla an leind.

*Domhnall na Tuille on the same.*

- 1 White her breasts, as swans beside the sea-shore ;  
     Her lime-bright, snow-white body of beauty like the sea-gull ;  
 Her goodness cannot be all put on parchment ;  
 20 The fair mild lily and gentle flower of virgins.  
 Bright red are her lips, her white teeth without a blemish,  
     Which would save from disease thousands such as I ;  
 The noble speech of her tongue learned in histories,  
     Brought stout bucks over mountains by the sweetness of her  
     voice.

A Phoenix of the Grecian Geraldine blood is the maiden,  
     The mild cousin of the children of Milesius of the hosts ;  
 Heroes crushed without mercy by the English,  
     Without strength, without land, without princely mansion,  
     without wealth.

- In sooth the blood of the Powers and the Barrys,  
 30 And the strong hounds of Bunratty has been twice strained  
     through thee ;  
 There is no noble chieftain or warrior of the stock of the children  
     of Cashel,  
     Who is not akin to the mild faultless maiden.

- I know not her peer in Erin or in England,  
     In wisdom, in personal charms, in mind, in form ;  
 The accomplished maiden surpassing in virtue and fame  
     Helen, through whom thousands perished in the fight ;  
 There is no man living, who would look at morning  
     On her face without sorrow, whose grief she would not dispel ;  
 O my bondage ! O my hardship ! I cannot avoid her  
 40 In my slumbers, in my dreams, by night, or by day.

37. aip maidin = 'just now, at any time henceforth.'  
 eis R ; O'Daly nd rǵéiǵpeab.

40. O'Daly oíðce, nd ló.

38. nd rǵaoilpeab,



## XXX.

## epitalamium DO ÉIGEARNNA ÉINN MÍARA.

Aedó éirg air na ríúillibh ag léimriú go léimmar,  
 Tán t-éclipp gan fúntar ag imteacht;  
 Tá fíobur ag múrghailt, 'r an t-éarfa go cuimh-glan,  
 Ar éanlaí na cúige go roitím.  
 Táid ríaoí beaí ag túrling air géagaibh ir úr-glar,  
 Tá féar agur úrúit air na mongaibh  
 Ó'r céile don m-brúnaí, Réaltan na Muhan  
 'S gaol gárr don Duic ó Chill Choimnig.

Tá bíobhad ann gaí cáim-lag ir gíoride-énoic go láidir.  
 10 'S an ngeimríobh eir bláí air gaí bíle;  
 Cill Cair ó éarlaig a g-cuidreac go t-ádmhar  
 Le Ríó Éille h-Áirne ár g-Cupad;  
 Níl éagcúir dá luad 'gáinn, tá faoíad ag cruagaibh,  
 Ón ríeal nuad ro luaidreap le úrongaibh,  
 Air fáirle óg mná uairle (a Úé díl caoir buaí dí)  
 An éraob éurpa ir uairle a g-Cill Choimnig.

Tá'n Ríog-fíarí na gáirí air írlí 'r air áirí,  
 'S na míle dá fáilcuíad le mírinn;  
 Tá'n caoir go h-ádbaraí, 'r coill glar ag fáir ann,  
 20 'S gáoi teat air bántaibh gan míleab;  
 Táid cuanta, ba gáíad faoi buan-ríoir gáinna,  
 Go ruaimnead ó éarlaig an ríuimead,  
 Tá enuair air éarí 'gáinn ná luaragann an t-ráile,  
 Ruacain ir báiríú ir duilearg.

---

XXX.—This poem is printed in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster." There is a copy of it in the Royal Irish Academy, which gives the title as follows:—  
 Epitalamium do éigearna brúnaí Éinn Míara air n-a pórad le h-ingíon Corpal butléir Cille Cair.

The poem was composed to celebrate the nuptials of Valentine Brown, third Viscount Kenmare, and Honora daughter of Thomas Butler of Kilcash. The

## XXX.

## EPITHALAMIUM FOR LORD KENMARE.

1720.

The fish in the streamlets leap up with activity,  
 The eclipse is departing without a struggle,  
 Phœbus is waking, and the moon is calmly bright,  
 And the birds of the province are joyous;  
 Bees in swarms cluster on boughs fresh and green,  
 Grass and dew are on the meads,  
 Since Brown has espoused the Star of Munster  
 The near in blood to the Duke from Kilkenny.

The languid are becoming vigorous, and the great hills are strong,  
 10 And in winter every tree puts forth blossoms,  
 Since Kilcash has been united lovingly in bonds  
 With the Prince of Killarney our champion;  
 We are giving vent to no grievance, the wretched have a respite  
 Since this news which is spreading among the crowd,  
 Concerning the fair young pearl of ladies, (O faithful God grant  
 her success!)

The fragrant branch, the most noble in Kilkenny.

The princely chieftain is a protection for the high and the lowly,  
 And thousands are welcoming him with love,  
 The tide is favourable, and a green wood is growing therein,  
 20 And fields are growing bright without destruction;  
 Heavens, wont to be disturbed by ugly long-lasting storms,  
 Are calm since this alliance took place;  
 There is gathered on the shore, undisturbed by the sea,  
 Cockles and limpets, and dillisk.

---

marriage took place in 1720, when Sir Nicholas Brown, Valentine's father had died, and the son was at last in possession of his property. The distinguished lady celebrated in this poem, died in 1730, of smallpox. Her father Thomas Butler was grandson of Richard Butler, only brother of James, the first duke of Ormond.

2. *prúncap* = 'struggle'; cf. *múcad ná milleab a b-prúncap map ca.*—*Aodh Mac Curtin*. 17. 'na *gáirbaib*, one would expect 'na *gáirba*.

- Táid uairle Cill Airne go ruairc ag ól pláinte  
 'S buan-bíot na lánaimh a g-cumann ;  
 Táid ruan-þóirt ip dánta dá m-bualadh ar élaírrig,  
 Gac ruan-þóirt air dílleaht 'r air binneaht ;  
 Tá claoéilód air éruaird-éirte, 'r an t-aon édir ag buadh' d'ann,  
 30 Tá gné nuadh air ghuadhnaib' gac n-duine ;  
 Tá'n rpeir mhór air ruaiment, 'r an pae pór go ruaimneaht,  
 Gan caot-éad gan duartan, gan baille.

## XXXI.

## treise le cromuelli.

Treire leat, a Cromuelli,  
 A rígh érothairg gac ríghlógh,  
 Ar lead' linn ruaramar ruaimnear  
 Mil, uahtar, ip onóir.

Iarramaoib' gan Caomhánaht,  
 Nuallánaht, ná Cinnriolaht,  
 búrcat, Ríreah, ná Róirteah,  
 D'págháil fóid do éuib a rinreap.

- Iarramaoib' Cromuelli beit a n-uahtar,  
 10 Rígh uaral Óloinne Lóbuir,  
 Éug a dóicín d'peap na rúirte,  
 Ar d'págh peap na dúitche gan "nothing."

Iarramaoib' a b-puil ran teat ro,  
 Air maht agur air maoin,  
 Beit ní buir peapp bliadhain ó anuigh,  
 Ar gac neah buir maht linn.

---

29. buadh'ann, so O'Daly. buadháctaint and buadháctainn are used in spoken language.

The nobles of Killarney are merrily drinking health  
 And long life to the wedded pair in love ;  
 Lulling melodies and songs are being struck on the harp,  
 Each lulling melody the loveliest and the sweetest ;  
 Each hard trouble is overcome, and justice alone triumphs  
 amongst us ;

30     There is a fresh colour on the cheeks of all men,  
 There is a sound of joy in the great heavens, the moon also is  
 peaceful,  
 Without blinding mist, without sorrow, without eclipse.

## XXXI.

## MORE POWER TO CROMWELL.

More power to thee, O Cromwell,  
 O king who hast established each rustic,  
 It is with thy coming we obtained peace,  
 Honey, cream, and honour.

We ask that nor Kavanagh,  
 Nor Nolan, nor Kinsella,  
 Nor Burke, nor Rice, nor Roche,  
 Ever get a sod of their ancestors' portion.

10     We ask that Cromwell be supreme,  
 The noble king of Clan Lobus,  
 Who gave plenty to the man with the flail,  
 And left the heir of the land without "nothing."

We ask that all in this house,  
 In goodness and in wealth,  
 Be better a year from to-day,  
 And everyone whom we like.

## XXXII.

AÓTANNA DO RINNEAD A B-PÁRLIMENT CLOINNE  
THOMÁIS.

An fear b'iar éirí púinn péin  
Ní beirímis a b-péin do ghná,  
Cuirpimis ríor an ceart,  
An fear b'iar an rmaet air ár láim.

Do fuisgeamar a b-párliment,  
Ó Ceann t-Sáile go b'inn éadair,  
Ar tugamar a n-inneoin pádrui,  
Beir 'nár g-cáirde ag a déile.

10 Tugamaoid onóir don ríolóir  
Ar m'ó fearóg 'rar fearr maoin,  
I' beiríad fuisge don b-pleargad,  
Cairdeoir go b-tí an t-earrae an t-fm.

Aótamaoid ár b-tuaparbal  
Lá fuar agus teit,  
Aótamaoid ár n-éadae  
Do péir céille agus cirt.

Aótamaoid ár n-éadae cuirp  
Mar atá anoir do ghná,  
20 Geappa-hata m'ín dub  
I' b'fíre orzuitce bláe.

XXXII.—This piece, as well as the preceding one, is taken from the satire, "Parliament Chloinne Thomáis," and contains the enactments and resolutions come to after mature deliberation by the rustic race of Clan Thomas. In this satire the author ridicules chiefly the Cromwellian settlers of low origin and coarse vulgar manners, but the Irish who helped them to oppress their own countrymen are by no means spared. They hail Cromwell as their special patron. The metre of XXXI. and XXXII. is free and easy. These pieces vary considerably in different MSS. The text follows a copy of the satire made by Denis O'Connell in 1785. XXXII. is a piece of considerable interest, as the poet makes the Parliamentary lights of Clan

## XXXII.

## THE ACTS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CLAN THOMAS.

While Erin shall be ours alone,  
 We shall not be in constant pain ;  
 We will ordain what is right  
 While authority is in our hands.

We have sat in Parliament  
 From Kinsale to Beann Eadar ;  
 And we have resolved, in spite of Patrick,  
 To be friends one to another.

10      We give honour to the rustic  
         Who has longest beard and most wealth ;  
         And to sit in the last place to the churl  
         Who stores butter until the spring.

We enact that we get our wages  
 The cold day and the warm,  
 We enact that our clothes be regulated  
 According to sense and right.

20      We enact that our body-clothes be  
         As they are usually now :  
         A low, smooth, black hat,  
         And breeches spliced and beautiful.

---

Thomas speak, in the rustic language of his time, about farming and other occupations suited to their state of servitude.

The following variants are taken from a Trinity College, Dublin, copy (T), and from one made from a MS. of 1705, by Mr. P. Stanton (P).

3. ceapc, T peacóc.      4. P peacób 'nap lárín.      6. P Cíonn c-Sáile.

8. 'nár g-cáipbe, T gndómar.

20. oꝛgúilce bídc, T ꝛgaoilce abur ip cail; the reference is obviously to breeches cut and buttoned at the knee so common in the last century.

Ríog-bobaé an gac aon baile  
 Le caile zorn map céile;  
 Ar fearann paba fairrin;  
 Do beit aige gan aon pub.

Aéatamaoib gan uig fm ná peóil  
 Do iteaó aét 'ran oidee  
 Meap-madpa ar maircín  
 Do beit a n-dorur gac eíge aguib.

30

Aéatamaoib gan an dapa leaba  
 Do beit ag aon do Óloinn Tomáir,  
 D'eagla bpaíte na pazaite  
 Beit ag carpaing éum bur m-botáin.

Aéatamaoib d'fear an óir  
 Topaé móna ir bpanair,  
 A g-comhair go d-tubpaé congnan  
 Don cí ir túrta do ghrí gpaé.

40

Dá b-paéad rib earbaíó ná epáglar,  
 Ná bur póp ag dul a ngiorpaé,  
 Air éor ná díolpaé rib búr b-paéa  
 Cuipió búr g-cuib air láim bur g-cloinne.

Aéatamaoib an uile aépann  
 Dá m-beaé eadpuinn ná epupóil  
 A réigteaé go ró-éapa  
 Le diar do Óloinn Tomáir.

Aéatamaoib gan mac beaé-aéar  
 Duine uapal ná díomaoim,  
 Do beit 'na éomnuige amearg bobaé  
 Aimpir bpanair na gpaéaig.

50

Aéatamaoib pópaé díbalta  
 Do réir díéáir ir peáéta,  
 Do mac-ra agam inéin-pe,  
 Ir m'inéion-ra agad mac-ra.

47-48. P do beit 'na éomnuige amearg clanna pleargáé ná neamépuinn.

That a chief-bodach be in every village  
 With a blue hag for his wife,  
 And that a farm long and wide  
 Be his for nothing.

We enact that nor eggs, nor butter, nor meat  
 Be eaten save at night ;  
 That a cur dog and a little mastiff  
 Be at the doors of all your houses.

30 We enact that no spare lodgings  
 Belong to any of Clan Thomas,  
 Lest friars or priests  
 Should frequent your cottage.

We enact that the man who has gold  
 Should have the first of turf and fallow,  
 So that he may give assistance  
 To him who first grubs his land.

40 If you fall into want or difficulty,  
 Or your means become reduced,  
 In orde: that you may not pay your debts  
 Put your property in your children's hands.

We enact that every dispute  
 That may happen between us, and every wrangle,  
 Be very speedily settled  
 By two of Clan Thomas.

We enact that no son of a respectable father,  
 No nobleman, no idler,  
 Abide amidst *bodachs*  
 In the time of fallow or grubbing.

50 We enact double marriages  
 According to hereditary custom and law  
 Thy son to marry my daughter  
 And my daughter to marry thy son.



Aécamaoib an uile pleargad  
 Nod éanpar malairt nó marzdál,  
 Diar do beir do látair  
 D'fíor-phiocé Cloinne Comáir.

60 A g-cár dá m-bead a n-aítreacáir,  
 Do n-beardad a n-éiteac,  
 Cum a éoda d'faždál car n-air  
 Le "by this Book ar bpeáz rin."

Aécamaoib an uile pleargad,  
 Air a m-bí cúram botóige,  
 Croiclon caorac na Féile Míeil,  
 Do beir aige cum dornóige.

Aécamaoib a n-am buana,  
 Im cáire agur rpólla,  
 Cúig pinginne gan aihpar,  
 A n-am bpanair ip móna.

70 Aécamaoib dá pinginn  
 O Samuin go Féil bpióge,  
 Trí pinginne ran eappaé,  
 An fead mairpior an ríolcup.

Aécamaoib le céile  
 O binn éadair go Ceann t-Sáile,  
 Már Sagranaé már éipionnaé  
 Beir leir an cé bur láidre.

80 Aécamaoib ceangmáil le céile  
 Lá Féile Míeil ar Máirt Úrza,  
 Do g-cuirpimír ríor bearta  
 Na h-aicme-pe bíor dár g-cáblad.

Aécamaoib rógraé na Féile Míeil  
 Do éabairt a g-cionn gaé baile,  
 D'ponn go m-biaómaoir a muinigin  
 Do b-fažmaoir an fearann.

66. rpólla, T feóil.  
 caola na m-bó.

67-68. T aécamaoib a n-am néala (?) putóga

We enact that when any churl  
 Makes exchanges or bargains,  
 There be two present  
 Of the true race of Clan Thomas.

60 So that if he be sorry  
 He might swear falsely  
 To get his goods back again  
 Saying "By this book that is a lie."

We enact that every churl  
 Who has charge of a tent—  
 A sheepskin of Michaelmas  
 He should have for a mitten.

We enact, in the time of reaping,  
 Butter, cheese, and a piece of meat;  
 Five pence without doubt  
 In the time of fallow and turf.

70 We enact two pence  
 From November to Bridget's Feast;  
 Three pence in the spring  
 While seed-sowing lasts.

We enact all together  
 From Beann Eadair to Kinsale:  
 Be he English, be he Irish,  
 To be on the side of the strongest.

80 We enact that we meet together  
 At Michaelmas and Easter Tuesday,  
 That we may put down the deeds  
 Of this set who have been oppressing us.

We enact that the Michaelmas warning  
 Be given at the head of every village,  
 So that we may be in hopes  
 That we may get the land.

---

71-72. T cpi píníonne gan ampar a n-am bpanar n' aolhí. There are, besides the above, several other variants, and some stanzas wholly different.

A n-am ghrapaig do búr d-cigearnaoi  
 Búr n-iarnuibe beir bhrice,  
 Búr n-úgaim ar búr g-céacra  
 I r búr rlabhraibe 'na ngiotaib.

90

Aimpir carbuiḡte nó buana  
 Bfod búr g-cora go leóinte,  
 Folaó air búr rúile,  
 Nó búr láma ceangailte le córpa.

Aéctamaoib an uile nío  
 Do péir gliocair ip cfonnaét,  
 Ár d-cigearnaoi beir ceangailte,  
 Ar rinn péin do beir rgaoilte.

In the time of grubbing for your lords,  
Let your implements be broken,  
Your tackling and your plough  
And your traces in bits.

90

In the time of harvest or reaping  
Let your feet be sprained,  
Your eyes blindfolded,  
Or your hands tied by a string.

We enact every thing  
According to prudence and wisdom,  
That our lords be tied down  
And we let loose.

## XXXIII.

## MARŌNA MIC CARTA NA PAILISE.

Aed rmúit 'ran rpeir ip ppaod ip fearg nīmneac,  
 Ip dūtēap Néill go léir pá bpatuib caointe,  
 An Mmūmān le céile tpaodēta mapb claoiōce,  
 Tpe6 ppiōnnra ḡaodā ip Raeltean Clanna Mlīb.

Mlēac nāp claoiōce a n-am ēarmairc an ḡlēd,  
 Sīnreap na pfoḡ-māc a b-taca 'ra pēdip,  
 Ppīom-ḡhoēc na ploiñnte ap ceapmuin plēḡ.  
 Ip pīop-ēpeac ḡan puiḡlēac na banba ip bpōn.

bpōnāib bfoḡāib pfoḡ-ban Inip Éilze,  
 10 Coip bōinn, coip bpīḡib, coip laoi, coip līpe, ip Éirne,  
 Coip lēḡ coip Daoil coip Cloine ip Sionna a n-éirpeacēc.  
 A nḡlēd ip a ḡ-coimēapḡap caointe a ḡ-coinne a céile.

Le céile atā Éipe aca a n-blūt-ēuipre bpōin,  
 Ó leḡinn go bpéirne ip go cūmāip Ḍruinne mōip,  
 Coip Féile, coip Sléibe Mip, tā riab a n-uail ḡlēd,  
 Ip ó ḡēara ḡan tpaodēac, go cúḡ Ulaō an t-plōḡ.

XXXIII.—The Mac Carthys built four castles on the edge of Lough Lein, and the river Laune “to stop all the passages of Desmond,” as Carew put it. “The tract of country lying along the banks of the “Laune,” says Windele, “and at the mountain’s foot to some considerable distance is still called MacCarthy Mor’s country, as containing the ancient residence of the chief of that name. The Castle of Palice, or otherwise Caislean Va Cartha, stood a naked ruin on an eminence a little to the north of the lake and in view of the Laune Bridge. A few scattered trees point out its site. The green field in front is still called Park an Croah, the gallows field, that being the place where MacCarthy executed his justice on delinquents.” Of this poem there are two copies in the British Museum and two at Maynooth. The British Museum copies have not been used in preparing the text.

1. R. rpeir ppaod nūn ip fearg deimneac; test as in M.

9. pfoḡ-ban, more usually pfoḡ-mnā. 13. Inip for Inpe, for assonance.

## XXXIII.

## ELEGY ON MACCARTHY OF PALICE.

In the heavens there is mist and storm and furious wrath,  
 And all the land of Niall is in robes of mourning;  
 The whole of Munster is prostrate, lifeless, subdued,  
 Because of the Prince of the Gael and the Star of the Sons of  
 Milesius.

A champion, unscathed in the time of the conflict of battle,  
 First heir of the sons of kings, their stay, their glory;  
 Foremost descendant of the great families, the defence of hosts;  
 The very ruin of Banba, nought left behind, and her grief!

The fairy maidens of Inis Eilge grieve and start,  
 10 Beside the Boyne, and the Bride, and the Lee, and the Liffey  
 and the Erne;  
 Beside the Logh, the Deal, the Aoine, and the Shannon, all  
 together  
 Are they in conflict and in contest of lamentation one against  
 another.

They have put all Erin in an intense agony of grief  
 From Leinster to Brefny and to the verge of the great Drung;  
 Beside the Feale, beside Sliab Mish, they are in a conflict of  
 mourning;  
 And from Beare without pause to Ulster of the host.

11. *Uóǵ*, a river that flows into the Laune.

"Fast by the Laune's and Lo's fair currents meet  
 Circle the plain and murmur at his (Dunloe's) feet."

*Poem on Killarney, A.D. 1776.*

12. *a ǵ-comheargar*, MS. *caomhargar*.

14. Drung, a high hill in the barony of Iveragh, county Kerry, above 2000  
 feet above the sea-level; perhaps for *Leiginn* we should read *Léitǵleann*.

Sin Ultaigh map Connacetaigh go búbae deórad,  
 O Mhuirne go Gólbán go búbae brónaé,  
 Map Cúculainn cum cumair nire a nblúé -cómpaie,  
 20 I' cúir cuirre guil go h-iomarcaé na g-cúig cóige.

Stóir cúige na muirne map éirde don tréab,  
 Leóhan lírpeaé na g-cupairde a n-árb-ghairge i' éaé,  
 D'órb éille baé ró-éurainn cú air lár leara faon,  
 Dóib uile i' glesó 'r cubairt do éarg mapb faon.

Faon ó éarla lám deap mic rígh aghuinn,  
 Air leagaé don bláé neamha neamh-cuimpeaé,  
 I' ceapna do báim baé gnaéaé ealaðanda,  
 Ag cairbiol gaé lá go clár na Pailíre.

'S an b-Pailíre do ceangmúighdóir complaéé cruinn,  
 30 I' gan caéairde aca air ceapnuighil poimh bponz ná buidean,  
 Ag parcaim air hallaibh i' gan earnaím air biaé,  
 I' ag marcuiéaé air eaéairibh map beaé a b-Ceamhair  
 na ríogh.

Rígh mac Capéa a leac áéair map éairge faó' ófon,  
 Lán-épeaé na blapnan i' Cairil na ríogh,  
 Cpeaé cáinte cpeaé páide cpeaé plaéa 'ran éill,  
 I' cá tráécaim, ó i' cápmair í banba ag caoi.

'S eaé caoi an rígh coige ró éróda ór deapbéa a g-cpé  
 An rígh cóir caoirpeaé d'íróla ar d'féapannairb éréin,  
 I' rígh ó m-biaib an éopóinn ceapc gan caa ad béig  
 40 'S i' cinn d'órbairb na b-tréón cu gan gairm go tréit.

18. Mushra, a mountain near Macroom, county Cork. Gulban, in Sligo.

22. Metre defective.

27. MS. alluibéanda.

36. The word cápmair has been inserted for the metre.

37. Beginning of this line seems corrupt, perhaps Caoi cóige an rígh éróda, etc.

40. go tréit: MS. pá pmúib, the opening words of the poem.

- Both Ulstermen and Connaughtmen are doleful and in tears ;  
 From Mushra to Gulban in mourning and sorrow ;  
 Like Cuchulainn was he in force of strength, in the thick of the  
 fight ;  
 20 He is the cause of excessive, woful weeping to the five provinces.

A province's store of affection, like a treasure to the people,  
 Hero, armour of champions in high valour and renowned deeds,  
 Heavy is the blow to the Church's orders, that thou liest in the  
 middle of a mound lifeless ;  
 To them all it is strife and misfortune to hear that thou art dead  
 and prostrate.

Since the right hand of the descendant of kings is prostrate,  
 As the celestial flower without guile is fallen,  
 It is distress to the poets, ever skilled in their art,  
 Who repaired daily to the plain of Palice.

- At Palice a numerous band were wont to assemble,  
 30 Who were not accustomed to fear tribe or host,  
 Merry-making in halls, without want of food,  
 And riding on horses, as at Tara of the kings.

O happy grave-stone, thou hidest as a treasure the king  
 MacCarthy,  
 The full ruin of Blarney, and of Cashel of the kings,  
 The ruin of peoples, of bards, of chieftains, lies in the church-  
 yard ;  
 And what need be further said since Banba is dolefully bewailing  
 him ?

- It is the bewailing of the king of a province, of great valour,  
 who is indeed laid in a bed of clay,  
 The king who was the true chieftain of Fodla and of the plains  
 of Brian ;  
 The chief who has left the true crown without support,  
 40 And it is sickness to the ranks of the brave that he is voiceless  
 and prostrate.



## XXXIV.

## AIR D'SBIRT NA D-FLAIT.

Do duala rgeal do céar air ló me,  
 I' tuz 'r an oide a n-baoirre b'róin me,  
 D'pás mo éreat gan neart mná reóla,  
 Gan bríge gan meabair gan gneann gan pógnam.

Aóbar maoidhe rgaioleab an rgeoil rin,  
 Cár gan leigear i' adnaó cóirre,  
 Aénuaó luit i' uile i' eólaí,  
 D'riopugab ceadóma i' creighe móire.

10 D'ioetugab buidne eóice Póbla,  
 Lagugab ghrinn i' ghaoi na cóige,  
 Mar do díogab ár n-baoine móra,  
 Ár a b-peapannaió cairte i' córa.

Mór an rgeal, ní féidir pólang  
 Ár n-óite do ríom lem' ló-ra,  
 Fuair an péile leun na deóige rin,  
 I' cá an daonnaóte gaó lae dá leónaó.

Ní b-fuil cliar a n-iaóaió Póbla,  
 Ní b-fuil aiprinn aguin na órda,  
 Ní b-fuil baióe air ár leanaíóib óga,  
 20 Gan fear fearaíó ná caóaréa a g-córa.

Créab do déanpaó ár n-aor óga,  
 I' ná fuil neaó pe maíó dá b-pórtainé,  
 Aóid gan eiaó aóe Dia na glóire,  
 Ár a b-príom-ál dá ngríopáil cap bóéna.

XXXIV.—This poem is given anonymously in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College Dublin; and in more than one MS. at Maynooth and elsewhere, it is ascribed to "Ciappairdeac cráíóte áipíóce éigín," "a certain tormented Kerryman." From internal evidence, it seemed to belong to O'Rahilly, several lines of it reappearing in his poems: hence its place here. It has been found, however, that one or two MSS. ascribe it to the ill-fated Pierse Ferriter. If it be Ferriter's

## XXXIV.

## ON THE BANISHMENT OF THE NOBLES.

I have heard a tale which torments me by day,  
 And puts me by night in the bondage of sorrow ;  
 That has left my body without the strength of a woman after  
     labour,  
 Without vigour, without mind, without wit, or activity.

A cause of weakness is the spreading of that tale,  
 A misfortune without cure, and a kindling of grief,  
 A renewal of injury, and evil, and mourning,  
 A stirring up of disease and great agony.

The ruin of the people of the land of Fodla,  
 10 The weakening of the joy and pleasure of the provinces :  
 That our nobles were drained out  
 From the lands which by law and justice were theirs.

Heavy is the tidings ; nor can the sufferings  
 Of our ruin be described in my time ;  
 After this affliction came upon generosity,  
 And humanity is being daily put out of joint.

There are no clergy in the lands of Fodla ;  
 We have neither Masses nor Orders ;  
 Our young children receive no baptism ;  
 20 Nor is there a man to stand for them, or plead their cause.

What shall our young folk do,  
 Since there is none to relieve them with good ?  
 They are without a lord save the God of glory  
 While their chief brood are forced across the main.

---

work, it must have been composed at the beginning of the Cromwellian transplantations.

12. M caipce cópað. 16. M omits gaó lae, and is inaccurate throughout. 19. leanaibid, M leimb. The statements made in lines 17-20 are scarcely exaggerated. 23. Cf. XIII. 22.

Seapán m'aighe deapb na rgoól rin,  
 Gabáil garb na n-eacépánn óirinne,  
 Maicé púor agham an e-adbap pá'r órdaig,  
 D'airele ár b-peaca an e-átaip do beonaig.

30 Dá m-beaó Tuatál fuadpac beó aguinn,  
 Nó Féidlim do éreigíopeaó córa,  
 Nó Conn, fear na g-caé do ró-éur,  
 Ní biaó ceann na nGall dá b-pógrap.

Cár gaib Ár do éap an éródaé,  
 Nó Mac Con baó doé a g-comlann,  
 Léap rghannpac clann Oiholl Oluim,  
 Ir péan do Galluib ná maipio na tpeóin rin.

Ir léan do éanba mapbaó éoguim,  
 Tpeínfear pá céile don beódaé,  
 Ní biaó neapc cap éapc air pédaib,  
 40 Ag na béapuib bréana móra.

Do biaó neapc ir ceapc ir éródaé,  
 Do biaó rmaé ir peaé pá ró-éion  
 Do biaó paé air ar 'ran b-pógrap  
 Dá m-beaó Dia le tpeaéaib Póola.

D'iméig brian na g-cliap ón m-bóirne,  
 Do bí tpeínre ag Éirinn póra,  
 Ní b-puil Murchaó cumapac éróda,  
 A g-Cluain Tairb baó éaca pe comlann.

50 'S an epáé pá láipir na tpeóin rin,  
 Clann Ápéa 'r an Tál-puil tpeópaé,  
 Níor rghaileabap Gaóil dá b-pógrap  
 Tap cuinn nó gaé látaip teópann.

27-28. R is followed. M is very corrupt.

32. dá b-pógrap, sending us abroad: cf. pógraim uaim é = 'I dismiss him.'

34. Poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are constantly going

The truth of this tidings is the sighing of my soul,  
 The rough beating the foreigners have given us;  
 Well do I know the reason why He ordained it,  
 Because of our sins the Father has consented to it.

30 Were Tuathal, the nimble, alive amongst us,  
 Or Feidhlim who would disable pursuers,  
 Or Conn, a man who could well fight battles,  
 The strong ones of the English would not banish us.

Whither has Art gone who loved valour?  
 Or Mac Cu, who pressed close in conflict,  
 By whom the children of Oilioll Olum were routed,  
 It is well for the English that these strong men are not alive.

A misfortune to Banba is the death of Eoghan,  
 A brave man who espoused valour;  
 Else might without right would not give our lands  
 40 To the foul gross bears.

We should have strength, and justice, and valour;  
 Authority, and law, would be in high esteem;  
 Corn fields in the harvest would be prosperous;  
 Were God with the leaders of Fodla.

Brian of the hosts has gone from Borumha,  
 Who for a season was espoused to Erin;  
 Murchadh the powerful, the valiant, is no more,  
 Who was a stay in the conflict at Clontarf.

50 At the time when these brave men were strong,  
 The Clan Cartha, and the vigorous stock of Tál,  
 They did not permit the Gaels to be banished  
 Across the seas, or over every border beside them.

---

back to heroes like Art, Conn, Conaire, while they scarce mention more modern warriors.

39-40. That is if Eoghan lived.

49. cpát, MS. cpíat, which seems a mistake.

Ataib na Danaip a leabaib na leógan,  
 Go reargair, ráin, go rábail, reómpaib,  
 brioíghmar, biaíghmar, briaíghmar, bórbíghmar,  
 Coimítead, caintead, rainntead, rónaib.

60      Ip é rún ip fonn na fóirne,  
           Dá méad ríe do ghní ne ar b-fóir-ne—  
           An bponn bíor ag ríghnead reo aguinne—  
           Súgra cluicib an cluicín éróda.

Ip epuaib lem' éroide 'rap éinn dár n-bórlann,  
 Nuaíar Cuinn, Éríomáin ip Eogain,  
 Suar gac oíde ag luíge ne deópaibib,  
 'S gan luad air a cloinn do bí aici pórbá.

Teaib Tuatuil monuar, do fóirnead,  
 Ip epó Cuinn gan cuimne air nóraib,  
 Fonn Féidlime go tréit-laib fóirnead,  
 Iaib luíghne go brúighe bórbáib.

70      Aíad Airt pá éar gan ródbáir,  
           Éríob Éobéarib pá oíaim ag ríóigib,  
           Clár Éorpaic páib fóiréil na g-cóirpócal,  
           Pán onóin lán d'póirpóim deópaib.

Mo leun ní h-é tréine na ríóig rin,  
 Ná buirbe na fuirne ó Ódbur,  
 Ná neapc naímb do éail ar n-bódbáir,  
 Aíe bíóghaltar Dé éa air Éirinn fórb-ghar.

80      Peaíad an t-rínpir, claoine an t-fóirp,  
           Aíene Éríorb gan fuim 'na cóimall,  
           Éigíon bpuinnghíol, bpuínead pórbá,  
           Craop ip goib ip íomab móib.

53. a leabaib is of constant use in Connaught = 'instead of.'

57-60. These lines are by no means clear, but A (two copies) and M agree as to text. R, for 59, has

an bpuinnghíol do bíor ag ríghnead reo aguinne.

The meaning seems to be that peace with the foreigners is like a mouse making peace with a cat. Cf. XLVIII. 7-8.

The foreigners are in the place of the heroes,  
In comfort, in quiet, in prosperity, and with many apartments,  
In affluence, well-fed, swearing, meal-consuming,  
With foreign airs, loquacious, greedy, nasal.

It is the resolution and desire of the gang,  
However much the peace they make with our race—  
As many of them as make terms with us—  
60 To play the game of the brave little cat.

It is pitiful to my heart, it pains my entrails,  
That the spouse of Conn, of Crimhthan, and of Eoghan,  
Watches nightly and lies down amid strangers,  
While there is no tidings of her children whom she had in  
marriage.

The mansion of Tuathal, alas! has been pulled down,  
The abode of Conn is without a remembrance of its fashions,  
The land of Feidhlim is in helpless distress and in woe,  
And the country of Iughoine crushed and in sorrow.

The plain of Art lies in grief without comfort,  
70 The land of Cobhthach is put under yoke by armies,  
The plain of Cormac, the strong seer of synonyms,  
Given over to the wolf, full of tearful noise.

My grief! it is not the strength of these hosts,  
Or the pride of the band from Dover,  
Or the power of the enemy, that destroyed our hopes,  
But the vengeance of God upon green-sodded Erin.

The sin of the elder, the corruption of the younger,  
The commandments of Christ—no heed given to their fulfilment;  
The rape of virgins; the violation of marriage;  
80 Intemperance; robbery; and unrestrained swearing.

63. MS. deópaib.

72. M onncač. R onžcít.

74. Dover is here put for England, as in XXI. 8; so also Bristol, II. 33.

Neamh-éion gndíe ip táp air órduib,  
 Raobað ceall ip peall ip fórra,  
 Éigíom na b-pann gan cabair gan comérom,  
 Að raob-luete painnte ip caillte air éomharran.

Tréigíon Dé le rpeír a peðbaib,  
 Gléar le a réantar gaol ip comhgar,  
 Géill do neart 'ran lag do leónað,  
 Claon ađ breat 'r an ceart fá éeð éur.

90 Cíð cá an eang ro ceann ađ cópmað,  
 Paoi láim leabair na nGall ro nuad aguinu,  
 Áilim Aon-lilac tréan na h-óige,  
 Go b-éigíð an ceart 'ran alc 'nar éoir do.

Ip bfoðgað báir liom báir mo éomharran,  
 Na raoite páma pápa peólta,  
 A b-éir bað gndáac lan do éóbaet,  
 Ite, vade, dá páð leó rin.

100 Ip gan aet cáirbe ó lá go lá aca,  
 Dá g-cup uile a b-tuilleað dóéuir,  
 Go m-biaib pábar dá págaíl dóib rin,  
 Ip gan ann aet Till further orders.

Galar gan téarnað ip maotéar mór liom,  
 Greamanna baor-báir cé cáim glópað,  
 Sgaire air an b-péinn báir géill Clár Fóbla,  
 Ip eaglaip Dé dá claoélað ar órduib.

Cá rgeim na gréine go neóna  
 Fé éclipp ó éirge lá ói,  
 Táir na rpearéta a ngné dá fógrað,  
 Ná puil téarma ár raogail ró-paba.

110 Fuair an cáirdear ppár a dóitín,  
 Le luete réad ní géar an rgeól rin,  
 Ní léir dam aoinneat air m' eólar,  
 Noð do béappað paol éum bpóg dam.

96. Observe that *ite* is pl., and *vade* sing.

104. Taking *ar* = *agur*, and *órduib* = *órdra*.

A constant scorn and contempt for the clergy ;  
 Plunder of churches ; treachery ; and violence ;  
 The cry of the weak, without help, or justice,  
 Beneath the false and greedy who forsake their neighbour.

The abandonment of God through love of riches ;  
 The manner in which kinsfolk and relatives are denied ;  
 The respect for might ; the injury of the weak ;  
 Corrupt judgments ; and the obscuring of right.

Although the land be bursting with produce,  
 90 Under the nimble hand of these newly-come English ;  
 I beseech the Only, the Mighty Son of the Virgin,  
 That the right may come into the place in which it is due.

The death of my neighbours is to me a death-start,  
 The nobles who were peaceful, contented, nimble,  
 In a land which was wont to be full of riches,  
*Ita, Vade* is said to them.

While no respite is allowed them save from day to day,  
 To put them all in further hope  
 That favour will be shown to them ;  
 100 But there is nought in it save '*Till further orders.*'

It is to me a disease without recovery, and great languor ;  
 Pains of dire death, voiceful though I be ;  
 The scattering of the warriors whom the land of Fodla obeyed,  
 And the Church of God and the clergy brought to nought.

The sun's beauty, even to the evening  
 From the dawn of the day, is under eclipse ;  
 The heavens by their aspect are proclaiming to us  
 That the term of our life is not very long.

Friendship has had a long enough turn ;  
 110 Nor is this bitter tidings for the wealthy,  
 I do not know any one of my acquaintance,  
 Who would give me sixpence for shoes.

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112. paol = 'sixpence' from the Spanish *rial* ; the word is unknown in Connaught.



Págbaim rín aip éur an Cómaéccais,  
 Aon Ílac Íluiré gile móire,  
 Ár a b-ful ár n-uile-dódur,  
 Dó b-fulgead ríb-re ir mipe comérom.

Ir aitéim Íora Ríg na glóire,  
 Mar ir fíor gup tríd rín d'fođnar,  
 Soillre laoi agur oidee d'órbais,  
 120 Dó d-cigib an níd mar ílím dóib rín.

## AN CEANGAL.

Dríorúgadh cneab, lagdúgadh aip neapc, ríorúgadh aip éap  
 brónad,  
 Fíorúgadh ár b-peap do géimlúgadh a nglar, foillrúgadh  
 a n-aécc óirinne,  
 Críocnúgadh ár b-plait do díorúgadh amad aip bpuim conn  
 cap bóena,  
 Do mison-brúig lag mo éroidé dúr leapc, re maotúgadh  
 ár n-beapc n-deórad.

---

118. tríd rín, MSS. gen. tréabhanar, 'abstinence,' hence piety in general (?). R tré na fíor fonnur. M tríonar fóđnar, and so one

I leave this to the disposal of the Almighty,  
 To the Only Son of the great and bright Virgin,  
 In whom we have all our trust,  
 That both you and I may obtain justice.

And I beseech Jesus, King of glory—  
 As it is true that it is through Him I have profited—  
 Who ordered lights for the day and the night,  
 120 That this may come to pass for them as I conceive it.

#### THE BINDING.

The stirring up of sighs, the lessening of strength, the continuation of grievous dole,  
 The confirmation of the binding of our men under locks, the publication of their (the foreigners') acts against us,  
 The completion of the sending forth of our chieftains upon the face of the waves over the sea  
 Have crushed and weakened my withered, languid heart, and moistened my tearful eyes.

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MS., R.I.A.; another gives *tréaḡanar fōḡnar*; the line seems parenthetical.  
 124. *cpoibē dūp*: cf. VIII. 1.

## XXXV.

DON TAOISEAC EOGHAN MAC CORMAIC RIABHACH NÍNE  
CARTA.

Cneab aḡur doḡar do ḡorḡaig mo céadḡaib,  
Iḡ b'ḡáḡ me a m-bḡón lem' ló ḡo n-éuḡḡad,  
Do bḡir mo éḡoide iḡ mé aḡ caoi ḡan ḡraoḡad,  
Do éuir mo raḡarḡ ḡan ḡeoidm iḡ m'éirḡeacḡ,

baḡ dem' éig do éuir ḡaoi néulaib,  
laoc meap ceannḡa, ceann na ḡaor-ḡlaicḡ,  
Comlaḡ bín dom' éloinn an tḡ rín,  
lón ár m-bíḡ, ár m-bḡiḡ 'ḡ ár n-éirḡeacḡ.

10      A ḡ-cloḡad cḡuaib a b-tuaḡ 'ḡ a n-éibe,  
A ḡḡiaḡ cḡḡnaim ḡoim olḡairḡ n    b-ḡaolḡon,  
A ḡ-cḡann baḡair éum ḡeapaim a b-ḡléib tḡ,  
A ḡ-cḡuaḡ ḡaoi ḡḡeimíoll be ḡíor ḡan bḡim tḡ.

XXXV.—The subject of this, the finest of all the poet's longer compositions, is the downfall of Eoghan, son of Cormac MacCarthy Riabhach, who held the Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliogach estate from Lord Kenmare. Lisnagaun is now called Headford, and is in the neighbourhood of Killarney and Glenflesk. The family of MacCarthy, at present residing at Lisnagaun, are not the direct descendants of Cormac Riabhach. In the satire on Cronin, the poet speaks of Cormac Riabhach, as being defrauded by his "receiver ciosa."

In the "Blennerhasset Pedigree," written about the year 1736, we have the following reference to Cormac Riabhach and his descendants:—"Anne Reeves, third daughter of James Reeves, and Alice Spring, married Turlogh O'Connor the proprietor of Ballingowan, before 1641, and had issue one daughter Alice O'Connor, a good-natured, well-bred gentlewoman, who by her husband, Captain Eoghan MacCarthy of Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliggagh in the County Kerry, left issue one son called Daniel and a daughter Anne MacCarthy. Daniel, only son of Captain Daniel (*recte* Owen) MacCarthy and Alice O'Connor, married Winifred Mac Elligott and left issue, with others, a son by name Justin well entitled to the estate of Lisnagaun, if he do qualify himself by becoming a Protestant, by which means, and no other, he will recover his right, and defeat the secret management of Garret Barry of Dunasloon, father-in-law of Florence MacCarthy, the said Justin's uncle. This youth will be lost in his pretensions to the estate if he do not become a Protestant or be supported by Lord Kenmare, whose ancestor Sir Nicholas Brown (by the name of Nicholas Brown, gent.) did by a small

## XXXV.

TO THE CHIEFTAIN EOGHAN SON OF CORMAC  
RIABHACH MAC CARTHY.

A sigh and a mishap that have wounded my mind,  
And left me in sorrow during my days, till I die,  
And broken my heart, while I mourn without ceasing,  
And made my sight useless and my hearing.

It was from my house that there fell under a cloud,  
A nimble, mild hero, the head of noble-chieftains;  
A door of protection for my children was he;  
The store of our food, our vigour, and our power;

Their (my children's) helmet of steel, their axe, and their  
armour;

- 10 Their shield of defence against the growl of the wolves;  
Their threatening staff with which to stand in the contest;  
Their rick with a heap for ever without blemish;

---

deed of Enfeoffment in Latin grant the said estate to Captain MacCarthy's ancestor named Cormac Reagh, at two shillings per annum and suit and service. This Latin Deed of enfeoffment I delivered, anno 1717, to Mr. Francis Enraught, attorney, to serve upon a hearing of Captain MacCarthy's cause, and defence in the Exchequer, where the titles of MacCarthy (*quae vide*) are set forth. On the death of Alice O'Connor, Captain Owen MacCarthy, married secondly Margaret Lacy of Ballylaghlan, and left a son Florence of Lisnagaun above-mentioned."—*Old Kerry Records*, 1st series, pp. 84-85. Eoghan's kinsmen at Lisnagaun, to quote Miss Hickson, "won and retained the good-will and esteem of men of all creeds and parties."—*Ib.*, vol. ii., p. 127, note. Indeed the reputation of this family in our own day for large-hearted generosity makes us enter into the poet's feelings in speaking of Eoghan's benevolence towards his children. I know of but one copy of this poem which is contained in Egerton 94, British Museum.

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5. In this and following lines the poet refers to the downfall of Eoghan MacCarthy Riabhach.

6. ceann. MS. cion, but metre requires ceann.

9-16. Cl in these lines refers to cloinn in 7. In these two stanzas Eoghan is described in various military terms as the defence of the poet's children.

12. cruac faoi pgeimholl, a rick with its heap like a pent-house; the pgeimholl is the portion jutting out.

A ngleacaidhe éura a n-ué an baogail,  
 A g-Cuðulaínn bod' ghuirm éum réidte,  
 A g-comairc a m-bearnain náthab go tpeun cá,  
 Dé gur tuicir le Muirir an éitig.

A m-barc 'r a m-báb 'r a n-ártaó réin cá,  
 A leoðan 'r a reabac a g-ceann 'ra b-réinnib,  
 20 A lonnpaó polair a n-boiréioct pléide,  
 'S a b-triaó ceapc 'r a meap cap éirinn.

A g-caé-míleab neapc-buibeanniar, raorða,  
 Calma, cáirbeannuil, páirbeannuil, raobrac,  
 Cupata, cróða, mórða, maorða,  
 Rígeannuil, reachtmar, ratmar, réimeac.

Fíor-óligéac, forarða, foircil gan aon luét,  
 Soéma, foilbip, focair 'n a éréigéib  
 Chiacannuil, fiontannuil, raoiteannuil, beuraó,  
 Duineata, diaða, ciallmair, réim-lic.

Daéannuil, orzarða, cumaraó, tpeunmar,  
 30 D'páig na b-peap puair ceannar éirionn;  
 De fleacéaib Eógan níoir, ir éibip,  
 Ir Cair níe Coirc, a ngoil nár traoéac.

Éireamón na reacé, ir Congur,  
 A brátaip Moða, ir Conn na b-tpeun-éacé,  
 A mac-ran Aré puair ceannar éilge  
 Cairbpe, ir Cap, an plait, ir Néill Duð.

A brátaip Feargur calma éréacéacé,  
 Ir luðoine móir an lóitene léanniar,  
 Ceallacán Cairil do éapabar éréimpe,  
 40 Ir brian léar tpeargpaó Clanna Turgéirup.

16. It was Maurice got Eoghan's lands, but who he was is uncertain.

22-29. Some of the adjectives in this list may seem to contradict one another, but there is no real contradiction between fiontannuil and raoiteannuil, &c. It is not to be expected that such lists are grouped in regular order according to meaning. Assonance and alliteration have more to do with their position than the sense.

Their warrior wert thou in the breast of danger ;  
 Their Cuchulainn whom they may call on to restore peace ;  
 Their protection in the gap of the enemy with might ;  
 Though thou hast fallen by means of Maurice the liar.

Their bark, their boat, their prosperous vessel art thou ;  
 Their hero, their warrior, their leader, and their champion ;  
 Their blaze of light in the darkness of the mountain ;  
 20 And their true lord, and their esteem beyond Erin ;

Their noble warrior of strong companies,  
 Gallant, friendly, ingenious, keen,  
 Valiant, brave, proud, stately,  
 Princely, commanding, fortunate, powerful ;

Of just laws, grave, strong, faultless,  
 Quiet, cheerful, steady in his virtues,  
 Stout-hearted, fond of carouse, philosophic, polite,  
 Manly, pious, sensible, of calm wisdom ;

Handsome, Osgar-like, able, mighty,  
 30 Of the stock of the men who obtained the headship of Erin ;  
 Of the progeny of Eoghan Mor, and of Eibhear,  
 And of Cas, son of Core, who was not subdued in valour.

Eireamhon of the laws and Aongus,  
 His kinsmen, Mogha, and Conn of the strong battles,  
 Art, his son, who obtained the sovereignty of Eilge,  
 Cairbre, and Cas the chieftain, and Niall Dubh.

Fergus was his kinsman, strong, wounding,  
 And Iughoine Mor, the afflicting breeze,  
 Ceallachan of Cashel, whom they turned back for a time,  
 40 And Brian, by whom the children of Turgesius were laid low.

31-40. The kings here mentioned belong to the highways of Irish history.

39. The subject of *capabap* is *Clanna Turgeiriu*, that is, the Danes. For an account of Ceallachan's wars with the Danes, see O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, vol. iii., pp. 213 *et seq.* For a discussion on the name Turgesius, see Todd's *War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, Introd. liii.

bprátair gaoil do ppríom Uí Laocháire,  
 Seaááin an díomair pfocháir euctaig.  
 Aoda mic Cóinn náir claoideas a n-aon dul,  
 Do rug a buidean cap coinn a n-aonféact.

Ir pfor le n-amarc a n-annalac éirionn,  
 Sur cú an ceap de fleactaib véig-ionais,  
 Triaé na Manige an Capparenn 'ran t-Sléibe,  
 Ón dá Cíoc go pporaoib Sléibe Mír.

50 A bprátair úir na m-búrcas euctas,  
 Uí Concubair puair clú le daonnaet,  
 Uí Dómnail náir leonaó air aon éor,  
 Ir Uí Ruairc élmúil na lúipeas ngléigéal.

bprátair gar do lílac Uí Neill cú,  
 bprátair gairib Uí Ceallaig 'ra céile,  
 bprátair glún don pprionnra Séa...ur,  
 Do péir map cantap a Saltair na paop-flait.

60 bprátair Dómnail éróin ó béara,  
 bprátair Cloinn t-Suibne do bí 'na laochaib,  
 Dómnail Caim náir píll ó aon-éat,  
 Ir Dómnail gpoide, ceann dípeas éirionn.

bprátair d'árb-flioet Uí Réagáin,  
 bprátair pír Ceanncoirce na g-caolta,  
 bprátair Dúib do flioet na n-gaorta,  
 Ir lílic Pinnghin dob' pfor-laoé 'n aonar.

41. ppríom for ppríam, as often.

56. The Psalter of Cashel is meant; cf. XIV. 71.

57-60. This stanza refers mainly to the O'Sullivans: the principal branches were—O'Sullivan Mor of Dunkerron, the O'Sullivans of Beare, of Capanacoise, of Ardea, and of Tomies. The MacGillicuddys were also a branch of the O'Sullivans. Aodh Dubh was common ancestor to the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys. Domhnall

A kinsman in blood to the stock of O'Leary;  
 Of Seaghan an Díomas, the fierce, the mighty;  
 Of Aodh son of Conn, who was not overcome in any struggle;  
 Who took his troops together with him over the sea.

It is plain to be seen in the annals of Erin,  
 That you are the head of the noble generous families;  
 The lord of the Maine, of Corran, of the Sliabh,  
 From the Two Paps to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

Noble kinsman of the mighty Burkes;  
 50 Of O'Connor, who got fame through humanity;  
 Of O'Donnell who was not ever wounded;  
 And of O'Rourke, the famous, of the bright armour.

A near kinsman to O'Neill art thou;  
 A near kinsman to O'Kelly and to his wife;  
 A kinsman in blood to Prince James;  
 As is sung in the Psalter of the noble chieftains.

Kinsman of Domhnall the swarthy from Béara;  
 Kinsman of Clan Sweeney who were warriors;  
 Of Domhnall Cam who never retreated from battle;  
 60 And of Domhnall the great, the direct sovereign of Erin.

Kinsman of the high family of O'Regan;  
 Kinsman of the nobleman of Kanturk of the marshy plains;  
 Kinsman of Dubh of the family of the Valley;  
 And of Mac Finneen who was a unique true warrior.

Cam bravely defended his castle of Carrignass against Carew in the reign of Elizabeth. The Domhnall groidhe here mentioned seems to be Domhnall Mor, father of Giolla Mochuda Caoch.

61. For an account of the O'Regans, see O'Donovan's edition of *Topographical Poems*, note (411).

63. It is not certain what Dubh is meant.



bpadáir pial do Niall na g-caol-eac,  
 Ir na naoi ngiall do mair aip éirinn,  
 bpadáir dian na m-brianae aorba.  
 Mhic Phiarair ir Tigearna na n-Déirae.

70 bpadáir pine mhic mhuirir ón m-béillie,  
 Ir an Ribire ó éoir Sionna na g-caol-bare,  
 Mhic Mlaoil buair na ruag bað éreunthar,  
 Ir Uí Donncaða an Roir fuair tuicim taobh ríot.

bpadáir mór don Róirceac péim tú,  
 bpadáir gairib an bparraig 'r a gaoile,  
 bpadáir Gearailt de mhaire na n-éireagae,  
 bpadáir reabairc bunnairce na nglé-ga.

80 bpadáir pionn Uí Caonh gan aon loet,  
 Do ruag buair ón Ruacae gléigae,  
 Uí Ceallaéain uairil Cluana an péigear,  
 Ir Clanna Duairc buairig déarraig.

bpadáir Conrí pinnigil laeða,  
 Ir Mhac Amhlaoib na leabair-rigriob eueae,  
 Caibh gan éaim do bábað 'r an tpeán t-ppuie,  
 Ir Caibh mhic Capta ó Clár Luire éibir.

Caibh ó Ceallaig ó Eacóruim eueae,  
 Ir Caibh an Mullaig fuair upraim ó éigrib,  
 Gaé Caibh bí caibhpeac bað gaoil buir,  
 A bpadáir oighe Caibh mhic Séarra.

90 bpadáir Cúrraig lúbaig eueaig,  
 Ir tigearna mhuirraige an éuil buirde péapraig,  
 Tigearna an Glinne, an Cuirm fuair péimear,  
 Ir tigearna an Capparein ir Cairbraig taobh leat.

69. The Fitzmaurices of Lixnaw.

70. The Knight of Glin.

71. Dermot MacMorogh, of Norman Invasion celebrity, is sometimes spoken of as Mac Mlaoil na m-bó, because of his ancestor.

72. Uí Donncaða: MS. Mhic Donncaða, which is perhaps a mistake: tuicim = 'nursing, fosterage.'

78. Reference is, perhaps, to the Battle of Callan, between the Geraldines and the MacCarthys.

Generous kinsman of Niall of the slender steeds;  
 And of the nine hostages, who ruled Erin;  
 The vehement kinsman of the ancient O'Briens;  
 Of Mac Ferris, and of the Lord of the Decies.

Kinsman of the race of Fitzmaurice from the Great Stone;  
 70 And of the Knight from beside the Shannon of the slender ships;  
 Of the son of Maol na m-bo of the routs, who was valiant;  
 And of O'Donoghue of Ross who was in fosterage with thee;

Great kinsman of the mild Roche art thou;  
 The near kinsman of Barry and his relatives;  
 Kinsman of Gerald of the Grecian princes;  
 Kinsman of the warrior of Bunratty, of bright spears;

The fair kinsman of O'Keeffe without a fault;  
 Who came victorious from the bright Roughty;  
 Of noble O'Callaghan of Cluain of the peace-making,  
 80 And of the descendants of Guaire the generous and charitable.

Kinsman of Cúrí the fair, the heroic,  
 And of MacAuliffe of the limber stretches, the able;  
 Of Tadhg the faultless who was drowned in the strong current,  
 And of Tadhg MacCarthy from Clar Luirc of Eibhear.

Tadhg O'Kelly from Aughrim, the mighty,  
 And Tadhg of the Mullach who was esteemed by learned men,  
 Every Tadhg who was of much account was thy kinsman,  
 Thou kinsman of the heir of Tadhg son of Geoffrey.

Kinsman of De Courcey the supple, the mighty,  
 90 And of the lord of Muskery of the yellow plaited locks,  
 Of the lord of Glin, of the lord of Curm who obtained sway;  
 Of the lords of Corran and Carbery beside thee.

80. Guaire Aidhne, surnamed the hospitable, was King of Connaught in the seventh century.

82. MacAuliffe of Dubhallow.

83-84. It is not easy to identify the Tadhgs mentioned here. There are several of that name in the pedigree of the Clancarty family.

88. O'Donoghue of Glenflesk.

Ir cnuag do éalaí ag clanna na g-caoraí,  
 Do páiní eatorra a n-airge gan éirí,  
 Sceiðg fá n'uilinn de ag Muirir an b'éide,  
 Sceiðg na cubairte ó Íluirir de ag Éamonn.

Cúir mo rúin ir dúbac 'rap déaraí,  
 Cnúig ir cúir c'éap éionnighair eub rir;  
 C'é b'piread na raioite b-fíochmar b-c'éigítead,  
 100 Cuirpib na cinn rin linn ir baozal do.

Do ghníod Seóirpe mór-c'éad aonair,  
 Mar Ílac Cuimail a b-cúir na Féinne,  
 Do ghníod Muirir le bliagáil a baoraí,  
 Ir glór bínn dá g-cuibreac ag Éamonn.

An méid nár pionnaí le h-imirt na méileac,  
 Do éreac Ílac Craic ar mair de'n tréada,  
 Le h-ór an diabail dá riap gan aonnaic,  
 'S arís go dubalta dá éilíom.

An té b'í aca a n-urair a g-ceannar na tréine,  
 110 Aca a m-bliadna ag iarraid déirce,  
 Do fáigead b'ir dá m-buioin gan aon p'reab,  
 Fuil a g-croide 'ra g-clí dá caoragab.

Cailleanuín Séagáin, nár r'áin ó b'reugáil,  
 Do cúir Eogan go deó paol neulail,  
 Na díobairtair fíor-laga traoéca,  
 'S a b-cigíte 'na r'múda brúigte air aon ball.

93-96. Having excited sympathy for Eoghan by recounting his virtues, and tracing his high lineage, the poet turns with bitter scorn to the adventurers—men who dealt in sheep and frieze, who had come in for his lands—and draws a ludicrous picture of Maurice and Eamonn, portioning his estate amongst them as if they were cutting a sheep into chops.

93. éalaí: MS. éala, the sense and metre point to éalaí as the true reading.

97-100. In this stanza, which is obscure, cuirpib linn perhaps = cuirpib oppann, 'will injure us.'

101. Seóirpe; transcript of MS. has raóirpe. Who George was does not

It is pitiful that thy lands should be possessed by the tribe of the  
sheep,

Who came among them without payment, without an éiric;  
A steak of them under his elbow held by Maurice of the frieze;  
An unfortunate steak of them from Maurice held by Eamonn;

The origin of my story is sad and tearful,  
The reason and cause why you began to be jealous of him;  
On account of the breaking of the proud accomplished nobles,  
100 These leaders will injure us it is to be feared.

George used to carry out unique plunder  
As the son of Cumhall in the front of the warriors;  
Maurice condemned them by laws,  
And sweet the voice of Eamonn as he put them in chains.

As many as were not destroyed by the contrivance of the vaga-  
bonds,  
M'Grath robbed all who survived of the flock,  
By means of the devil's gold which he dispensed without  
humanity,  
While he demanded it again doubly.

He whom they had last year in the authority of power  
110 Is this year begging for alms;  
Two of their company were left without any stir of life;  
The blood of their hearts and breasts pouring out.

It was the death of John who was not perverse through lying,  
That put Eoghan for ever beneath a cloud;  
And made the banished very weak and subdued;  
And their houses crushed together into soot.

appear; there was a George Eagar constable of Killarney early in the last century.

108. *gníṛ*: transcript, *a ṣṛ*; in any case the metre of line is defective. The allusion in 107-8 seems to be to usurers, or else to soupers.

113. Who John was is uncertain; he may have been brother to Eoghan. *Ib.* *ṛcán* = *ṛcōn*, 'who was not perverse from lying' (?), which does not seem a high compliment.

120 Bað nímic 'na búntaib ugdair aorba,  
 Dpaoite ip dáim ip báird ip éigre,  
 Fíliðe ip cliar dá riap le daonnaét,  
 Ip Eaglair Órfor do ífor dá n-éiliom.

A Dia cá air neim do éluin na rgeulca,  
 A Ríð na b-peapc ip a Aðair naométa,  
 Créad fá'r fúilngir a ionab ag beupaid,  
 A ðior aca, ar é rúigil an' eugmaip.

Do caoir Sol go doét an t-éipleac,  
 Luna do guil ppoéta déapa,  
 bopear epuaib a b-tuaib ag réidead,  
 An pad cá Muipir a ð-cumar 'ran caob ro.

130 Air éfbirc Eogain go bpeóigce epéit-lag,  
 Do guileabar oét ppoétanna paopa,  
 An Míáig 'r an leamúin pann ðan paoraim,  
 An Capéac an t-Sláine 'r an Claodaé.

Aðainn Éill Cpiad bað éian a caol-rgepac,  
 Ag ífor-ðul 'r ag caoinead a céile,  
 bpuac na lice air buile 'r an íéile,  
 Aður an Daoil ag aoil-ðol 'na h-aonar.

140 An ðaoi go búbaé 'ran t-Siúip ag ðéimnið,  
 Aður Sionainn Cloinne Loipc na ð-caol-eac,  
 An Míáig ðan pláince pá na rgeulaib,  
 Coip Laoi 'r an épsídeac go leunmair.

Pionna-rpuit 'r an íleapð air earbaib céille,  
 Aðainn Tapðlan paoi rðamall ip éipne,  
 Aðainn Daluaib 'r an Éuanaé epaóéta,  
 'S an éeapba go pad-éumiac ab' ééig-pe.

121. neim, old dat. of neaim, is required for metre.

123. a before ionab is lost in pronouncing the line, and is not given in MS.

129-132. The rivers in this stanza have been all mentioned in XXII.

Often were aged authors in his castles,  
 Druids and seers, and bards, and learned men,  
 Poets and bands of rhymers dispensed to, with humanity ;  
 120 And the clergy of Christ ever visiting them.

O God, who art in heaven, who hearest the tidings  
 O King of miracles, and Holy Father,  
 Why hast thou suffered his place to be held by bears,  
 That they should have his rent while he is straightened for want  
 of it.

Sol wept bitterly for the ruin,  
 Luna wept streams of tears,  
 The severe Boreas is blowing from the north,  
 As long as Maurice holds sway in this region.

On the banishment of Eoghan, afflicted, and enfeebled,  
 130 Eight noble streams wept,  
 The Mague, and the Laune, weak without respite  
 The Carthach, the Slaney, and the Claodach.

The river of Cille-madh, long was her slender moan,  
 Bitterly weeping and lamenting her lord ;  
 The margin stream of Lixnaw, was raging, and the Feale,  
 And the Deal sorely crying alone.

The Gaoi was sad, and the Suir screamed,  
 And the Shannon of the descendants of Lorc of the slender steeds,  
 The Mague without health, because of the tidings  
 140 The margin of the Lee and the Bride afflicted.

The Fionn Sruith and the Flesk deprived of their senses ;  
 The stream of Targlan under clouds, and the Earne ;  
 The river Daluadh and the Cuanach are oppressed ;  
 And the Barrow in long mourning for thee.

133. Abainn Cill Cniall seems to be the river flowing beside Headford, the scene of the bog disaster.

135. bpuad na Lice refers to the River Brick, flowing near Lixnaw.

136. uoil-ḡol for oil-ḡoll. 143. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.

Níor fáğ an Cróinreac beór gan rppreacáð,  
 Paol árhoib bódna bómar béapa,  
 An Ruactac go buapta ip í ag géimniğ.  
 Abainn Dá Cíe 'ra baoinne epéit-lağ.

150 Ní paib Síğ-bean díob a m-béillie,  
 Ó Dún Cáoin go h-foctar Éipne,  
 Ó Inip bó go ceópa Éipionn,  
 Nárl léiğ beópa mópa aip aon ball.

Aip teaact lliupir eug uile 'na céipb éipr,  
 Bað élor gáip ag mnáib aip taob Cuipic,  
 Ip dá taob Mainge dá ppeagairt go h-eudniap,  
 Ip bað élor uail aip uaactar Sléibe Mip.

bean ríğe an Ruip ag pileac béapa,  
 Ip bean ríğe bán na blápnan taob pior  
 bean ríğe an Gleanna iona labraib eunlaic  
 160 Ip peact mná ríğe aip an ġ-Cíe gan epaoctac.

Do ġuil Chioðna epíð na pgeulaib,  
 Do ġuil Úna a n-Dúplar Éile,  
 Do ġuil Aoipe a ríog-bpog Féiðlim,  
 Ip do ġuil Aoibill ríğ-bean léit-épaig.

Do ġuil go epuağ an Ruactac caoille,  
 Do ġuil Áine a n-árup ġréine,  
 Do ġuileabap oet n-oetair aip aon loet,  
 Do ġuileabap ainpe an Cappaín 'r an t-Sléibe.

170 bean ríğe Dún na nġall ag ġeup-ġul,  
 bean ríğe a b-Teaiaip aġup í ceupba,  
 bean ríğe a n-Eoetáill pór gan paopaiñ,  
 Ip bean ríğe a ġ-Ceapa Cómnn na n-Déipeac.

145-8. The Croinseach is mentioned also in XXII. The Abainn da Chich seems to be the river flowing westward to Headford, north of the Paps. The other rivers mentioned are well known.

149 *et seq.* After the rivers have been made to lament the ruin of Faghan, the *mna sighe* or *mna sidhe* take up the doleful cry; see Introd., sect. IV.

150. Dún Cáoin is to the west of Dingle.

The Croinseach did not leave a drop but it scattered  
 Throughout the kine-frequented headlands of the sea of Beara ;  
 The Roughty is troubled, and moans ;  
 The river of the Two Paps and her people are weakened.

There was none of the banshees in the huge rocks  
 150 From Dun Caoin, to the lower end of the Earne ;  
 From Inisbofin, to the boundaries of Erin ;  
 Who did not shed great tears in one place.

On the coming of Maurice who brought everything under his own  
 proper trade (?)

A scream was heard from women on the side of Torc ;  
 While the two sides of the Maine replied enviously ;  
 And wailing was heard on the top of Sliabh Mis.

The banshee of Ross was shedding tears,  
 The white banshee of Blarney which is beside you,  
 The banshee of the Glen in which birds are vocal,  
 160 And the seven banshees on the Paps without pause.

Clíodhna wept because of the tidings ;  
 Una wept in Thurles of Eily ;  
 Aoife wept in the fairy mansion of Feidhlim ;  
 And Aoibhill, the banshee of Carriglea.

The slender Roughty wept piteously  
 Aine wept in the dwelling of Grian ;  
 Eight eights wept together on the same lake ;  
 The fairy maidens of Corran and of the Sliabh wept.

The banshee of Donegal was bitterly weeping ;  
 170 A banshee at Tara, who is in torture ;  
 A banshee at Youghal also without respite ;  
 And a banshee at Cappoquin of the Decies.

153. *cúg uile* 'na céirib éirir is a difficult phrase.

157 *et seq.* *bean ríge*: MS. *bean c-ríge* throughout. Blarney is said to be beside Eoghan, as it is near the lands that belonged to his ancestors.

162. Eily O'Carroll included some baronies in Co. Tipperary.

165. *caaille*, *sic* MS., and also Hardiman, who gives this stanza. *caaille*, = 'land,' is given in O'R.'s and O'Brien's dictionaries. The line is obscure.



bean ríge fóir go deórad eudmhar  
 A m-baile Uí Chairbre, ainnir deo' faor-phiocet;  
 baipleacón a g-craeataib báir fád' rgeulaib  
 'S an t-Eun Fionn a d-ceanncaib euga.

Do glac pannaicir dpeam an deupla,  
 Do faoileadar go b-pillpead arís eugainn Séamur,  
 An tan do rgead an leac fád' rgeulaib,  
 180 An lia Fáil 'na lár ag géimniú.

D'éir gur daoidéadar coillte ir caolta,  
 Do loirg mo éroide do iull 'r do deup mé,  
 An bpaigb-geal ó Fáilríb na faor-plaie,  
 Do beic ag gol gan for 'na h-aonar,

Ag greadad a bar 'r ag rcaatad a céibe,  
 'Na g-caor n-dearg a deapca gan tpaodad,  
 A cpoiceann geal air fao 'na épáatcaib,  
 Ir polac ríoba a clí-éoirp paobta.

D'éir gur éoirgeadar ppoetanna ag géimniú,  
 190 Coillte corp-énoic gorma ir faolcain,  
 Ríogain Fionnrígeat ag ríor-gul 'na h-aonar,  
 Do éuir m' inleacat tpi na ééile.

Paetaim cáir ir fát a déara,  
 Den t-poillpead ó Fáilrpeab na faor-plaie,  
 Craeab an báir, an cáir, nó an t-éigion,  
 Tpe 'n ap mill a baill 'ra h-eudac?

D'paeagair Fionnrígeat dáinn go h-eudmhar,  
 Le glór doilb go pollur a n-éipeacat,  
 Tá a fáir-éior agat-ra deapb mo rgeulta,  
 200 Ir go d-tig ním 'na rruic óm épáatcaib,

174. It is here suggested that a family tie exists between the banshee of a great family and the members of that family.

175. baipleacón is the name of a townland in the barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry; it is marked on Carew's map of Iveragh Barony in the Lambeth Library.

176. an t-Eun Fionn, also called an t-Eun Ceannan, XXII., the home of Mac Finneen.

A banshee, besides, tearful and envious  
 In the dwelling of Cairbre, a maiden of thy noble race ;  
 Baisleacan in the tremors of death at tidings of thee ;  
 And the Eun Fionn in the grip of death.

The tribe of the English speech fell into a fainting fit ;  
 They thought that James would return to us again,  
 When the Stone screamed at the tidings of thee—  
 180 The Lia Fail moaning in its centre.

After the lament of woods and marshy plains,  
 It scalded my heart, it ruined and tormented me,  
 That the Fair-necked from Firies of the noble chieftains,  
 Was weeping without ceasing alone,

Wringing her hands, and tearing her hair,  
 Her eyes as red fire, without respite,  
 Her bright skin all full of wounds,  
 And the silken covering of her bosom rent.

After the streams had ceased to moan  
 190 Woods, stately green hills, and wolves,  
 The queenly Fionnsgoth, weeping continually alone,  
 Has put my mind into confusion.

I ask what misfortune has happened, and the cause of her tears  
 Of the brilliant one from Firies of the noble chieftains,  
 What was the death, the insult, the violence,  
 For which she mangled her limbs, and her garments ?

Fionnsgoth replied to me enviously,  
 With a mournful voice, as was evident, effectively :  
 Thou knowest full well the truth of my tidings,  
 200 Seeing that venom comes in streams from my wounds,

---

194. *Ṗaiðceab* is no doubt the same as *Ṗaiðrið*, of 183 *supra*, it is, perhaps, the modern Firies, in West Kerry ; the *Ṗoillcead* mentioned here is the same as the *bṖaiðo-geal*, 183 : both refer to Fionnsgoth, a mountain in West Kerry mentioned in XXII.

'Sa liac̃t pluaiḡ de maic̃ib̃ Néill Duib̃,  
 Píaguiḃe ip fáid̃ ip ráp-plaiḃ beupac̃,  
 Mnã uaiḃle náḃ ḡruam̃ba, ip baoiñe aor̃ba,  
 Do éuaib̃ do díḃ an bíḃ 'ḡ an eubaiḡ,

ḡur uḃbreac̃ an píḡ ceap̃t ḡo claonm̃ap,  
 Éap̃boiḡ, raḡaiḃt, abaiḃ, ip cléip̃iḡ,  
 bḡaíḃtḡe diaḃa, ip cliap̃ na uéip̃ce,  
 Aḡur uaiḃle na tuaiḃtḡe pe ééile.

210 D' ínñp̃ior ḡo píop̃ bi bḡiḡ mo ḡeul̃ta:  
 ḡo paib̃ Éoḡan mór̃ fór̃ ḡan baogal̃;  
 A éalaíḃ má bí 'na díḃ ḡo m-b'péid̃ip̃  
 A páḡaíl do ap̃íḡ le línñ an pex̃ éip̃t.

Táio ep̃eac̃ta ḡeaḡáin ḡo h-áp̃o aḡ éiḡeañ aip̃;  
 Aḡ lonnp̃aíḃ píonñtap̃ aḡur aḡ ḡméib̃e,  
 Aḡ ḡḡpeac̃baḃ fór̃ aip̃ Éoḡan ḡo h-éiḡneac̃,  
 Aḡ iapp̃aib̃ pola ḃop̃taḃ a n'éip̃ic.

220 Op̃p̃inñ fór̃ éuḡ léonac̃ léiñ aip̃,  
 Ruḡḡaoi ip Seoñ mic̃ Ómaiḡ éiḡip̃,  
 Seaḡán ip Diap̃muib̃ píaiḃ baḃ ḃḡeugac̃,  
 Muip̃ip̃ 'ḡ an díḡ ḡiñ éuḡ ḡḡaoilẽ léiñ aip̃.

Ip̃ bḡónac̃ anoip̃ le cup̃ a nḡaoḃailḡe,  
 Añ éeup̃a éuip̃ 'na éioḃ aip̃ ḡaoḃalaib̃,  
 Ip̃ aip̃ ḡac̃ aic̃me de élañnaib̃ M̃ileip̃ip̃,  
 Añ m̃éio ḃíob̃ d'iompaḡiḡ pe Luther̃ a n'éib̃e.

Map̃ d'ím̃éiḡ tap̃ ḡḡúill̃ anonñ ap̃ ḡ-cléip̃ maic̃,  
 Map̃ do cuip̃eac̃ aip̃ uḃbip̃t̃ éoiḃḃe Séamup̃,  
 Do cuip̃eac̃ pá ḡmaḃt̃ ap̃ maip̃ deñ tḡeud̃a,  
 Ip̃ do cuip̃eac̃ Éoḡan pá bḡóñ, mo ḡeup̃-ḡoiñ.

213-216. This beautiful stanza reminds one a little of the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. 214. Píonñtap̃, 'struggle, contest': cf. XXX. 2.

217-220. For an interesting account of the Orpen and Eagar families who settled in Kerry, see *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, pp. 140-212. The Eagers gained great military distinction in the British army, and were not the last to make common cause with the Catholic Celts of Kerry. Francis Eagar, the fifth son of Alexander Eagar, the first settler of his name in Kerry, married a daughter

Seeing the great multitude of the nobles of Niall Dubh,  
Huntsmen, seers, and true, courteous chieftains,  
Noble ladies, who were not cheerless, and aged persons,  
Who have suffered want in food and raiment,

That the rightful king was wickedly banished,  
Bishops, priests, abbots, and men of letters,  
Pious friars, and the mendicant band,  
And the nobles of the country together.

I told her truly the substance of my tidings ;  
210 That the great Eoghan was still free from harm ;  
If his land was lost to him, that he could  
Obtain it again at the coming of the rightful king.

John's wounds are loudly crying out to him ;  
They are flashing forth battle, and beckoning,  
And also screaming to Eoghan violently,  
Entreating him to spill blood as an eiric.

Orpen also inflicted on him a sad wounding,  
Rughraoi and Seon son of Amos Eagar,  
John and Diarmuid who were ever liars,  
220 Maurice and these two brought doleful destruction on him.

Sad now is it to record in Gaelic,  
The torture that fell on the Gaels in a shower,  
And on every band of the descendants of Milesius,  
As many of them as became turncoats with Luther ;

When our good clergy went over across the waves,  
When James was sent for ever into banishment,  
All that survived of the company were put beneath the yoke,  
And Eoghan was afflicted with sorrow—my sharp wounding !

of O'Donoghue Dubh, of Glenflesk, and so identified himself with the resistance to the penal laws made by his brothers-in-law that he is called in more than one despatch "a pretended Protestant." One of the Orpens, Robert, was the hero of Killowen in 1688. But the Eagars referred to in this stanza I am unable to identify. 218. The name Amos is not unknown in Kerry.

221-228. In these two stanzas, the general evils of which Eoghan's expulsion only formed a small part, are dwelt on.

230      Átdeuingim fóra Críofa dom éirteacht,  
 An ceó ro air Eoghan go fáil a éraoðad,  
 Airíog a beata do éabhairt do air aon ball,  
 Ó Suíge Finn go fóraoib Sléibe Mír.

Uirge na Mainze, Leamhain, Laoi, ir Claodaé,  
 Snaíomú pe ppaéaib pgar le linn Léim Tuirc,  
 Fionna Spuit, Flearg, ir caipe an lllaor gémú,  
 Ronn íluirir do éacht arteaé pe Clainn Éigir.

240      Tuircim na b-plaéa meapa b-fíor-laoéda,  
 Re nuirir na namad neapmáir ngníom-euétac,  
 Oligé na b-peap léar leagad Ríé Séamur,  
 Éug Muirir arteaé gan éapac le Cloinn Éigir.

Ionad mo fíean le peal a n-Uí Laozaire,  
 Ir tuircim na b-peap 'ran tpeap le Ríé Séamur,  
 Muirir do éacht arteaé le Clainn Éigir  
 Épé a g-cuimilim bar dom namad pír-euétac.

### AN CEANĞAL.

Mairg éurpear gac doéar le poéar do pioéar 'na éeagad,  
 Fionnaé gac copad an olann an duille 'ran blát,  
 Ní duine ná oéar ac cogad na ríé de gnat,  
 Éug muileann an Oroié do íluirir 'ran eoéar 'na láim.

232. A great many mountains in Ireland are called Suighe Finn. Above, the poet puts the limit as:

Ón dá éio go fóraib Sléibe Mír.

233-236. In this stanza the rivers more closely connected with the estate of Eoghan are introduced as a final chorus of grief for the incoming of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

234. Linn Léim Tuirc, the lake of Tore Waterfall.

236. Caipe an lllaor. The River Maor or Maire forms part of the boundary between Cork and Kerry, and is referred to by Spenser:—

“There also was the wide embayed Maire.”

*Fairy Queen, Canto II., Bk. iv.*

I implore of Jesus Christ to hear me ;

- 230 To remove this sorrow which is on Eoghan for a while ;  
To make restitution to him of his property at once  
From Suighe Finn to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

The waters of the Mainc, the Launc, the Lee, and Claodach,  
Unite with the streams that depart from the lake of Torc Water-  
fall ;

The Fionn Sruth, the Flesk, and the current of Maor moan  
At the coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

- The fall of the active, truly heroic chieftains,  
By a number of the enemy who were strong and powerful in deed,  
The laws of the men by whom King James was overthrown,  
240 Brought in Maurice without right with Clan Eagar.

My ancestors' abode for a time in Iveleary,  
And the fall of the men in battle with King James,  
The coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar,  
Is the reason why I stroke with my hand the truly powerful foe.

#### THE BINDING.

Woe to him who sows every evil for the profit that flows from it;  
The proof of every crop is the wool, the leaf, the blossom ;  
It was not one man nor eight, but the war of the kings, that for  
ever  
Gave the Mill of the Bridge to Maurice and the key in his hand.

The Fionn Sruth, or Finn Sruth, is perhaps the Finn Abhainn that flows through Drishane into the Blackwater, or it may be the Finniky, which flows into the Roughty at Kenmare.

241. This line is of biographical interest : le peul seems to imply that his parents were *then* living in Iveleary.

244. cummulum bar = 'I stroke with the hand,' said ironically of satire. The enemy seems to be Maurice.

245. Transcript of poem reads map níg dúicfor, which spoils the metre ; lines 245-246 seem to be semi-proverbial sayings, but they are obscure.

248. What bridge is meant is uncertain, but probably the reference is to Lisnagaun, near Headford, where there is a place still called Old Bridge, which had formerly a tucking mill.

## XXXVI.

DO Mhac Fínnghin Duibh Uí Súilleabháin.

Faba téid ceipt an oiniú,  
Dá m-beadh gan é d'iarrfaighib,  
D'iúl feun, ir deimhin an dáil,  
Fear an oiniú ar iomrád.

Cuid do bhuairt fíir an oiniú  
Déit gac n-aon ar iarrfaighib,  
Teacht arcead go bfaighir air  
D'fear an oiniú ní heagal.

10 D'fear an oiniú ní huamain—  
Cuid eile dá iolbhuaduib—  
Gibé a n-déintear 'na dochar  
Ní féidir é d'fólmhóad.

Do bpuim oiniú ir anma  
A n-oiğneacht a acharða  
Deimhin arcead go dtiocfa  
Fear oiniú ir oirbhearta.

20 bapp rochar é don oinead  
Gnát air puð críod comaiğeat,  
Le luad a deag-anma ag dul,  
Sean-labpa ruad ir peanad.

XXXVI.—The metre of this poem as well as of XXXVII. is *deibhidhe*, each line of the quatrain consisting of seven syllables, the second and fourth ending with a word exceeding in the number of its syllables the words respectively ending the first and third; the first and second lines rhyme together as do the third and fourth; there is frequent alliteration, and a word in the middle of one line generally rhymes with a word in the beginning or middle of the next line. Mac Finneen Dubh was a branch of the O'Sullivan family.

## XXXVI.

TO MACFINNEEN DUBH O'SULLIVAN.

Far extends the fame of generosity,  
 Even if it were not inquired about,  
 In the knowledge of elders—it is a certainty  
 That the generous man is spoken of.

One part of the generous man's excellence,  
 Everyone is seeking him ;  
 That you will take advantage of him,  
 The generous man is not afraid.

10 To the generous man it is no cause of fear—  
 Another of his many privileges—  
 What trespass is done to him,  
 He cannot be emptied out.

Through generosity and fame  
 Into the inheritance of his patrimony  
 Certainly will come  
 The man of generosity and good deeds.

20 It is the highest advantage for generosity  
 That ever throughout foreign regions  
 In celebration of its good name, are going  
 The ancient sayings of learned men and historians.

3. Perhaps we should read *b'íul na pean beirín an bál*. MS. *bál* and *íompaíð*.

6. *beir*. M *bíonn*; perhaps *ḡac uair* for *ḡac n-aon*.

7. *ceacht arthead air*, seems to mean 'an advantage over him.'

10. This line is parenthetical.

11. This line seems corrupt.

20. *pean-taíra*. MS. *polatáiríð*.



Sean-nór aca riamh poimhe  
 'San éirí-re fáid luíoine,  
 'Sé ar fearb gac oirip mar rann,  
 Fear an oinigh ar iarraid.

Com-luat éuige—céim 'na rat,—  
 An fáile, an fáid, an ceapbáid,  
 Gac taobh ag triall ar oinead  
 Mar aon 'ran éliar éomuigead.

30

Tig an laighead leat air leat  
 Tig an mídead 'ran Muinínead,  
 A n-dáil ní baíuna cuippe  
 Fa gáir anma an Eogain-re.

Comluat ó deann gac éiríe,  
 Luét rgaolte rgaol coigepíde,  
 Gá bpsíog a méad do meadair,  
 Ag ríomh a géag geinealair?

40

Níor élor aoinfeap aca-ran  
 Ag bpeit oirbep ar Eogain,  
 Ní claon don éad-pat do éap,  
 Aon dá éagad ní págáir.

Ní éuala Gaoidéal ná Gall—  
 Maít iomépar an éuig éomérom—  
 Pór do buain béime air a blaí,  
 buaid a féile ní hionghaí.

Míre féin mar gac fear díob,  
 Ní cuairt iona cóip dimbpsíog,  
 Mo éol go hionlán ní fáil  
 Gó dol fá iomrád Eogain.

24. After line 24 the following stanza is given in A. :—

Ní fáil mo ériall cairip-rin,  
 Mac Finnghin Duib, bpead roibip,  
 Dor éféan cap a n-boiligh dul,  
 Fpéam an oinigh ar adnab.

It has been an ancient custom with them up to this time  
 Throughout this region of the land of Iughone,  
 And it is so all over every district,  
 The generous man is sought out.

Equally swift come to him—a high degree in his good  
 fortune—

The poet, the seer, the gambler,  
 All approach the generous man  
 Together with the foreign train.

30 The Leinsterman comes, side by side  
 The Meathman and the Munsterman come,  
 Their concourse is no cause of sadness  
 At the shout of the name of this Eoghan.

Equally swift from the limits of every district  
 Foreign story-tellers flock ;  
 What means the greatness of their enjoyment  
 As they enumerate his genealogical branches ?

No man of the 1 did I hear  
 Speaking in reproach of Eoghan.  
 It is not a desire for riches he loved ;  
 40 No one is found reproaching him.

I have not heard Gael or foreigner—  
 Well does he bear the even balance—  
 Who ever yet tarnished his fame,  
 The renown of his hospitality is not strange.

I too like each one of these—  
 It is not a journey which is to be disparaged—  
 My wish is not entirely satisfied  
 Till I go into social intercourse with Eoghan.

29. The second leat is omitted in MS., which leaves a syllable wanting.

39. This line is obscure ; does céatb-pat mean 'riches' ?

47. Alliteration requires ní fúil ; MS. ní b-fúil.

50

Saoilim naé fuil diomáac de  
 Aét náma nó fear fearge;  
 Gníir faoilíó gan cáil a g-croó,  
 báis gaé aoinéir le hEoghan.

Do ceannuig fóir, beart dá raé.  
 Amm raor naé féidir d'ionnlaé,  
 Díol clú deig-peaét ir anáir  
 Crú do fein-ílioét Súilleabáin.

60

Ní téir caiteam 'na clú rain,  
 An ílioét airmeac ro Eoghan,  
 A g-caoi buab na d-oirbheart d-erom  
 Fuair a n-oiðpeaét a h-altrom.

A n-dimbrið ní dual a dul,  
 An teir oirbheart-ra ar Eoghan,  
 An féile ir fein-peaét a í in,  
 Deig-ílioét na fréime ó b-fuil-pean.

'Sé idir uairlibé fuinn Gaoitheal  
 Do gní an t-ainm-pe d'iomrghaoilead,  
 Reaét píre na fréime ó b-fuil,  
 Séime a n-dine dá n-dúcaig.

70

Oineac gnaé, ir gníom náire,  
 Ceannraét, umla, ir aónáire,  
 Druid pe hoirbheart ir ciall cinn  
 Tuð oiðpeaét don íal fóirtill.

Iomda céim 'na d-tig arteaé,  
 Már fíor d'fúiglib na bpilead,  
 Fear an oirbhearta or cionn cáig  
 A gcionn oiðpeaéta d'faðáil.

55-56. Metre corrupt, and translation doubtful. fein-peaét: MS. deig-peaét.

I think that no one is ill-disposed towards him  
50 Save an enemy or a man of choler;  
A joyous face without desire of wealth,  
Everyone's good will is possessed by Eoghan.

He purchased besides—a piece of his good fortune—  
A noble name that cannot be assailed,  
Reward of the fame of good laws and honour,  
The blood of the old race of Suilleabhain.

Its fame does not wear out,  
That of the renowned race of Eoghan  
In the path of victories of the stern struggles  
60 Their inheritance got its nurture.

It is not its wont to diminish in strength  
This renowned fame of Eoghan—  
Hospitality and the old state of his ancestors,  
The goodly progeny of the stock whence he sprang.

It is this amongst the nobles of the land of the Gaels  
That spreads this name abroad,  
The real power of the stock whence he sprung,  
The gentleness of the race towards their country.

Constant generosity, with good deeds,  
70 Friendship, humility, and modesty,  
An approach to noble actions and wisdom of head  
Gave inheritance to the strong hospitable man.

Many are the steps by which enters—  
If the words of the poet be true—  
The man of noble deeds above all  
For the obtaining of his inheritance.

80

Gac bapp inníe dá b-puair rain,  
 Maíe ír píú a éiall 'ra éadópaíð,  
 Ní nár map éaítear a époð,  
 A maítear mór gan mórpað.

Ní le tréan cáiníog a neart,  
 Dhár Dó le dul a n-oirgeacht  
 Puair a éoil do úruim doépa  
 Ní cuiníog rain naé ro-molta.

Naé beanuid na painn-pe píð  
 Ní meapaim, a Míic Fínníog,  
 Réim gan foirneart, gan folaid,  
 Ar éoirbeart féin puarabair.

90

Mac Fínníog Duib dá ráð píð  
 Aed, ní hinníe a n-airíog;  
 Air do géal ní gairm eile,  
 Ír pearr ainm ná airíge.

Bapp air peapair péile puair  
 Eochair ó éac an éad-uair;  
 Comhiontar an élu do éuir  
 Le crú oirbearta Eochair.

100

Ón lá rin gur an lá aniuí  
 Dóbé iona éeann do éuirpead,  
 Ní deacair éeim ar g-cúlair  
 Ó péim Eochair aon-íúlaí.

82. dhár: MS. dhára, giving an extra syllable.

84. naó: both A and M read gan beic, giving an extra syllable, and spoiling alliteration.

Whatever distinction in honour he has obtained  
 His wisdom and judgment have well deserved ;  
 It is not dishonourable how he spends his wealth,  
 80 Great is his goodness without pride.

Not with human might came his strength  
 Which is God's grace to go into his inheritance ;  
 He obtained his desire through adversity,  
 That is not a yoke which is not praiseworthy.

That these verses pertain not to thee,  
 I do not judge, O Mac Finneen,  
 Sway without violence or enmity  
 By thy own noble deeds thou hast won.

The name Mac Finneen Dubh is applied to thee—  
 90 It is not an empty title—  
 For thy pledge no other name ; (?)  
 A name is better than chieftainship.

Supremacy over hospitable men  
 Eochaidh obtained at first from all,  
 The fame is perpetuated  
 Which the noble deed of Eochaidh gave his race.

From that day to this day  
 Whosoever should add to it,  
 It did not retreat one step  
 100 From the race of Eochaidh the one-eyed.

91. ní gairm. A an gairm.  
 giving only six syllables.

93. fearaib, both MSS. have fip,

100. The legend the poet alludes to is well known.

## XXXVII.

DO ÉORMAC MAC CARTA ZUIRE NA D-CLÓC.

Aille, acpuinn naé faicim,  
 Cródaét aibig anaidill,  
 Stuað glan oirbreat gan oll b'páir.  
 Teapbar Éormaic Mic Carta.

Žpíob do foilceann a péile,  
 Naéair gan dúil droicéime,  
 Rún aébaoire epé glan éaib,  
 'Sé ip aébaoir báp n-eapráin.

10 Aoinleanb na banba buaine,  
 Conclan Con na Craobruaide,  
 Žpíob deağ-énuir ip teó a b-creap,  
 Aé-ğuaire ġleó na n-apb-éleap.

Aitğin do mac Éibip ġinn,  
 Uppa pluaiğ upmairge Péidlim,  
 Laoé ionéuip le h-Opğar oll,  
 Popba ioméair na n-andpánn.

10 Ağ an n-ğairge air ġéağ leamına  
 Ní b-puil aoibneap oileamına,  
 Puair eól an puib céarba rin  
 Ağ deól eíğ céarba an éoğarib.

XXXVII.—The Castle of Gortnaglough, which belonged to the Mac Carthys of Carbery, stood near where the town of Skibbereen is now situated. This short poem is one of several in the same metre composed to honour the bravery of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough. In the "Blennerhasset Pedigree" we find the following :—"O'Brien, third daughter of Julian O'Ryan and Mac O'Brien of Duharra (i.e. Arra), married Brian MacSweeney of Dinisky in the county Corke, and was ancestor of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough."

## XXXVII.

## ON CORMAC MACCARTHY OF GORTNAGLOUGH.

Beauty, power such as I see not,  
 Ripe restless valour,  
 Pure noble chief that grew without hindrance,  
 Is the character of Cormac Mac Carthy.

A griffin that conceals his generosity,  
 A serpent without desire for evil,  
 The beloved of wisdom, pure chaste clay,  
 It is he who is wisdom for our defence.

10 Unique child of lasting Banba,  
 Peer of the Hound of the Red Branch,  
 Griffin of good desire, the warmest in conflict,  
 Noble of battle of the high feats.

Such another as the son of Eibhear Fionn,  
 Prop of the honoured host of Feidhlim,  
 Hero to be compared to great Osgar,  
 Sustaining pillar of the bards.

20 To the hero with an elm branch  
 There is not nurturing pastime,  
 That tortured champion got wisdom  
 By sucking the troubled pap of war.

6. MS. an naṣap gan búl a n-ḃpoid-rhéine, which gives two extra syllables. 7-8. These lines are obscure: eḃpáin = 'intercession, defence.'

13. aṣḡin = 'such another as'; M aṣṡin; A aṣne, both omit to.

15. ionḃuir; M ionḡap; A umḃap.

16. anbann: M and A anbom; the word may be from anbpa = a poet next in rank to an ollamh, hence in gen. 'a poet.'

19. eól: MS. ól. an ruḃ: M a ruḃ; A aṣuḃ; aṣuḃ, or ruḃ = 'a hero,' but the line is obscure.



21

Ua óg na g-Cormac n-árraíð,  
 Slac cumra an éil óir-eapnaíð,  
 D'eall na b-creab aige air áille,  
 D'éag ír faide pionntáille.

comh-éanagal.

Óige ír gné mar ghné 'na gíor-ghuaíð gluin,  
 Cródaet, créine, air éadé Con Duíbe buaíð Mír,  
 Mórdaet céille, féile, ír fíor-uairle,  
 A g-comhair a céile ag laot ón laoi, ír tuairirg.

### XXXVIII.

ag freagradh air Dóinnall mac Donnchad a lias  
 na tuille.

Deárrpad ríoráite, deárrpad írionna an énapaig ímul-  
 caire éreíteapraig,  
 Dáguig, mullaipraig, bearrta, buimbpraig, gáibcraig mior-  
 gairig, réanapraig,  
 Ó aró a mullaig 'nar gnátao mucallaó, fáite, tulcaigíte,  
 a m-bréan-éapna,  
 Dó epáet a bonnaire, bálcraig, buinneacraig, árraig, glu-  
 gairig, éréimuirig;

21. óg comes just before n-árraíð in MS.

22. an éil. In an elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, his father, is called Donnchad an éil, and in XXXV. 90, we have cigeapna ílurcraig an éil buíbe péapraig.

*Ib.* óir-eapnaíð: M oircapglainn, which = 'bright, illustrious.'

26. Cú Duí = Cuchulainn: cf. XXII. 196.

XXXVIII.—This is a reply to a bitter satire on O'Rahilly by Domhnall na Tuille Mac Carthy whose patron was Tadgh an Duna. That chieftain died in 1696, and Mac Carthy wrote an elegy on the occasion. Some time after the sad event O'Rahilly visited the locality, and wrote his poem in praise of Warner (X.) It is

- 21      Young offspring of the aged Cormacs,  
 Fragrant rod of the 'cul' of precious melody,  
 He has the pledge of the flock for beauty,  
 A branch of long, fair progeny.

## THE BINDING.

Youth and beauty like the sun's in his pure ruddy cheek,  
 Valour, strength wondrous like the Black Dog's who gained Mis,  
 Greatness of wisdom, of hospitality, and of true nobility,  
 Are all together possessed by the hero from the Lee, it is well  
 known.

## XXXVIII.

IN REPLY TO DOMHNALL, SON OF DONOGH, *ALIAS*  
 "OF THE FLOOD."

I will crop closely, I will cut the temples of the knobby, nosy  
 vagabond,  
 Who is chinky, full of protuberances, clipped, querulous, mali-  
 cious, blinking,  
 From the top of his cliff-head, in which droves of vermin are wont  
 to be, covered over, gathered into heaps, in foul lumps,  
 To the soles of his feet of large make, full of corns, old, of empty  
 noise, scarred.

---

perhaps on this occasion that he incurred the wrath of Domhnall na Tuille. After the death of his patron, Domhnall, it is said, betook himself to a place called Coolnasnaghty on the east side of the Bandon river, opposite to the Tocher, and there, from a rocky eminence, never tired of feasting his eyes on that beloved vale.

When he lay on his death-bed, the priest who attended him told him he should never more behold the Tocher. When the priest had left, determined to falsify the prophecy, Domhnall rose from his bed, and, weak as he was, crawled to his favourite rock, whence he could behold it once more, and having taken one last look at the deserted vale expired. On the spot where he died, there is a heap of stones still pointed out called "Leacht Dhomhnaill na Tuille." Every visitor increases it by a stone. This poem suffers severely from any attempt at translation.

Scolpad an rghata, lochartha, dealb, cporba, na panna go  
léir-gonta;  
Follairpe gartac, cpocharpe cleapac, gnozarpe meata,  
péirte gluzair;  
Sopairpe rramac, pocharpe patá, cpeachairpe cana, an  
bréagairpe,  
Slogairpe rmeaptha, gearraiceac gearnaac, fíozgear na  
h-aillpe a g-cpaor-foile.

Creimpead cpoigte an élaithpe éime, ir lažapac bpirte  
cpeacacuižite.  
10 Ir air a dá éruac-fáil air a m-bíó puacacáin, polla agur  
cuapáin gpiorgaižite;  
Ingne fiara pinneac don iapann, colm agur cliž dá  
héapannaiž;  
Fé na dá loržan lóinte, bpirtižite, ržólta, rgpiortaižite,  
móir-ržinite.

Daoi žan eólur, rbraoille an éórba, cpión-žar bóžite ó  
éaož éappa;  
Fualán požalać, rpuacar žúnžac, cluar-ápó cam, ir léir-  
aimiž;  
Ppiocairpe an éopacáin, bpuingne an bóćáin, ržuibile  
porćán žeur-amuir;  
Cappaćán žearbac, ceirpeacćán rpaćapac, amlán aićipeac,  
plaod žalair.

A rgórnac ržaoilear cóirpe žaoiće bpeóžar na mílce a  
n-baor-peannuiž,  
A conablać žoiriceac ó bóć bporćanuir, bpeóžar a éoganpac  
cpaor-žarž;  
Ar é rúž Domnall, puac na g-comappan puaiž žan cpeóir  
air aon airte,  
20 Clé-mac Óonéaoža plaoržaiž možallać éaožmar bóićéilliž  
épićé-žapa.

I will tear the ragged wretch, who is planed, poor, vicious, all  
wounded into bits.

The starving miser, the hangman trickster, the powerless cripple,  
the serpent of empty noise ;

A stammerer with running eyes, a fugitive vagabond, a gaunt  
freebooter, is the liar,

A greasy swallower, a greedy glutton, who swallows the lumps  
into his greedy maw.

I will gnaw the feet of the villain caitiff, branching, broken,  
wounded,

10 And on his two hard heels on which chilblains are wont to be, are  
holes and scorched cavities.

Crooked nails made of iron, the hard covering and stem of his  
fingers,

Beneath his two shanks, sprained, bruised, scalded, bared, far  
asunder.

An ignorant clown, a stroller deserving of the gallows, an old  
burned stalk, from Barry's country.

A plundering wretch, an ill-shaped booby crooked, of tall ears, and  
a very fool.

A pincher of the pot, a fiddler about the cabin, a fragment, a crab-  
fish of keen onset.

A scabby wretch, a ragged yoke-bearer, a shameful simpleton, a  
heap of diseases.

His throat emits a storm of wind which sickens thousands into  
dire pain,

His fretful carcass, through defect of chewing, rots his coarse,  
voracious tooth-jaws ;

Domhnall is he, the hated by the neighbours, a remnant without  
vigour in a single poem,

20 Sinister son of Donogh, large-skulled, husky, jealous, churlish,  
nerveless.

Crannga an rghoicín, cranba, cair-érfon, cam na  
 g-coinníol gréirg alluir,  
 Mongaé, mílleaé, cleapaé, nómneaé, caobaé, bpuigneaé,  
 baot-méata,  
 Air dealb an rhongcaoi air eiril nuair iméirg, d'éirirg nó do  
 rié trí éaob balla;  
 Nó le fpancaig a rié ar élaupera ip éoir 'na deaðaig ag  
 tréan-éataib.

'Pílsde na Muíian cuirib-ir cunteaé air an g-crunga  
 buide-époicinn;  
 Deolcán báirbín doirceig faoi éárcuide, ip pollur gup  
 báinige rghíob opuinn;  
 Ní cuide d'éirge éoirce an éirteaé laoi ó béal ndr fínín  
 comérom,  
 Ir ndíreaé d'uairlíb ál-guirt uairbíg a dán na a duain do  
 rghíob-molaé.

### com-écanḡal.

Pollairé dealb, boé, anacraé, gégán érfon,—  
 30 Croáire garpaé na ppairge 'na beul naé epuinn,  
 Grogairé peabap a éapaio air bléin dub buide,  
 Éug porḡa dá écanḡain a gan éior air Aodhagán Fínn.

### XXXIX.

#### an bás.

(Aḡallam idir Aodhagán Ua Rathaille agus Sagaré.)

#### aodhagán.

Éaḡpaib Seoipri mór-ro árb-ríḡ aguinn,  
 Ir éaḡpaib Seoipri ó bórb na Máige míne,  
 Éaḡpaib Mór 'rar brón dá páiróide rin,  
 Éaḡpaib Seon bóinn ip Cáit Scíbin.

The head of the lean creature, is withered, twisted with age,  
crooked, with candles of greasy sweat (?),

Hairy, destructive, tricky, venomous, contentious, fond of fighting,  
spent in folly,

In the shape of a monkey, when he took to flight he rose, or ran  
through the side of a wall,

Or like a rat running towards an enclosure (?), pursued by strong  
cats.

Ye poets of Munster, ban ye this decrepid wretch, of yellow  
skin,

A noisy little bard, who spills his rubbish on papers (?), it is plain  
that it is madness that he has written against me,

It is not proper for the learned ever to listen to a poem from a  
mouth that never spun an even lay,

It is a shame for nobles of the fair proud land to write praise of  
his poems or his verse.

#### THE BINDING.

30 A poor, empty, awkward miser, a withered branchlet,

Starved hangman of porridge in a mouth unwise,

An ill-shaped wretch, who would sell his kinsfolk for a black  
yellow hag,

It was he who made unawares an attack with his tongue on Egan  
the Fair.

#### XXXIX.

*after '74.*

#### DEATH.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN EGAN O'RAHILLY AND A PRIEST.)

EGAN.

Great George, our high king, will die ;

And George, from the banks of the gentle Mague, will die ;

Mór will die, and her children will rue it ;

John Bowen and Kate Stephen will die.

## AN SAĞART.

Póil a púle, aip mipe ná bí-re tpeé,  
 Ip ná caðair breit ðiorpáire aip fuirinn ip fíor-  
 mait cáil,  
 Má cá go bfuilb real inneall na raoríte aip lár,  
 Ní cóip a éuigrinc iab uile beit claoiríte a n-ár.

## AODHAĞÁN.

10 Éağpaib an t-eac cé paða leaðair a fiubal,  
 Éağpaib an éaape an laða an reabac 'p an colúr,  
 Éağpaib an fear an bean an élann 'p a ð-clú,  
 Ip éağpaib an pağart fearğair panntac úb.

## AN SAĞART.

A Aodhağáin cóip do innip rgeól pá bpiğ úáinn,  
 Ó éağpaib an t-ðğ aip nóp na mná epíona,  
 Cá nğeabéar leó? nó 'bpuil ðlóir: o ón ápb-piğ aca?  
 Nó a bpéin go deo beib Seon ip Cáit Scíðin?

## AODHAĞÁN.

20 Luét puinip ip beópac o'ól ip rğápb fíonca,  
 'S do ðní epaop ðac ló go paobað páip aoime,  
 Má 'pí an ðlóipe ðeobaib map bápp oíolta ann,  
 Ní'l baogal go deó aip Seon ná aip Cáit Scíðin.

## AN SAĞART.

Póil a buine ná h-iméiğ an t-pliğe éomğair,  
 'S go bfuil Jones ip Gibbons 'na o-tiğéib go píceoiríte,  
 O'ólað cuille ağur iomab don fíon épóða,  
 Ğup pciall a ð-cpoidéte le mipe na caoin-beópac.

## THE PRIEST.

Stay, O poet, nor be mad for a season ;  
 Nor judge without consideration persons of truly good repute ;  
 Though the strongholds of the nobles be for the time pulled  
     down,  
 It is not just to infer that they are all worsted in the conflict.

## EGAN.

The horse will die, though long and free his stride ;  
 10 The hen, the duck, the hawk, the dove will die ;  
 The man, the woman, the children, and their fame will die ;  
 And that comfortable, covetous priest will die.

## THE PRIEST.

O honest Egan, who has told us a meaning tale,  
 Since the young child will die, no less than the aged woman,  
 Whither do they go ? Are they in glory with the High King ?  
 Or will John Bowen and Kate Stephen be in never-ending  
     torments ?

## EGAN.

Those who drink punch, and *beoir*, and wines, even to vomiting,  
 And daily yield to intemperance, and to the breaking of Friday's  
     fast,  
 If these obtain glory, as a reward for these things,  
 20 Then John Bowen and Kate Stephen need never fear.

## THE PRIEST.

Stay, O man, go not the near way ;  
 See Jones and Gibbons in peace and happiness in their dwellings,  
 Who would drink more than too much of the strong wine,  
 So that their hearts were excited by the fury of the pleasant  
     *beoir*.



## XL.

## AN T-ANPAÓ.

(bláipe.)

Dob éaghaic imirte na cuile re daor-puátar,  
 Méad na coinne re fuirneas na gaot gualpnein,  
 Taob na loinge 'ra fuirionn air treun-luarḡas,  
 Ag éigead ag cuicim go ḡinniol gan dáil puarḡaile.

## XLI.

## D' fEAR DAR D'AINM SIONÁNAIC.

Uirge ar bainne má ḡlacar ón Sionnanaic,  
 I' lem' ḡoile-rí air maibin go n-beaḡaib go ríocáncas,—  
 Dar Muire na b-plaítear le n-beaḡar-ra caoin-páirceas,  
 Le ḡhioḡaibe an ḡlaḡair ní raḡaib mo díoḡbáil-rí.

## XLII.

## AIR COILEAC DO ḡOIDEAÓ Ó SAGART MAIC.

Whereas Congar, páitélipre,  
 Sagart epáibḡeas, epíoptaigḡeas,  
 Do éainig anuḡ am láicir-pe,  
 Le ḡearán cáir ip rípinne:

ḡur ceannuig coileac áipb-fleaḡcas,  
 Dá ceapcaib ríáide ip ríog-baile,  
 baḡ bḡeáḡta rḡead ip bláimáire,  
 I' baic le rḡáil ḡas líon-baḡa;

XL.

THE STORM.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Pitiful the playing of the flood with dire destruction !  
Great the bulk of the waves, through the fury of the whirlwinds !  
The ship's side and her crew were rocked mightily,  
Screaming as they sank to the bottom without obtaining relief !

XLI.

ON A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SYNAN.

Water and milk if I have got milk from Synan,  
And that it agreed peacefully with my stomach in the morning,  
By Mary of Heaven, with whom I am on terms of fair love,  
The babbler of prattle shall not do me harm.

XLII.

ON A COCK WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM A GOOD PRIEST.

Whereas Aongus, the philosophic,  
A pious religious priest,  
Came to-day into our presence,  
Making his complaint, and avouching :

That he bought a cock of high pedigree  
For his town and manor hens ;  
Whose crow and whose bloom of beauty were of the rarest,  
And whose neck was bright with every full colour ;

10

Cúg re caogab mfn-rgillinn  
 Aip an éan dob aoiðinn cúilþrice,  
 Dúg rgiub ríobpad draoiðeaðta é  
 Ó aonað éinn na bútaige ro.

bab gáðab dá íamuil d'áirigte  
 Coilead rgeabuiðte, ip búirigte  
 Do beit dá íaireab aip íám-ðoðlad  
 A n-am gac eapruir únnuigte.

20

M'órbugað bíð, an t-áðbar rin,  
 A báillige ríat mo éurci-re,  
 Déinð cuarbugað áip-íligteað,  
 Ar rin le díograið búeraðta ;

Ná páðbuid lior na ríot-énocán,  
 Ina g-cluinþið ríð glór ná glioðunáil,  
 Gan dul a n-diaig an t-ríot-énocán,  
 Do rínn' an gífoin le plundaráil.

Wheresoever cuainreacán  
 Iona bpaðaið ríð an t-oppaacán,  
 Tuguid éugam-ra é aip puainnreacán,  
 Do g-epoðao é map dpeóilliocán.

30

For your so doing, d'oiðliogáid,  
 Ag ro uaim bíð búg n-ugðarár,  
 Map rgeíobar mo lám le cleitioacán,  
 An lá ro d'aoir an uaðtaráin.

He gave fifty fair shillings

10

For this bird of comeliest comb :

But a sprite, of druidical power,

Stole it from the fair of the county town.

One like him, indeed, much requires

A cock that crows and wakens,

To watch and keep him from soft slumber

In the time of vesper devotions.

For this reason I command you,

Ye state bailiffs of my court,

Search ye the highways,

20

And do it with zeal and earnestness :

Do not leave a *lios* or a fairy hillock,

In which you hear noise or cackling,

Without searching for the fairy urchin,

Who did the deed through plunder.

Wheresoever, in whatever hiding-place,

Ye find the little crab,

Bring him to me by a slender hair,

That I may hang him as a silly oaf.

For your so doing, as is due,

30

We hereby give you authority ;

Given under or hand with a quillet

This day of our era.

**XLIII.**

sean-cuimhne aodhaigáin uí rathaille.

[illegible]

Do éuaib an rpalpaire plaob-éallad puar air an g-erann mar éat ag rgeinn, ag teitead ó donaire gabad, gur éapla óá gáagán ag fáir epapna a éile air. Do éug pé iappaet a g-cup ó éile le neart a éurpleanaib, gur ppeababad ar a lámuib le

**XLIII.**—In a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy (23 G., 21), the title of the stanzas about the tree is given as follows:—

**Air faigáil Saighneá éiginn croída ar éiríonn a 5-coil éill a dháiríe.**

"On finding some Protestant (or Englishman) hanging from a tree in the wood of Killarney."

The last word is misspelled, but no doubt it is Killarney that is meant. If we accept the description given of the place as accurate, it is probable that the tree in question is none other than the venerable yew tree which grows in the middle of the cloister of Muckross Abbey, or, as our poet elsewhere calls it, "Mainistir Locha Léin." There is no doubt that the Mainistir has ever been regarded with peculiar veneration by the natives, so many generations of

## XLIII.

## A REMINISCENCE OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

A beautiful, precious, green-boughed tree had been growing for ages beside a church which the wicked Cromwell had despoiled, above a well overflowing with cold bright water on a green-swarded plain, which a rapacious minister had torn from a nobleman of the Gaels, who was sent over the wild raging sea through treachery and not at the edge of the sword. This lubberly, stocking-stomached, wicked minister was desirous to cut down a green, limber limb of this tree to make house furniture of it. But none of the carpenters or other workmen would meddle with the beautiful bough, since it lent them a lovely shade to hide them while they mourned in heart-broken sorrow over their fair champions who lay beneath the sod. "I will cut it down," exclaimed a gawky, bandy-legged, thin-thighed son of this sleek minister's, "and get a hatchet for me at once."

The thick-witted churl climbed up the tree, as a cat steals up when fleeing from a cry of hounds, and reached a point where two small branches crossed one another. He tried to separate them by the strength of his arms; but, in the twinkling of an eye, they

---

whom are buried beside it; and the yew tree that overshadows their graves is itself looked upon as almost sacred. There seems no doubt that the yew tree is as old as the abbey itself, and many are the legends concerning it that are widely circulated. It was long regarded as impious to touch a leaf or branch of this tree: and if we believe the legends, all such desecrations have been visited with signal vengeance. See one of these legends in "Ireland: its Scenery and Antiquities," pp. 23 *et seq.* In view of this mass of popular tradition, the story here recorded is quite intelligible, but still there is a heartlessness about some of the details that makes one suspect that many of them have been invented. The story as given here is taken from O'Kearney's MS. in the Royal Irish Academy. I have not seen any other version of it in this form. There is no well in the neighbourhood of this tree: but the well and other details are probably invented by the writer.

ppab na rúl cappa a déile arís, ag bpeit aip a psb agur aga  
époéad go h-árb idir aodap ar ipponn. Annpin a bÍ an  
riapac Sappanaiz ag epacéad a éor le paingce an gaib, agur é  
'na fearaín aip "nothing." Agur a duib-liag ceangán amac  
pad bata ag magab paol na aéaip.

Do rǵread ar do béic an minipóip map huic a mala nó map  
ǵeab a nǵreim paol ǵeata (ní nárb b' ionǵnac) pad a bÍ an  
loéc oibre ag paǵáil opéimipóide cum é ǵeappab ánuar. Do bÍ  
Aodagán Ua Rathaille ó Shlab Luacra na laocpad ann ag  
peitíom aip époéaip na cnáibe, agur do éan an laoió reo:—

"Ip maít do éopaó a épáinn,  
Rat do éopaíó aip ǵac aon épaolb,  
Mo épacé! ǵan epáinn Inpi Fáil  
Lán dob' éopaó ǵac aon la."

"What is the poor wild Irish devil saying?" ar an minipóip.

"He is lamenting your darling son," ar ǵaige bÍ laim leip.

"Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco," ar an méitbrioc  
minipóipe.

"Thank 'ee, a minipóip an liliú Mallaéam" (*i.e.* an diabhal),  
ar Aodagán, ar do éan an laoió:—

"hupú, a minipóip a éug do óá pínǵinn dam  
A b-éacó do leimb a éaoineac!  
Oíbe an leimb pín aip an ǵ-cuid eile aca  
Siap go heapball ciméioll."

slipped from his grasp, and closing on his neck held him suspended high between heaven and hell. Then was the confounded Sassenach dangling his feet in the dance of the bough, while he stood on "nothing," and his black-bladed tongue protruded a stick's length, as if in mockery of his father.

The minister screamed and bawled like a pig in a bag or as a goose gripped beneath a gate (and no wonder) while the workmen were getting ladders to take him down. Egan O'Rahilly from Sliabh Luachra of the heroes was present, attending on the villain of the hemp, and he chanted this song :—

" Good is thy fruit, O tree,  
May every branch bear such good fruit.  
Alas ! that the trees of Innisfail  
Are not full of thy fruit each day."

" What is the poor wild Irish devil saying ? " said the minister.

" He is lamenting your darling son," replied a wag who stood beside him.

" Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco," said the sleek badger of a minister.

" Thank 'ee, Minister of the Son of Malediction " (*i. e.* the devil), replied Egan ; and he chanted this ode :—

" Hurroo ! O minister, who didst give me thy two pence  
For chanting a lament for thy child ;  
May the fate of this child attend the rest of them  
Back to the tail and all round."



## XLIV.

## CLANN TOMÁIS.

(Tógta ar "Eadtra Clainne Tomás.")

Ar í rin epát agur aimpir éainiz pádraiz go h-éirinn ag  
 ísoléur epábaib agur cpeidiú. . . . Ro éionóil pádraiz naoim  
 agur raoite éirionn éum aon baill, agur ar í comáirle do  
 rónrad, na heactar-éinél agur na hil-éinél diabluide uile do  
 díóctur ar éirinn aet Tomás aiháin. Níor b'féidir an cpeidiom  
 do éangal le Tomás—amail ip deapbét ag a flioct gur andiu,  
 óir ní féidir teagarz Cpsorbaige ná múd raoirbneac ná aítne  
 racraimeinte do múnad dóib—agur óir nár b'féidir, ar iad ro  
 fágbála agur geara do fágaib pádraiz ag Tomás agur ag a  
 flioct .i. buad liorbaéta lubartaéta agur lán-míotara; buad  
 béicide, bpuighe, bpéige, buailte, agur batapála. Agur go  
 m-bad é buó biaó dóib féiteaéa éinn agur cora na m-beaéaé  
 n-éigcaillaide, fuil agur pollraét agur ionaéar na n-ainmígté  
 eile agur fóir go m-bad é buir apán agur annlann dóib .i. apán  
 aih ainhéiorac éórna, agur praireaéta ppsómraíla pracáir, agur  
 bun-bainne agur bpéin-sm con-puibéac cuar-gorm gabar agur  
 caoraé; agur go m-bad é buir ceól agur oirpide dóib .i. rgréaéac  
 agur gól-gápta cailleac, gáplac, agur con-mádrada, agur  
 gpaipinne ceape, muc, agur mionnán; . . . gan gpad ag neac  
 aca dá éile; agur a m-bpíg agur a m-beaéta do éaíteam le  
 raoéar agur le tpeabaireaét agur le corraim, do éoéugaó an  
 aora uapail fá iolcuatáib na g-epíoc; agur an éuib ar feárr  
 dá g-cuib lóim do éairgeac agur do éoimeac fá éómair éaie;  
 agur fóir, an té do ééanpad maie agur móir-éórnaib dóib, go  
 m-bad é buó luğa orpa, agur an té do buailpeac agur do

## XLIV.

## CLAN THOMAS.

*before 1713.*

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THIS was the time and season in which Patrick came to Erin, to sow the seed of piety and faith. . . . Patrick assembled the saints and wise men of Erin to one place; and the resolution they came to was, to banish all the foreign races and the diabolical races out of Erin except Thomas alone. It was impossible to give the faith to Thomas—as is evident in his progeny to this day—since it is impossible to teach them the catechism, or the manner of confession, or the knowledge of the sacraments; and since that was impossible, these are the bequests and restrictions that Patrick left to Thomas and his descendants: superiority in sloth, in slovenliness, in awkwardness; superiority in screaming, in fighting, in lying, in beating, and in club-fighting; and their food was to be the sinews, the heads, and the legs of the brute beasts; the blood and gore and entrails of the other animals, and also their bread and sauce were to be strange bread of barley and primitive porridge of oatmeal, skim-milk, and rancid butter of goats and sheep, interspersed with hairs of hounds, and with blue interstices; and their music and melody were to be the screaming and the crying of old women, children, and dog-hounds, and the noise of hens, of pigs, and of kids; . . . while none of them should love the other; and they were to spend their vigour and their lives in labour and ploughing, and in attendance, to support the nobles in the various districts of the lands; and they were to save and keep the best of their food for others; and also whoever should do good to them and defend them greatly, him they should dislike the most; and whoever should strike them and

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satire "Eachtra Chloinne Thomais." They are given here as specimens of his prose style and of his satirical genius.

éaiépeað agur do éarppað iad go m-bað é þur annra leð amail  
aðeir an pile—

*Rustica gens est optima flens et pessima gaudens,  
Ungentem pungit, pungentem rusticus ungit.*

Do éaiéaðar an Ólann ran Tomáir agur a plioét bá n-eir  
a n-aímpir go rúgað ro-beatagíte amail d'órðaið Þáðraið dóib,  
óir nfor éleactaðar biaða raora ro-éaiéme, ná beoða mílpe  
meirgeamla, ná éaðaiðe glana baðamla, aét léinteaða ear-  
gcaointeaða earcarpaið, agur plat-éótaða plíme rndaíé-peampra  
do þréan-élmí þocán agur ainnigíte eile, agur bróga bréana  
úr-leatáir agur bíréio ríara þab-éluapaða gan éuma gan  
éarpuðað, agur úrþionna maola meirgeaða mífaiamla; agur  
iad, mar d'órðaið Þáðraið dóib, ag þaire agur ag róðnam, ag  
treabairpaét agur ag þriadaðáét do máitib na g-críóé le  
réimíor gaða ríð le h-aímpir imíðian ag oirpeamuin don peáét  
ríofóða amail bað éleáét dóib.

## XLV.

### AN cLEAIHNAS.

(Tóðta ar “Éaétara Óloinne Tomáir.”)

Do bí caoirpaé do úéarppagaið do na cineaðaib rin do  
ríolétaið ó Tomáir .i. Murpað Maoléluapað Ua Multuapgaire,  
agur ar é baile iona n-aíreabað an Murpað rin a g-Cluain  
míc Nóir, agur pe linn Réidlime a éabairt a éuapba tímíolli na  
h-Éiríonn, d'þár raibþreap aðbal-mór rir an Murpað rin, agur  
do éuir an þear rin teáéta pá éeítpe h-olléórigib Éiríonn do  
éionól gaé a paib do luét éólaip agur uðuapáir ar Ólann  
Tomáir go Cluain míc Nóir. Éangaðar go h-áit aon baile  
agur do þearpað fáilte ó llinurpað þeompa agur ar é aubairt:  
“A þráítpe ionmíune,” ar ré, “ar uime do éuirpeap réin þior-  
oppaib éum comairle do éabairt dam cia an bean bíongmála  
do úéarppainn, óir ir mícib baib-ra bean do éabairt iar n-éag

beat them violently, him they should love the most, as the poet says:—

The rustic race is best when weeping, and worst when rejoicing;  
The rustic stabs him who anoints him, and anoints him who stabs  
him.

Clan Thomas, and their progeny after them, passed their time merrily, and with good cheer, as Patrick ordained for them, for they did not use luxurious savoury food, or sweet, intoxicating beverages, or clean, beautiful clothes, but rough shirts of tow, and thin thick-threaded rod-coats of the putrid hair of the he-goats and other animals, and putrid boots of fresh leather, and crooked long-eared caps without form or shape, and pointless, unsightly, rusty clogs, while, as Patrick ordered them, they waited on, and served and ploughed and harrowed for the nobles of the country during the reign of every king from time immemorial, obeying the kingly laws as was their duty.

## XLV.

### THE MATCH.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THERE was a chieftain who was distinguished among those races that sprang from Thomas, namely Murchadh Maolchluasach O Multuasgairt, and the town in which this Murchadh lived was Clonmacnoise. And when Feidhlim was making the round of Erin, exceeding great riches grew to this Murchadh; and this man sent messengers to the four great provinces of Erin to assemble all that were learned, or had authority, of Clan Thomas to Clonmacnois. They came to one place, and Murchadh bade them welcome, and spoke thus:—"My dear kinsmen," he said, "the reason why I sent for you is that you may advise me what worthy woman I may take to wife, for it is time for me to take a wife after the death of my spouse. There is a noble

mo bain-déile, agus atá caoircead aithre a g-cúige áluinn  
 Connaéte .i. Maḡnur Ua Maḡaḡáin, agus ní beag linn a fá-  
 admaois gan ár bfuil d'uairliuḡad, agus rinn fá ḡaoirpe ag  
 póḡnaí do éad gur anois. Agus atá inḡion áluinn ag an  
 Maḡnur rin, agus cuirpeab-ra, lé buir g-coḡaiple, ceadta dá  
 h-iarraib por a h-aḡair." Dubḡabap cad uile gur ḡlic agus  
 gur déillidhe an rmuaineab rin ar a b-éidinḡ, agus gur éoir rin  
 do déanaí, agus ar iad po bream do cuirpeab ann .i. ceatrap  
 filidhe pallraihanta fíor-ḡlic ró-poḡlama do Óloinn Comáir,  
 mar atá Maḡaḡáin Mór, bearnapb bpoinn-peaḡap, Concu-  
 bar Cpoim-éannaé agus Niall O Neanncanáin. Do ḡababap  
 ar a g-ceann, agus abubairc Niall an laoid ḡo h-ealaḡanta  
 annpo:—

Slán agad a lliurcáid llióir,  
 A éinn coḡaiple an plub ó plib,  
 Ar iomda ab' dún pónaire, oirnéir,  
 Fuil, coircéir ir ḡliogḡam ḡlic.

Slán d'fuirpinn na g-corrán nḡear,  
 D' iteab bpuéte le buaindéir,  
 Ná bíod dian dár bpanncánad,  
 ḡruamda ḡarḡ-fálaé ná ḡear.

Slán do ḡrian ó ḡriolláin fuairc,  
 Fear ḡrónáin a g-cluair a míc,  
 Slán do lliurpáin ar do lliuibb,  
 Náir púte a raintc ar náir it min.

Mo plán buite a bearnáirp buirb,  
 'S a locláin ḡuirp, náir éreim enáin  
 An bpoḡḡ ḡlic náir éairpéiréad  
 Sluaḡ aimléiréad na g-cpoir lán.

Do mól Murcáid agus uile ar éana an dán rin, agus  
 éugabap muinceap agus maíte a éaglaig mionna agus mór-  
 bpaḡra ná bearnad piaiḡ poihie rin a coḡ-maite rin d'éigre  
 ná d'ealaḡan 'ran domian, ar mlipead ar binnior ná ar fuair-  
 cior. Agus éidinḡ fear fíreólaé poḡlamta Óloinne Comáir  
 do láḡair .i. brian O bliuḡaibe, agus baḡ mór tra fíor, poḡ-  
 luim, agus fíreólar an fíor rin, agus abubairc ḡrab é ppoih-

chieftain in the beautiful province of Connaught, that is Maghnus O Madagáin; and we deem that we have been too long without ennobling our blood, being in slavery, serving others unto this day; and this Maghnus has a beautiful daughter, and I will send messengers with your advice to ask her of her father." All said that it was a clever and sensible idea that he had hit upon; and that it was proper to carry it out. And these are the persons that were sent, namely four philosophic, truly clever, very learned poets of Clan Thomas: that is, Mahon Mór, Bearnard Stout-stomach; Conchubhar Stooping-head, and Niall O Neanntanáin. They went on their way, and Niall spoke this lay learnedly as follows:—

Farewell to thee, O great Murchadh,  
Thou counselling head of the plub o plib,  
Much tackling and beans in thy stronghold,  
Blood, grandeur, and rattle of bells (?).

Farewell to the band of the sharp reaping-hooks,  
Who would eat refuse through ear-reaping,(?)  
That was not severe, stubborn, grumbling,  
Gloomy, rough-heeled, or bitter.

Farewell to Brian O'Briolláin the joyous,  
A man who sings *cronan* in the ear of his son,  
Farewell to Morrian and to Meadhbh,  
Who were not found avaricious, and who ate not meal.

My farewell to thee, O proud Bernard,  
And thee, too, blue Lochlann, who didst not gnaw bones,  
The wise band, not incoherent in words,  
The clumsy host of the full girdles.

Murchadh, and all besides, praised this poem; and the people and nobles of his house vowed and swore that there never before was composed in the world a poem or composition so good as that, in sweetness, in harmony, and in humour. And a truly knowing, learned man, of Clan Thomais, came before them; that is, Brian O'Blungaide; and great, indeed, was the knowledge, learning, and true wisdom of this man; and he said that it was the chief *ollamh* of

ollañ árpriḡ éirionn do éad-éim an airdé rin, agus ir mór do molaḡ map do h-iaḡaḡ an uán rin, agus aré ainm éuz ḡrian uirte .i. Ceatpaḡa na córa.

Ḥluairḡ an ḡponḡ ran peompa a n-ḡiréaḡ ḡaḡa conaire agus ḡaḡa caoim-eḡlair, nó ḡo ránḡadap láim pe Ceapaiz an Aráin, agus do ḡealaḡḡe na bláitḡe nó na m-bairḡairḡe, agus do ḡearnain Ḥlaoidé na Meacán, agus do Ráḡ na Ppairḡe, agus do buailḡin an ḡónaire, agus do Cúil na Míne, agus do Lior na nḡarḡáin, agus do Ḥaoim-aic an ḡráinniz, agus ránḡadap peompa baḡ éuaḡ do leicimiol Mlaḡaire Ḥonnaḡt nó ḡo ránḡadap cig Mlaḡnair Uí Mlaḡaḡáin, agus ar m-beiḡ ḡóib aḡ rárbáil ḡo raḡmar-ḡrḡḡaḡ ar fáitḡe an uḡna, éáiniz Maḡnur iona ḡ-comḡáil, agus riarḡairḡior ḡóib cia h-iaḡ féin agus créaḡ cug iad no cán a ḡ-ḡánḡadap. Ḥinnḡeapap na ceat-airḡe cia h-iaḡ féin agus créaḡ cug iad. Abubairḡ Maḡnur “Ir aitḡe ḡáinne ḡur ḡ-cinéal agus fḡr ir aitḡioḡ uḡinn ḡur uaine raibḡir ḡur ḡ-ḡigearna.” Do éuir Maḡnur iomopḡo ceatḡa ar a ḡraoiḡib agus ar a ḡlaḡib. Ḥánḡadap an luḡt feara rin do láḡair agus do laḡair Maḡnur riḡ, agus ar ead abubairḡ:—“Ir uime do éuirior féin fḡor opuib .i. inḡion éruḡaḡ éaoim-áluinn éá aḡampa, agus éáiniz iarraib uirpe ó Mlurḡaḡ Mlaḡluapaḡ Ua Mlḡuapḡairḡ, agus ar caoiréaḡ ḡromḡoicéaḡ an fear rin.” “Ar fearaḡ rinn-ne,” ar na ḡraoiḡib, “ḡurab don éine éḡpḡoma an ḡ-ḡlaḡ rin, agus ní ḡleaḡḡar do neaḡ ḡ’ḡolair uairḡe meapḡaḡ ar ḡolair úir-íḡle, ḡir dá méaḡ maḡ-nair agus deaḡ-ḡoḡluim do ḡeibib an ḡ-aor anuapal, ná onḡir ná uḡḡarár ar éana, ní bí mḡḡ ’na m-béarair ná meapḡbaḡt ionnḡa, máp fḡor ḡ’éḡláir; agus ar amlair arḡearḡ an fearl-raḡuim fḡir-ḡlic—

*Rustica progenies nescit habere modum.*

Agus dá réir rin ní cóir buic-rí ḡo deḡ ná ḡo deiréaḡ an doḡain ḡ’fuil féin do fálaḡ le fuil bodair ná ladḡainn, ḡir ní mianaḡ maḡt iad; agus fḡr ní ḡ-fuil cruḡ dá aoirḡe iona raḡairḡir, ná onḡir dá méaḡ do ḡeibib, ná oirḡ ná uḡḡarár, naḡ é ḡur mian leḡ na ḡola uairḡe ḡ’ḡliuḡaḡ agus do mar-luḡaḡ dá ḡ-ḡigear leḡ a déanaḡ.”

Ḥidead do bí bean uairḡeáḡ iomapḡaḡ lán-ḡannḡaḡ aḡ

the high king of Erin, that first composed this poem ; and the manner in which the poem was wound up was greatly praised ; and the name Brian called it was " Ceathramha na córa," the regular quatrain.

This band went on in the straightness of every way, and every fair guidance, until they came near to the Tillage-plot of the Bread, and to the Roads of the Buttenmilk or of the Beet-roots, and to the Gap of the Fence of the Parsnips, and to the Rath of the Porridge, and to the Little Field of the Beans, and to the Corner of the Meal, and to the Lios of the Bran, and to the Beautiful Place of the Grain, and they proceeded northwards to the verge of the Plain of Con-naught, until they arrived at the house of Maghnus O'Madigáin ; and as they were tramping with their thick boots on the lawn of the stronghold, Maghnus came to meet them, and asked them who they were, and what was their business, and whence they came. The messengers told him who they were, and what was their business. Maghnus said, " I know your race ; and, moreover, I know that your lord is a rich man." Then Maghnus sent for his druids and his chief men. These wise men came before him, and Maghnus spoke to them, and this is what he said :—" This is the reason why I sent for you : I have a comely, very beautiful daughter, and Murchadh Maolcluasach O Multuasgairt has sent to ask her hand, and that man is an exceeding rich nobleman." " We know," said the druids, " that that young man is of the rustic race, and it is not permitted for any of noble blood to unite with blood of a low degree ; for, however great prosperity and good education the low-born obtain, however, great honour and authority, there is no polish in their manners, they observe no moderation, if the learned say true ; and thus spake the very clever philosopher—

The rustic race know not how to observe moderation.

And for that reason it is not right for thee for ever, nor till the end of the world, to soil thy own blood with the blood of churl or robber, seeing that they are not a good breed ; and, moreover, there is no position, however high, they would attain to ; there is no honour, however great, or office, or authority, they would obtain, that would prevent them from desiring to humiliate the noble families, and to insult them if they could do so."

However, Maghnus had a proud, arrogant, most avaricious wife,



Maḡnur, agus ar ead abubairc gur b'feárr léi féin raidbhear agus foénaé ag a h-ingin an feab do beab beó, ná fuil ná poḡluim dá feabur agus beit ar díe raidbhir. Do éiríodh an bean lán-fanncaé rin lilaḡnuir an cleamnar d'aimhdeoin na n-draoite.

## XLVI.

## AN COMHAIRLE GLIC.

(Tógta ar “Eactra Óloinne Comáir.”)

Do bádar Clann Comáir mar rin fá éuinḡ, nárl léizeab dóib a ḡ-cínn do tógbáil, acé beit fá daoipre do péir an t-peanpeacéa go h-aimpir Čaiḡ mic Mḡpéab mic Čapča ip Čoirḡealbair mic Ūiarmaba mic Čoirḡealbair mic Čaiḡ mic Ūriain bóirime do beit a ḡ-comḡlaitear; agus do bí fear-óḡlaé pīor-mór don Óloinn rin Comáir ar Mlačaire Čairil ag áicpeab, agus do bí inḡion éruéab čaom-áluinn ag an d-čaoipeab rin, agus Čairbpe Črom Ua Čéirín ainm an óḡlaḡ rin, agus Seilḡeán ainm na h-inḡine, agus do čuair čeir na h-inḡine rin ar pḡiaḡacé agus ar áilleacé ar feab na críče go com-čoirčean, agus do bí mórán do mairib Óloinne Comáir d'iarrair na h-inḡine rin ar ḡac aon čóige á n-čirinn. Do bí Mlačaire Čairil uile fá čruiteacé ag Rinḡin mac Aoba Ūuib agus ag a bḡáirib .i. Páilbe agus Plann, agus ní raib a pīor aca cionnur do fábbálpairib an leap čruiteacéa rin, agus ar í comairle ar a deánḡabar, pīor do čur ar Čairbpe Črom Ua Čéirín, óir do bí čeir raidbhir agus ḡliocair air an ḡ-Čairbpe rin čar Óloinn Comáir uile. Čárlabar dá mac Aoba Ūuib do .i. Rinḡin agus Páilbe, agus ar ead abubrador rir:—“Čréab an ḡliocar do véanpamaoir le a mbairpimír a bḡuil do čruiteacé air Mlačaire Čairil?” “Acá inḡion áluinn aḡam-ra,” ar Čairbpe, “do deárrḡnair ar áilleacé ar inḡion-airb Óloinne Comáir uile ar feab an doḡam, agus do čuair a čeir agus a čuapḡḡbáil fá čéirpe h-ollčóirib čirionn, agus ar mór do mairib Óloinne Comáir éáinḡ dá čóčmaire agus dá

and what she said was, that she would prefer her daughter to have riches and prosperity while she lived, than either blood or learning, however good, without riches. This most avaricious wife of Maghnus concluded the match in spite of the druids.

## XLVI.

## THE WISE COUNSEL.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

The Clan Thomas were thus under the yoke, so that it was not permitted them to lift their heads, but they were kept in servitude to the time that Tadhg, son of Murchadh Mac Cartha and Toirdhealbach, son of Diarmuid, son of Toirdhealbach, son of Tadhg, son of Brian Boru, were rulers of equal authority. Now, there was a young man truly great of Clan Thomas, dwelling in the Plain of Cashel, and that chieftain had a well-shaped, very beautiful daughter; and Cairbre Crom O Céirín was this young man's name, and Seilgean was the daughter's name; and the fame of this daughter for beauty and loveliness spread throughout the entire country; and there were many of Clan Thomas who sought the hand of this daughter from every province of Erin. The whole Plain of Cashel was growing wheat for Finneen, son of Aodh Dubh, and for his brothers, that is, Fáilbhe and Flann; and they knew not how to save that large sea of wheat; and the plan they adopted was to send for Cairbre Crom O'Céirín, since this Cairbre had a reputation for riches and wisdom beyond all the Clan Thomas. The two sons of Aodh Dubh met him, that is Finneen and Fáilbhe, and this is what they said to him: "What plan are we to adopt, so that we may get all the wheat on the Plain of Cashel cut?" "I have a beautiful daughter," said Cairbre, "who has surpassed in beauty all the daughters of Clan Thomas throughout the world, and her fame and reputation have spread through the four great provinces of Erin, and many are the chief men of Clan Thomas who have come to the house ere this to woo her, and to ask her hand; and none of them got from her anything save refusal to this day. She is now at

h-iarrpaib don tigh riamh, agus ní bfuair neac díobh uaire aet eiteac gur andiu, agus acá rí anoir ar bup g-cup-ra, agus cuirib-rí teaceta pá éirinn uile dá foillriugab do Cloinn Tomáir, zac neac díobh le n-ar mian teaceta do éocmaire Seilgedin ingine Cairbre, beic a g-ceann epí reachtuine v'pógthar ar Mlaðaire Cairil do buain na cruicneaceta rin, agus grib díobh buanaide ar pedar, go b-fuigib an ingion rin air peir láime agus leapeta." Agus adubhabar Clann Aoda Duib gur maic agus gur glic an cómaire rin ar a v-cáinig ré, ir do rinneac amlaib aca, ir do éionóladar Clann Tomáir lán do bpuic ir do bopraac ar zac áic a rababap, an méab do bí calma pe peidm agus pe poptán v'imire, go v-cángabap uile go Mlaðaire Cairil. . . .

An tan éainig am na buana éuca, éángabap éum aonbaill, agus a n-airm áig agus iorgoile leó .i. a rúiréide colp-rampa epainn-righe, agus a g-coppáin faobair-géara ppair-éiaclaéa agus a n-uiréionna rnar-garba cauib-rmeapeta ráil-leatna, agus meanaide biopaéa bláicéapeta air fuprain zac pír díobh. Do fuigead a iomaire péin a láimh zac aoin díobh, agus do cuireac Seilgedin na fuige air gpuaid iomaire ór a g-cómair. Ir annrin do épomabap go cíopac ciarpánac, agus eugabap na pír calma rin ríde pannaéa rápluaimneac pán muing maipig mion-épuicneaceta rin do bí púéa. Adélor go h-iméian uaéa riormapnac agus reopbán na lán-bopnán reacnóin na muing mion-rgoéaide do zac leac. Baó pollup epa do luéc a bfeicim go h-eidipéian uaéa cairmire agus coirpgleó a b-éiacal b-ppairpeamap b-paóipónac le fuicac agus le ppaóé fupráin ag buain pcpainn agus pfor-éopairg dá céile. Baó bopéa epa an t-aóabap go h-eidipéian uaéa ó éuibnéala agus ó bpuéaig buaibreacá agus ó volac anála na b-peap-óglac ran, ag leagac agus ag lán-cupnac na lán-bopnán do zac leac. Do bíobap uile a g-comópac go clirve calma a g-coirpgleó go h-airmip dínnéir díobh, agus ar é baó reíobap agus baó deag-ponnaire oppa .i. Cairbre péin, agus adubaire leó uile fuige éum bíó agus do fuigeadap go h-ollam, agus do cuir ppubán úr imiol-éam am-fuince opoépuicéte ppaáir agus giorba bunaca bun-pamap bláéaide agus pamap-bainne a b-éiaónaire gacá déire díobh. agus miar do meacnáib ceann-éaoéacá

your disposal, and do ye send messengers throughout all Erin to announce to Clan Thomas, that all of them who were desirous to woo Seilgean, daughter of Cairbre, should be, at the end of three weeks of autumn, on the Plain of Cashel to reap that wheat, and that whichever is the best reaper of them will get that daughter in marriage." And the sons of Aodh Dubh said that was a good and wise counsel on which he had hit, and they acted accordingly. And Clan Thomas assembled full of vigour and pride from every place in which they were, as many of them as were bold in displaying action and force, until they all came to the Plain of Cashel. . . .

When the time for reaping arrived, they came to one place, having with them their weapons of battle and strife; that is, their thick-wattled flails of tough wood and their keen-edged, fine-toothed reaping-hooks, and their rough-grained, side-smear'd, wide-heeled clogs, and pointed awls of true beauty at the girdle of each man of them. His own ridge was appointed for each of them. Seilgean was made to sit on the verge of a ridge in front of them; and then they began eagerly and with buzzing: and these stout men made a greedy, very vigorous attack on the beautiful plain of fine wheat on which they stood. Far from them was heard the hissing and the rustling of the full handfuls throughout the fair-flowered plain on every side. Manifest, in sooth, to the onlookers at a distance from them was the struggle of their long-beaked, thick, and frequent teeth, through their boiling-up and rage of fury to gain ground and the foremost place of one another. In sooth, the air was dark for a long distance from them, on account of the black clouds of horrid belching and the breath of the young men, as they brought down and overthrew the full handfuls on every side. They were all contending cleverly and stoutly in the contest until dinner time. And their steward and organizer was Cairbre himself; and he told them all to sit down to food, and they sat down willingly; and he placed a fresh, crooked-centred, ill-baked, ill-kneaded cake of oatmeal, and a can of heavy sediment of butter-milk and thick milk before every pair of them, and a dish of parsnips, exotic-headed, half-boiled, and a kitchen of grey lumps, with blue cavities and crooked hairs, of the putrid butter of goats and sheep. They proceeded to gulph down and cut in fragments that food, with relish and with fierce biting; and like to a drove of biting, snorting, starved pigs, grunting at a refuse

leat-*bhuigíte* agus annlann do *glair-millínib* cuar-*gorma* cam-*puibeata*, do *brein-sm* *gabbar* agus caoraí. Do *gabbar* agus *ploga* agus *plim-gearrad* na beataí ran go *blarba* *borb-greamannaí*, agus baí *famail* le *rgaot* do *mucaib* *greamaíla* gearánaí *gorataí*, agus gearán um *bríobar* *ppairge* agus an*bhuic* an *gliormannaí* agus an *blarmannaí* do *gníoir* dá *féacáin* eia aca baí *éirga* *rátaí*. Annnin iar *g-corg* a *íota* agus a *ocrair* *abubairt* *Catal* *Clímaí* *Ua* *buirglein* naí *raib* *peap* a *hiongála* *féin* a *m-buain* a *m-bualad* ná a *m-buan-roimar*, ná a *n-oibreata* *peadmaíla* *pupránta* eile dá *éuinn* *calmáin*, a*é* muna *b-pagtaoi* *dearbáráir* eile do *féin* do *rágaib* 'ran *m-baile* ar *luaíair* *leatan-glair* *Deagáir* .i. *loclann* *leatan*. *Abélor* an *cóiríad* rin *eatoppa* uile go *féirleatan*, agus do *preagair* *Giolla* *Dábraig* agus *abubairt*: “*Éugar* *féin* *éirg* *deab* *peap* *liom* a *h-Ultaib* agus ní *bhuil* *aon* *íob* naí *poratmaíla* *ann* *gaí* *peiríom* dá *n-bubairt*.” “*Ar* *féor* *rin*,” ar *Conall* *cnáim-peuimar*, “*óir* ní *raib* *leat* *íllóga* *riam* *ioncomórtair* le *leat* *éirída* *éorantaí* *Luinn*, agus *ir* *dearb* a *m-béaluib* *ruad* agus *reanáid* *gair* *éir* *Eogan* *Mór* *linn-ne* *air* *íllai* *Léana*, agus *gair* *éir* *Cúir* *mac* *Dáirpe* le *Coineulainn* agus ar *dearb* le *h-íol-éatáib* eile *pe* *h-íom-éorantáir* *éirionn* *gair* *rinne* *peir* baí *éirída* agus baí *éalma* an *gaí* *peiríom* *íob* *rin*, agus an *méad* *éánamair* *ne* *annro* ó *leat* *éuinn* ní *bhuil* *comórad* *agáir-pe* *rinne* *andru*.” “*Éugar* do *gair* ar do *deirg-éiríad*,” ar *Catal*, “*agus* *má* do *éir* *Eogan* *Mór* *air* *íllai* *Léana*, ní do *láim* *éuinn* do *éir*, a*é* le *h-íomad* *anpórlainn*. Agus *má* *éir* *Cúir* do *láim* *éuinn*, ní le *gairge* do *éir* *fé* a*é* *eré* *feall* do *deinead* *air* a *lor* a *mna* *féin*.” Agus do *éirg* a *láim* *ludapá* *lán-gairb* *éairir*, ar *éir* *amur* *ainbrioraí* *air* *éonall* do *éorán* *érom* *éoirpíaclaí* do *bí* *iona* *láim*, agus do *buaib* *bpat-huille* *baogálaí* *báir* a *béir-mullaí* na *h-íneinne* *air*, *gair* baí *lán* an *íomairpe* dá *éir* *pola*. Ar annnnin *era* *b'éirgeadair* na *peir* *pupránta* *por* *gaí* *leat* agus do *éuadair* a *n-órdugaí* *mar* do *raíad* *Conn* agus *Eogan*, agus do *róiríad* dá *leat* *íob* .i. *Lairgí* agus *Muníng* do *éad*, *Ultaig* *Connadair* agus *peir* *íllíde* do *éad* eile, agus do *gabrad* na *ppíom-éairí* do *bí* *orra* agus *órdugaí* a *b-éoraí* an *éata* *rin* do *gaí* *leat*. Ir annnnin *éuadair* *íde* *panntaí* *ráir-neirínead*

of porridge and broth, was the noise they made in swallowing and tasting, in emulation as to which of them would first have had his fill. Then, after his hunger and thirst had been allayed, Cathal Clúmhach O'Brisglein said that there was no man a match for himself in reaping, in threshing, or constant-digging, or in other works of vigour and strength, on the surface of the land, unless a brother of his own might be procured, whom he had left at home on the wide green rushes of Deaghadh, namely, Lochlann the broad. This saying was widely heard among them all, and Giolla Patrick answered and said : " I myself brought with me from Ulster five hundred men, and there is not one of them who is not abler in every feat you have mentioned." " That is true," said Conall the thick-boned ; " since Leath Mhogha was never to be compared with the brave, defensive Leath Chuinn, and it is certain, from the sayings of learned men and historians, that Eoghan Mor fell at our hands on Magh Leana, and that Cúrí Mac Daire fell at the hand of Cuchulainn ; and it is clear, from many other battles for the defence of Erin, that it is we who are the bravest and stoutest men in each of these feats ; and you can bear no comparison to-day with as many of us as came here from Leath Chuinn." " You are a confounded liar," said Cathal ; " and if Eoghan Mor fell at Magh Leana, it was not at the hand of Conn he fell, but through too overwhelming a force ; and if Cúrí fell by the hand of Cuchulainn, it was not through valour he fell, but through the treachery practised on him by his own wife." And he raised his slovenly, very rough hand above him, and aimed at Cathal a violent blow of a crooked, cross-toothed, reaping-hook which he held in hand, and gave him a destructive, dangerous death-stroke on the very top of his head, so that the ridge was full of his blood. Then, indeed, the strong men arose on every side, and they got into array as would Conn and Eoghan ; and they made two divisions of themselves ; that is, the Leinstermen and the Munstermen on one side, and the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen and the Meathmen on the other side ; and their leaders proceeded to give command in the front of that battle on each side. Then they made an eager, very venomous attack on one another, and raised their lusty, strong-waved bellowing on high, and their noise was heard to the vault of heaven. Terrible and very horrible was the response of the echoes in the caves, and in the islands, in the hills, in the woods, in the cavities, and in the deep-hollowed rocks of the land.

D'ionnraige a déile agur eugadap a d-epomhúitepead éeann  
épeatán-láidip ór árð, agur bað élor a b-poðap go cleitib  
neithe. bað h-uatmar úr-ðránna coimh-épeagrad na mac  
alla a n-uatmaib, agur a n-oileánnaib, a ð-enocaið, a ð-coill-  
cið, a ð-euaránnaib, agur a ð-caiprgeadaið euarðoinne na  
ð-epíóð.

πάντα ἑ φιλιῶν εἰλε.

POEMS BY OTHER POETS.



## XLVII.

## LAOIÓ TAIÓG UÍ DÚINNÍN.

(Aḡ caoinead na n-uapal u'Éirig ran ḡ-coḡad dáḡḡad 1691).

Ír leun liom leaḡad na b-plaḡa ar na b-ḡor-uairle,  
b-ḡearḡaḡ, b-ḡearḡalaḡ, b-ḡearḡupaḡ, b-ḡon-ḡuaḡaḡ,  
Do bḡarḡaḡ ḡearann dom ḡaḡail-ḡe ḡaoi dḡalḡur,  
ḡaor ó ḡraḡaib ḡan ḡabairḡ aip ḡlor uaim-ḡe.

Aḡ é ḡuḡ ḡabḡuirḡeaḡ ḡaḡaḡ me ḡor-bḡuaibḡeaḡ,  
ḡéamur aipḡḡe ón m-bḡeaḡain ḡan dḡiḡe aip ḡuanaiḡ,  
A ḡḡeaḡ aip ḡḡaḡeaḡ dá ḡḡeaḡaḡ ar dá ḡor-ḡuaḡaḡ,  
'S an méib noḡ ḡaḡeaḡ dá ḡaḡaib a bḡor-ḡḡuaḡaḡ.

Éaḡ na ḡ-Caraḡaḡ ḡ-ceannaraḡ ḡḡoibḡe dḡair me,  
10 Do ḡéḡ-ḡuil ḡairil náḡ b'anaiḡ a bḡor-uaiḡar,  
ḡéinnib ḡearalḡaḡ maḡb ḡan bḡiḡ aip ḡuaḡaḡ,  
Ír laóḡra ḡairḡe dḡunḡaite aḡur buibḡan ḡḡuaḡna.

Aḡ ḡaoḡ liom eaḡba na ḡeaḡaḡ ón laoi ḡuaip ḡail,  
Náḡ ḡéib ḡe ḡallaib aḡḡ ḡarraing ḡar ḡuinn uaḡa,  
'S an ḡ-éan beaḡ ḡaḡeaḡ don eaḡain ḡirḡ ḡánn ḡuaḡaḡ,  
Le ḡḡéinnḡe a hamburḡ, mo dḡeaip, ḡan ḡiḡe ḡuaḡaḡ.

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XLVII.—This beautiful lament was written soon after the Williamite wars, but not earlier than 1699. The metre is one of great seriousness and solemnity. It is the only production we have under the name of the author, who was poet and historian to Donogh, Earl of Clancarty, who was exiled and deprived of his immense estates for siding with James II.

6. cuana, 'harbours'; often used for 'the high seas.'

15. éan. MS. aon, but ealcain suggests éan.

13-16. This stanza is devoted to the MacCarthys of Muskery, to whom the poet had been historian. mór is a variant to ḡuaip. náḡ ḡéib, &c. He refers to the action of Donogh, the fourth Earl of Clancarty, who fought on the side of James II., and retired to the Continent rather than settle down in slavery at home. He was given a small pension by King William, and retired to Hamburg on the

## XLVII.

## THE LAY OF TADHG O'DUINNÍN.

(LAMENTING THE NOBLES WHO ROSE IN THE LATE WAR, 1691).

Sorrowful to me is the overthrow of the princes and the true  
nobles,

The festive, the generous, of wreathed goblets, of the wine-cups,  
Who would bestow land on one like me as a right,  
Free from taxes, and without my giving rents.

It is this that has troubled and vexed and truly afflicted me,  
That James is unlawfully routed out of Britain and sent on the  
seas,

His flock scattered, tortured, continually banished,  
And his surviving leaders in dire hardships.

The death of the mighty valiant MacCarthy has afflicted me,  
10 Of the royal blood of Cashel who were not seldom in true  
supremacy,  
The Geraldine champions dead, without vigour, decaying,  
And the heroes of famous deeds from Bunratty, and the tribe of  
Cruachan.

I am grieved at the loss of the warriors from the cold bright Lee,  
Who did not make peace with the foreigners but withdrew from  
them across the sea,

While the only bird that survives of that noble comely high-  
spirited flock

Is for some time at Hamburg, my hardship! without the means  
of subsistence.

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Elbe. He purchased a little island at the mouth of the river, and spent his time in affording relief to shipwrecked vessels. He had been immensely wealthy before the war broke out, but all his property was confiscated. He died in exile in

- Ir é do mearaig me—balta gac Ríog-éuaine,  
 bað faorba ainm 'r a mbeartaib do bíos buaib aige,  
 Phoenix paréa na banba a ngníom guaraét—  
 20 Ir b' Éirinn maicim, ór dearb 'na luide a b-tuama.

Dá n-béanpáinn deapmab, meapaim gup baoir uaim-pe,  
 Air faor-flioc Eochaid go ceannuib Duirc baor an uair ro,  
 Daonnaét, fairringe, ir tabairt air fíon uata,  
 Ir é do éleactab an gappa gñíom-buaraét.

Léir-réir fairring Uib Cairbre ir tréi cruag liom,  
 An geug ran Cúail coir fairringe ir laoi luaidim-pe,  
 Shioct Céin, do daiteab gac maítear le fíon-fuadab,  
 Ar Séanna an Gleanna pug bappa an gac plige ruaircír.

- Ní'l géilleab a n-Callaib d'fear Ceanna Tuirc paor buan-  
 naét,  
 30 Ná air aon éor aca don aicme rin Cáoir fluagaig,  
 Do gléirib garba glínn mearba mñn Luana,  
 Ná d'aon don maicne ó Ceannair gluir mñn Luára.

Préam na Spata ir Dúin Jeanainn ir bít buan liom,  
 Ir béal Áta Seannuig gan pacairéaét fíon-buanta,  
 Rağallaiğ, Seaçnapuig, Ceallaiğ, ir caoin-Ruapcraig,  
 Ir cpaob Uí líleatuir gup plabað a cpoide uaité.

1734. The following stanzas from an elegy on this Earl by Eoghan MacCarthy an  
 théirín, may be of interest:—

Do éongaib a nglaraib 'ran aigne céabna  
 Cé gup cappaingéab naécmur ir péim do,  
 Aét a éreidíom go meirb do feunab,  
 Ir bpuim a glaise do tabairt pe Séamur.  
 Níor éogaib an Cártac cáib gan claon-coil.  
 An éappaig rin Peadair air gáimib do éreigíon,  
 Aét d'íomóir cpoia go roibíu raóéab,  
 Air aitéir a lílaigíur gñádaig do faor rínn.

For an interesting account of this Earl and of his descendants, see O'Callaghan's  
*History of the Irish Brigade*, pp. 9 et seq.

20. d'Éirinn maicim, 'I forgive Erin: I give up hope in her.'

It has confused me—the nursling of every princely family,  
 Whose name was noble and who excelled in action,  
 The guardian Phoenix of Banba in feats of danger—  
 20 And I have lost hope in Erin, since they in sooth lie in the tomb.

It were folly on my part did I forget at this time  
 The noble race of Eochaidh extending to the headlands of Port  
 Baoi,  
 Kindness, generosity, liberality in bestowing wines,  
 These were the virtues practised by that tribe who gave genuine  
 gifts.

The wide ruin of Ibh Carbery is a threefold distress to me,  
 That race of Cathal beside the sea and the Lee I refer to,  
 The descendants of Cian who bestowed all their wealth on  
 genuine bards  
 And Geoffrey of the Glen who excelled in every kind of humour.

Obedience is not paid in Ealla to the chieftain of Kanturk with  
 military service,  
 30 Nor by any means to the race of Caoimh of the hosts,  
 Nor to the skilful, sprightly, impetuous, gentle chieftain of Cluain,  
 Nor to any of the tribe from green, smooth Tara Luachra.

It is lasting ruin to me, the loss of the race from Strabane and  
 Dungannon,  
 And Ballyshannon without the enjoyment of genuine songs,  
 The O'Reillys, the O'Shaughnessys, and the noble O'Rorkes,  
 And the branch of O'Meagher, whose heart was stolen from it.

22-23. The O'Sullivans: see XXXVI.

26. The O'Donovans resided in a district of Carbery called *Clan Cahill*.

28. For some account of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, see *Intro.*

29. The Mac Carthys of Kanturk.

30. The O'Keeffes were lords of Pobul O'Keeffe, a district in Duhallow, comprising some 9000 acres.

32. Teamhair Luachra, an ancient royal residence in North Kerry, not far from Castleisland. It must have been near Bealatha na Teamhrach, in the parish of Dysart. It is also called Teamhair Luachra Deaghaidh, and sometimes Teamhair Earra.

An ppréamh ó'n n-ḡarra Cúill, bhránaig is Uíbh Tíatáil,  
 Éile is Altha is deaḡ-éine Cúinn bualaig,  
 Réib-éoil Manach, is Fallaig, is Laiḡir uaine,  
 40 Is ḡan céile aḡ Eamhain do élan-naib mhic Ír uaibhriḡ.

Ní'l éirḡ aḡ cairbiol coir calaib ná air linn ḡruamda,  
 Air éaob na banna, coir Mainḡe ná air mhín-Ruaḡtaig;  
 Ní'l epéirpe meala dá b-carrainḡ a ḡ-coill buacaig,  
 'S ní'l réan air épannaib pe réalab ná puínn énuaraig.

Ní'l céir air lapaob an ḡac mainirbir, bfu uaigneaḡ,  
 'S ní'l cléir aḡ cancaim a palm ná aḡ ḡuibe air uaimib,  
 Ní'l aon aḡ aiprionn Earbuig a ḡ-cill tuata,  
 'S ní'l léigean do éaḡarḡ do leanb ná d'aor uaral.

Cé ḡur maḡnaob map málairc an dliḡe nuab ro,  
 50 Ní'l péile mapéam ná capéanaḡt epí epuaḡ air biḡ,  
 D'éinneab bpaḡtar a n-earbair ná air díḡ éuallaḡt,  
 Ó léigead paḡab na ḡ-cealḡ a b-pfor-uabap.

Cé ḡur bpaḡa map eaḡtra a ḡ-epuín-cuairirḡ,  
 'S naḡ péabaim labairc air mhaíteap na nḡaoidéal n-uaral,  
 Éirpe péapaḡa ḡlacuib map díol uaim-pe,  
 ḡur maol an t-arm ná cleaḡtann a ífor-éuargain.

A Óé na n-aprcal puair peannuib dá'p b-pfor-puarglaob,  
 Map aon leo' banalepaim beannuiḡḡe bí air buaibriom,  
 Ó'r ḡéap ḡur éeannaḡair m'anam a Épforo éuana,  
 60 Léig me a b-plaíteap na n-aingiol ḡo bpuigead puaimheap.

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37. an ppréamh: MS. an cáim, which breaks the assonance; lines 37-40 are only in some MSS. The tribe of Laighis gave its name to Leix, in the Queen's County; it was descended from Laeighseach Ceann Mor, son of Conall Cearnach; Fallaig, the descendant of Ros Failghe, eldest son of Cathaer Mor, who inhabited east and west Ofaly; Cill Managh perhaps = Kill na Managh in Tipperary; Eamhain, or Eamhain Macha, about two miles from Armagh, was the ancient

The tribe from Garra Choill, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles.  
Eile, and Allen, and the goodly race of ringleted Conn,  
The Smooth Kilmanagh, the Fallachs, and green Leix, are no  
more,

40 While Navan has no spouse of the descendants of the son of  
proud Ir.

Fishes are not frequenting harbour or gloomy lake,  
The verge of the Bann or the Maine or the smooth Roughty;  
Honeycombs are not brought from gladsome woods,  
The trees have not prospered for a season and scant is their fruit.

There is no wax-light burned in the monasteries—they are lonely,  
And the clergy do not chant their psalms or recite their hours.  
None attend a Pontifical Mass in a country church,  
And the child and the noble are not being trained in learning,

Though this new law was planned for an improvement,  
50 Hospitality is not alive nor charity moved by pity  
For anyone who is thought to be in want or in loneliness,  
Since the thrusts of treachery were made in real pride.

Since a full account of the noble Gaels would be a long story,  
And since I am unable to unfold their virtues,  
Do ye, O wise bards, accept as a compensation from me,  
That blunt is the weapon that is not used to dire slaughter.

O God of Apostles, who suffered torments in fully redeeming us,  
Together with thy beloved mother-nurse who was sorrowing,  
Since, O noble Christ, Thou hast with bitterness purchased my  
soul,

60 Admit me into the heaven of the saints that I may obtain rest.

residence of the kings of Ulster. Ir was son of Milesius, and from his son  
Eibhear descended the races of Ulaidh, such as Magenis, &c.

49. an bliġe. MS. 50 bliġe.

57-60. This stanza is not in all the copies.

## an ceangal.

- 61 Mál tá gur áitíear feal dom'aoir aopað,  
 'S go n-ðrúðpauinn ptaip air peaðt na ðpfor nðaðal ro,  
 Mo óaðrð ó meaf le malaipit ðlize a n-éipinn,  
 Mo éprð go pað gan ptað le bríðéipeaðt.

## an preaðrað tall.

Ó geiðim gur cailleað na plata rliótt mliéirur,  
 Ip ponnit a b-talam ađ ðallaið an ðinn-ðéapla,  
 A áarð ó brataim go paðair le bríðéipeaðt,  
 Raðab-ra realað ađ beappað gað cíléapa.

## XLVIII.

## air ðít na nðaðal.

Le Séappa Ua Donnchaða an ðleanna.

Ní þuilingið ðaill úinn ríóttúgað a n-éipinn feal,  
 Ár ð-epoiðte gan ðmiliúgað ip írliúgað fé n-a rmaæt,  
 Ár ð-cumap ðo lufgeaðúgað ip víttúgað ár ð-cléipe  
 air fað,  
 Ip þuipm a mí-rúin epíóðnúgað ár paogail ap.

64. pað for paðað.

68. He says he will become a 'cooper.' cíléip, 'ceeler,' is a broad, shallow vessel for milk to cream in.

XLVIII.—The author of this poem and the following was Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenfesk. He married in 1865, and was not living at the end of the century.

## THE BINDING.

- 61 Although I spent a portion of my life in folly,  
 And loved a story on the supremacy of the true Gaels.  
 Since my occupation is gone, because of the change of laws in  
 Erin,  
 My torture! I must without delay take to brewing.

## THE COUNTER REPLY.

Since I find that the chieftains of the race of Milesius have  
 perished,  
 And that the foreigners of the smooth English have the  
 dividing of their lands,  
 As I understand, O Tadhg, that you will take to brewing,  
 I, for a season, will turn to the planing of *ceolara*.

## XLVIII.

## ON THE RUIN OF THE GAELS.

By GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

The foreigners will not suffer us ever in peace in Erin,  
 Without enslaving our hearts, and humbling them under their  
 away,  
 To reduce our power, and destroy our clergy altogether,  
 The aim of their evil plan is to expel us from it entirely.

---

In 1679, he wrote a poem on O'Keeffe; and in the same year, an elegy of 260 lines on Edmund Fitzgerald of Lisheen Castle, which O'Curry ranks high. The same authority says that O'Donoghue was one of the deepest read of his day in the Irish language. His poems breathe the spirit of independence characteristic of his race. See Introduction.



Ո՛րք թիշտե ծար ն-տուղած կօհնոնդած Խրեացած Եարք,  
 Դոն ծարար ան ծիշք քիւն ա ն-աօրն ծար Ե'իւրիօն շարք,  
 Եւրցիւմ շար քօր-քսծար քօշտնդած քաօն նա Խրար  
 ԼԵ ա ճ-արքիւն ա ճ-արքիւն ծարն շնօհնոնդած ԼԵր ա ճ-արք.

- Ծար Ե-արքիւն շո Լաօիւնիւն Լիշք ծարն քօ ն-ա քաօն,  
 10 Մօ արքիւն! 'ք նա ծար ծարն արն ծար Ե'իւրիւն Լիք,  
 Ար ճ-արքիւն ք Ե'իւն-Ե'իւնիւն, ո՛ր քիւն քաօն ար ճ-արք,  
 Մառ Ե-արքիւն շոն մօլլ ծարն շնօհնոնդած Ե'իւն ար.

Ծօ ծարն նա Դարիւն ծար քօհնիւն, քօհն, քաօն,  
 Եւրար, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհն, քաօն,  
 Եւրիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհն, քաօն,  
 Քիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհն, քաօն.

- Արքիւն քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն,  
 Եւրար քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհն, քաօն,  
 Դօ արքիւն ա Ե-արքիւն քօհնիւն ԼԵ նա Ե-արք,  
 20 Ո՛ր արքիւն քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն, քօհնիւն.

Դարքիւն քօհնիւն քօհն Ե'իւն ծարն, քօհն ան քաօն,  
 Ե'իւնիւն ա քօհն-արք ա Ե-արքիւն ծարն քօհնիւն,  
 Դօ ճ-արքիւն շոն մօլլ ծարն քօհնիւն Դարիւն 'նա  
 ճ-արք,  
 'Տ շո քօհնիւն նա Դարիւն ծար քօհնիւն քօհնիւն.

It was not crafty enough for our ruin—the false glozing of facts,  
Without the power of the law on their side in any case of a just  
claim,

I know that the foolish peace these men make is endless woe,  
By which they put in practice on us the manifest design of their  
race.

It is our daily misfortune to lie down beneath their yoke,  
10 My grief, no corner of Art's Erin is a protection for us;  
Our power is feeble, our right is not worth a blackberry,  
Unless some relief come to us in our distress without delay,

I have seen these Gaels in silks and jewels at one time,  
Powerful, with good rentals, industrious, intelligent, just,  
Pleasant, wise, finely-noble, stately, active,  
Poetical, truthful, fond of wine, festive, formerly.

Knights, noble, skilled in magic, humane,  
Young scions, vigorous, accomplished, heroic, pure,  
Until they fell into the enslaving prison of their day of judgment,  
20 They did not deserve disgrace, and the tearful ruin of darts;

I beseech and entreat here for you, Christ, noble is the prince,  
Who suffered his gentle blood to flow on a narrow tree of cruci-  
fixion,

That he would send without delay to us the Gaels restored to  
their rights and fame,

And sweep those foreigners who were against them afar over the  
sea.

## XLIX.

## AN REACÉT TAR TUINN.

Le Séappa Ua Donnchada.

Ir bappa air an g-clear an reacét do éacét tar tuinn,  
 Léar leagad fá flait an tpeab rin éibir fínn,  
 Cama na m-beart do flab go claon ár g-cuing,  
 Léar gearrad amad ár g-ceart ar éirinn uill.

Ir deacair a mear go raib a g-céill don bpoing,  
 Ceapad na n-aét do tabairt d'aon mac Gaill,  
 Go b-peacabar breac na b-peap air Séaplar Ríg,  
 Dúir rgarabadar neart gan éart le céile a baill.

Do peannad air fab an reacét ro a n-éirinn Gaoidil,  
 10 Ir deargéar fearba fearc gad aoinéir díob,  
 Nó glacaid a b-par gan rtab ir céid tar tuinn,  
 Ir geallaid tar air gan teacét go h-eug arís.

Cioð neartmar an tan ro air élanmaid Gaoidil na Gaill,  
 'S cioð patmar a rtab le real a b-préamaid fíainn,  
 Do deargaid a g-carb ní gabaid géillead an fíonn,  
 Peappaid 'na prapaid fearg Dé 'na n-bruim.

A Aétair na b-peart bod' éad ir déanta guide,  
 Ceartaig 'na leap air fab a n-éirinn Gaoidil,  
 Ir leartaig 'na g-ceart gan éar gad aon don bpuing,  
 20 Ir airig a reacét 'r a pat don éleir a g-cíll.

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5-8. From these lines it seems that the poem was composed shortly after the Cromwellian Plantations.

## XLIX.

## THE LAWS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE.

It is the crowning of knavery—the coming of the law from  
beyond the sea,  
Through which the race of Eibhear Fionn were brought low into  
bondage,  
The cunning of the deeds that unjustly stole our allegiance,  
By which our right in great Erin was entirely cut off.

It is hard to think that the people understood  
What it was to give the framing of the laws to any foreigner,  
Till they saw these men's judgment on King Charles,  
That with might without right, they tore his limbs asunder.

The Gaels are flayed entirely in Erin now,  
10 And the grave of each one of them is prepared,  
Or they take their "pass" without delay and go beyond the sea,  
And promise not to come back again until death.

Strong though the foreigners be now above the Gaels,  
And though their stay amongst the descendants of Flann has  
been prosperous for a time,  
Through the faults of their race they shall not obtain sway of  
the land,  
The anger of God shall rain down in showers upon their backs.

O Father of miracles, by thy leave we must pray ;  
Restore to their rights in prosperity the Gaels in Erin,  
And make prosperous in their rights without sorrow every one  
of the race,  
20 And restore their law and their success to the clergy in the  
church.

- 21 Uē īr attāoi! īr laḡ ī an uaiṛle anoiṛ,  
 Cufa īr callatibe aiṛ ēailīdīb tuaparṛail,  
 boduiḡ fā hataibe, īr aiṛtibe iuaṛat fīn,  
 īr luēt oiṛdeapc peaḡuibe a ḡ-caiṛfīb cluaṛatā.

## L.

IAṚ ḡ-CUR EASBUIḡ ĆORCUIḡE AIR IONNARBAḶ AS  
 ĆIRINN.

Le Uilliam Mac Captaim an Dūna.

Mō bṛōn mō deacaiṛ an ēealḡ fō am fīfōr-ēṛād-fa,  
 Eoin ḡo daingion a nḡlapaiḡ na b-ēfōṛānāc,  
 An fēōl aḡ baḡap aiṛ ēappaing tap tuīnn bāiḡte  
 bēiṛ bṛeōiḡte a ḡ-cṛeātaiḡ āṛ ḡ-cealla 'f āṛ b-ṛṛfōm-  
 ēāiṛbe.

A Mōṛ-Mīic beannuiḡte beannuiḡ 'fan ḡ-cṛaoiḡ ēṛāiḡte  
 Na ṛlōiḡte peapṛa bō ṛleācṛaiḡ ēiṛt ṛfī ābaim,  
 Deōnuiḡ ṛealab ḡo taitneamāc caoin-ṛāiḡteac,  
 Eoin ḡan baṛḡab 'fan talaḡ ṛo ṛfōēēānta.

- Ṭṛeōṛuiḡ, aiṛēōim opṛ, āṛaiṛ 'f a Rīḡ neāḡōa,  
 10 Tap bōēna a baile āṛ maṛepa laoiē lāiṛiṛ,  
 A ḡ-ēōiṛ 'f a ḡ-calma 'f a n-acṛuiinn ḡan bīē ṛlāiḡnta,  
 'S aiṛ ēōiṛ tap ṛaiṛṛḡe ṛḡaiṛeac ḡan ṛuīnn cāiṛbe.

23. boduiḡ. The word *bodach* is much used by speakers of English. It implies a churlish, ill-mannered upstart; churlishness is an essential element in the character.

24. peaḡuibe: MS. ṛeacuiḡbe.

L.—See Introductory note to IX.

- 21 Oh woe, alas! weak is nobility now,  
 Cuffs and frills on servant maids!  
*Bodachs* wearing hats—trifling is the improvement—  
 And the noble and honourable in caps with ears.

## L.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS BANISHED  
 FROM ERIN.

BY WILLIAM MAC CARTAIN AN DÚNA.

My grief, my hardship, this thorn that ever wounds me,  
 John fast bound by tyrants' locks!  
 The flapping sail, prepared to take him over the drowning waves,  
 Sickens, and causes to tremble, our churches and our dearest  
 friends.

O great, holy Son of God, who on the tree of torture didst  
 purchase  
 Hosts of individuals of Adam's true descendants,  
 Grant that once again, in affection and noble speech,  
 John be unscathed and this land in peace.

- Conduct, I beseech thee, O Father and King of Heaven,  
 10 Home across the main our cavalcade of strong heroes,  
 In justice and valour and vigour without loss of health,  
 And scatter without much respite the army beyond the sea.

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3. The poem seems to have been composed while the boat was still waiting for the bishop to go on board.

11. calma: MS. calath, which perhaps = calb, 'hardness,' hence 'bravery.'

Ní'l beó 'na m-beaúib dár n-earbuig aét rmuinre árho,  
 A n-geleó-bruib fada ag Galluib dá rfor-éablaó,  
 Gan cómall na ngalap cé calma a n-bliúe an pápa  
 Aét Seon 'na fearaib ó mairib 'na príom-ghárho.

Uí deóra m'aindeire óm deapcaib 'na linn báire,  
 'Na rbo ag treabaó mo leacan go díoghálaó,  
 Ón g-ceó 'r ón rgamal 'r ó fearéuinn go rfor-ghátaó,  
 20 Ir cóip na Sagrai dár n-arguin faoi luibe an bráca.

Uíall an earbuig éneapra éaoin gan éaim,  
 Diaó gárho ir mairéaó ghaoi ar cáil,  
 A g-cian dá éapaó a m-bapc a g-cris éum fáin,  
 Ir eiaó 'r ir cneab 'r ir ceap a g-crisócaib Fáil.

## LI.

### PAOISIDIN SEAĞAIN UÍ CONAILL.

Domuim féin le deápaib, deapbaim,  
 Sur canaó liom bréire baóta malluigé,  
 Cuir brón deapóil air Aéar na g-comact;  
 An tan geappar an éleir le paóbar paltanuir,  
 Fuair ceannar ir céim map aon le deabar glic,  
 A g-copóinn glóire ag fearaib 'ran Róim;

13. árho: M and A árho. Another MS. gives reading in text.

15. This line is obscure. cómall = 'confederation, acting together' (?)

16. Seon seems = Coin, the Bishop's name.

LI.—The author of this and the following poem, John O'Connell, has been made by some writers Bishop of Kerry somewhere about 1700. But the evidence is overwhelming against his ever having been Bishop of Kerry. Dr. Comerford, Archbishop of Cashel, writing to Rome, in the year 1699, states that there had been no bishop in the sees of Ardfert and Aghadoe for forty years, and after that date it is quite certain that Dr. Moriarty was the first Bishop. We think it is even

There is not left to our bishops in life but high aspirations,  
Long in the bondage of strife, sorely oppressed by the English,  
Without acting together in their distress as they stand bravely  
for the Papal law,  
But John standing since morning as chief guard.

The tears of my distress rush from my eyes like a drowning  
flood,

And plough my cheeks in tracks injuriously,  
Because of the ever-during mist and cloud and rain,

20 While the Saxon horde are plundering us beneath the press of  
the harrow.

The departure of the bishop, mild, gentle, faultless,  
Pious, skilful, fair in face and fame,

To a distance, in a ship, to a land of exile, which is resolved on,  
Is a cause of distress and groaning and sorrow in the regions of  
Fál.

## LI.

### JOHN O'CONNELL'S CONFESSION.

I confess with tears, I swear,

That words of folly and evil have been spoken by me,

Which have brought afflicting sorrow on the Father of Powers ;

When I lacerated with the edge of enmity the clergy

Who obtained sway and dignity together with wise Peter

Standing in Rome in a crown of glory ;

abundantly evident that O'Connell never took Holy Orders. The two poems which we give here seem to have been written by a layman. Confessions such as these must not be interpreted too strictly. The violations of the Commandments and of the Seven Deadly Sins, he charges himself with, are to be understood in a general sense. O'Connell is best known for his "Dirge of Ireland." It would be difficult to find in any literature a more splendid torrent of language than is commanded by O'Connell. In some passages he rises to sublime poetry, as in the simile of the snow in this poem, and the description of the Last Judgment in the next.



- An anrriopaid baogail am béal go labarad,  
 Ir angrair d'réad nár méin liom d'aitir,  
 Ir éitíod aitiopad—pléacaim rpalpaim-pe;  
 10 Féad an Eagluir naomta beannuighe,  
 Oé oéón ! do beir damaint dom éómair.

- Ar rin barra air gaé baodáct raoğail d'ár éaitéar,  
 Déit capcuirnead caodaé ppaodémar fearb,  
 Le comaréta cóir na bplaitéar, mó b'ón;  
 Do d'earmailtead éabhiar méarad marlaiğtēad,  
 Do rğartainn-pe rçpéad go rğléipead rğannalad,  
 Le gēóin glóir mo éeangān ar rēōbal;  
 Ag aitéir a m-béar gup cpaor ir capbar  
 Óleacēad an cpeud-ro léighe an aiprinn,  
 20 Luēt déanta teagairg ir réitíod anmnaé,  
 Saor ó peana-b'pno b'péantair Acheron,  
 Stoc gan gō do máirpear go deó.

- Bad meablaé mé-rí am' mēin 'r am' aighe,  
 Do luēt caite na h-éide ir epéan do rçpacainn-pe  
 Gaé róba leó go calaib gan éōir;  
 Le mear opm péin cap éigrib peandair  
 Ppeabaim am' réalcan gléinead caiteñoiaé,  
 Tōgbaim cōirpe lapaim ir dōigim.  
 Ir meara me éeacē a péim ná Mahomet,  
 30 Capcar liom céad fear céille air mearball;  
 Peud cap gaubar anbae n'l agaim acē  
 Rae beag gearraid dom' r'aoğal pe caiteōm,  
 Sin ced anoir rōmāin ir cá h-ionad 'na ngeōbad ?

Mo beapta go léir, ir éacē 'r ir aitéir rin,  
 Le h-amapc am'éaban; léagfap, geallaim-pe,  
 Mo gñóta r'pōirt air mullaé énoic rōr;  
 Cioō meallaō me péin a g-céill nár d'eagal liom  
 Cealğ ón éag, cioō léir go leacpar me,

9. rpalpaim, 'I swear'; cf. ag rpalpad leabap = 'swearing recklessly.'  
 19. léighe: MS. leagairhe. 24. luēt caite na h-éide = the clergy.  
 28. This line as translated reads like bathos; perhaps cōirpe = cuirpe, and

That the evil spirit of danger spoke in my mouth,  
And profane songs I should not wish to repeat,  
And shameful lies—I bow down and swear ;

10 Behold the holy blessed Church,  
Alas ! alas ! threatens damnation for me.

Here is the crowning of the life of folly which I have led ;  
That I was contemptuous, violent, wrathful, bitter,  
To the true symbol of heaven, my grief ;  
Reproachfully, enviously, sharply, insultingly,  
Did I give forth bantering in wantonness and scandal,  
With the sound of the speech of my tongue running on ;  
I related their habits, saying that it was gluttony and intemperance  
That the tribe who celebrate Mass practised,

20 That tribe who teach and save souls  
From the torments of the foul bondage of Acheron :  
A race that, without falsehood, will live for ever.

Deceitful was I in my disposition and in my mind ;  
Forcibly did I tear from those who wear the vestments

Every robe they had, to the ground, unjustly ;  
Esteeming myself above the bards of history  
I spring up as a star brilliant and shining,

I lift a torch, kindle, and burn ;  
It were worse I came into power than Mahomet,  
30 Give me but a hundred men of fanatical minds ;  
Whither did I go yesterday ? There remains to me  
But a short space of my life to spend ;  
Lo the mists are before me and whither shall I go ?

All my actions—it is a wonder and disgrace—  
Can be seen on my forehead. There will be read, I aver,  
My deeds of pastime hereafter on a mountain's top ;  
Though so deceived was I in my reason that I feared not  
A sting from death, albeit it be certain that I shall be entombed

---

that *laráim* and *bóigim* have a neuter sense.

30. *céille aip meapball* = *aip meapball céille*.

31. *u n-bae*, the part of his life already spent (?).

- 40 A g-comhpuinn deapóil gan capa gan creóir,  
 Gan labairt gan léim gan péim gan rabhradh,  
 Gan cairtíir ioná ppéir a n-aon dom' leanbha,  
 Aét daoil am éreatlaé cléib dá gearradh,  
 Náir b'féidíir reapaí am' gaor le balairé,  
 'S a Comáctairg fóir aip m'anam 'ran phó.

- Cioé éairéar mo fáogal go bréagac barzuiétióé,  
 Ir gur éleáctar-pa claona clé náir éapaib dam,  
 Scroó dá fóir do glacar map méón,  
 Gan rhamal map éigíor éigneac airépeac,  
 Nó bpanar ag déanaim béile aip ablaé,  
 50 Póirce peóla éapaib ag breóghac;  
 Nó campá bréan a m-béillie carraigé,  
 Trearzaréa paon fá ghréin an t-panhráib,  
 Gur rgeígear mo pceatrac éréáctac cealgaé,  
 Céarba ceacárbha a n-éaban eagarle,  
 Am' óinmíir ppóirce ag magac fán órb.

- Cairépiom go léir le céile reapaí  
 Aip flearaib an t-Sléibe an tan glaoópaib an t-aingiol,  
 Le peól a céoil na maipb beib beó;  
 Lappaid na ppéaréa ip pléarzfpaib zarb-énoic,  
 60 Carraigéac' paobpaib ip géimpió an léatan-muir,  
 An cóirneac dóigpió fearaimn ip póib;  
 Beib plairéar na naom go léir aip baille-érit,  
 Sgarpió na peulta ip néalta papéair,  
 Beib gné na peanna idir ghréin ip gealaig,  
 Map pméir gan cairéniom le h-éigíon eagla,  
 Aip flóigtióir rgeón poim leant na h-ógh.  
 Beib cairéniom na naom map rgeim an t-rneáctá,  
 Ag cantain ruile péide, go péim ag palmaipeáct,  
 Le óirpide órbha agur Canticles céoil;  
 70 Na h-apptail ag téáct ag déanaim aip,

59 et seq. Cf. the following description of the Day of Judgment:—

Lá dubh doiréa brónac baogalac,  
 Cpiépió na plaitíir ip lappaid na ppéaréa,  
 Beib puíte peóla céó 'gur caora  
 Anuar dá g-caiteam na g-ceatannairé tpeána. *Anonymous.*

In a miserable coffin without vigour or life,  
 40 Without speech, without motion, without sway, without sportive-  
     ness,  
 Without love or regard for any of my children ;  
 But chafers within my breast, cutting it,  
 While it will be impossible to stand beside me because of the  
     stench,  
 And O Thou Mighty One, relieve my soul in its path.

Though I spent my life in falsehood and injury,  
 And practised evil, sinister deeds that were not good for me,  
     An extravagance of this kind did I take up as a notion,  
 Lighting with fury, like a sharp, shameless satirist,  
 Or like ravens making a meal on a dead carcass—  
 50 The putrid decaying flesh of a horse—  
 Or a foul sewer in a huge rock,  
 Open and exposed to the summer's sun,  
 I belched forth my injurious, stinging vomit,  
 Annoying, vilifying, in the face of the Church ;  
     A fool in my diversion throwing ridicule on the clergy !

We must all take our stand together  
 On the sides of the mountain, when the angel shall summon ;  
     By means of his music the dead shall live ;  
 The heavens shall be ablaze, and rugged hills shall burst asunder,  
 60 Rocks shall be rent, and the wide ocean shall roar,  
     Thunder shall burn up plains and fields,  
 Heaven of the saints shall tremble in every part,  
 The stars and the clouds of Paradise shall scatter,  
 The appearance of the heavenly bodies, both sun and moon, shall  
     be  
 As blackberries, without brightness, through the force of terror,  
     Hosts shall be affrighted before the Son of the Virgin.

The brightness of the saints will be as the beauty of snow,  
 As they sing pleasant songs with freedom and delightfully chant  
     psalms,  
     With beautiful melodies and canticles of music ;  
 70 The apostles will come and make jubilation,

IŦ banaleŦa an Cloin na paelŦean barpa oppa,  
 AŦ ŦaĦaŦe eĦlaŦe dÖib Ŧo flaiŦear-ĦroŦ rÖŦail;  
 ŦaĦ anam boĦŦ claon do paob na h-aŦŦeanta,  
 AŦ ŦŦreabaŦ Ŧ'Ŧ aŦ éŦŦiön Ŧ' aŦ éŦiön paŦŦaŦ,  
 Ŧo leunĦap leacuŦŦŦe daop-öuĦ damanŦa,  
 Paon, Ŧan meabaŦ na réim aŦ ŦapaĦ aco,  
 Öd n-dÖiŦeab Ŧo deö iöŦ laŦapaŦe Ŧeö.

80 A bpeappaŦ iap öŦeäĦŦ don Cloin ŦŦlac ceannaŦe ŦŦn,  
 beŦŦ ŦeapaŦŦ an' ŦeucainŦ, ŦpaöĦ iŦ ŦeapŦ nŦŦe,  
 Le coŦŦaĦŦa a ŦlÖŦpe laĦappaŦe leö:  
 DeapŦaŦ na ŦréäĦŦa Ŧéapa ŦpeaöuŦŦŦe  
 Öo paĦab Ŧo h-aeiĦ ŦŦŦm' ŦaöĦ do öŦŦ n-deapŦa-Ŧa.  
 MaŦ do ŦŦŦöĦaĦ m'ŦeoiĦ ö ŦaĦar Ŧo ŦeöŦ;  
 ŦaĦ ŦaŦŦŦe am' ŦlaopŦ do ŦléapŦ mo naŦŦaŦe-Ŧe,  
 'S an Ŧ-ŦeapŦe-öeoĦ öŦŦéŦŦe öŦréin do ŦaĦaŦe Ŧam,  
 Ŧap éŦ me öeangal le Ŧeub Ŧo öainŦean,  
 'S mo Ŧéaga aŦ ŦpaŦa iŦŦ an daop-öŦŦŦŦe Ŧpeapna,  
 IŦ me am' ŦöŦŦ ŦŦöŦŦe aŦ maŦŦŦŦ na ŦlÖŦ.

90 AĦaŦe iŦ Cloin ŦŦic, éŦŦim iŦ aŦŦöim ŦŦö,  
 ŦŦreabaŦŦ an NaöŦ ŦŦŦŦŦaĦ, maŦ aon, an ŦaglaŦ,  
 ŦŦeöŦ öŦŦ ŦöŦ mo ŦpaŦŦŦ-Ŧe leö,  
 MaŦŦŦŦŦ dom Ŧaop ö'Ŧ léŦ ŦŦŦ aŦŦŦŦŦeab,  
 IŦ ŦŦŦaĦ anöŦann mé Ŧä leun le ŦaĦŦŦŦŦe,  
 IŦ öeöŦa Ŧeö 'na ŦpaĦaŦe lem' ŦŦöŦŦ;  
 Na h-anamna ŦéiĦ do ŦŦŦae na ŦgaĦar,  
 Öo ŦappaŦŦŦ aŦ éŦéab na Ŧ-öaopäĦ äŦŦaŦŦ,  
 ŦlaöĦaŦŦ-Ŧe aŦ ŦaĦaŦ Ŧo h-euŦŦ' na n-aŦŦŦŦŦ,  
 MaŦ aon Ŧe banaleŦa ŦéaplaŦ ŦaŦŦaŦ,  
 ÖöŦŦ Ŧeal öŦä ŦeabaŦ iŦ ŦöĦ.

91. ŦŦeöŦ(?).

95 *et seq.* The order seems to be ŦlaöĦaŦŦ aŦ ŦaĦaŦ na n-aŦŦŦŦŦ, &c.;  
 na h-anamna do ŦappaŦŦŦ, &c.

And the nurse-mother of the Only Son will be a supreme star  
over them,

Showing them the way to delightful heavenly mansions.  
Every poor perverse soul that broke the commandments,  
Shrieking, and crying, and claiming Paradise,  
Sorrowfully entombed, black-guilty, damned,  
Feeble, without understanding, or power to return,  
Will be burned for ever amid hot flames.

When the meek Only Son shall come in person ;  
Force, anger, and venomous wrath shall be in his looks,

80 He will speak to them by the power of his glory :  
Behold the sharp, piercing wounds  
That were made in my side to the heart for your sakes,  
How my flesh was rent from head to foot ;  
Each nail which my enemy drove into my head,  
And the bitter drink of foul vinegar they gave me,  
After they had tied me firmly with a rope,  
And my arms were nailed sideways on the guilty cross,  
While I was mocked at by the leaders of the hosts.

O Father, and Thou Only Son, I cry out and beseech you.

90 I call upon the Holy Spirit and on the clergy also—  
Great though my struggle with them has been—  
To forgive me and set me free, since I am plainly repentant,  
Since I am feeble and afflicted through sorrow,  
While hot tears come in streams from along my nostrils ;  
The souls who yielded to the waywardness of the goats  
To bring back to the flock of the sheep,  
I call swiftly upon the help of the angels,  
Together with the jewelled mother-nurse of Paradise,  
John the Baptist the illustrious, Peter and Paul.

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96. do cappaing : MS. do capac, as pronounced.

## LII.

## DARA PAOISIDIN SĒAGAIN UÍ CONAILL.

Domhain mo bearta anoir go déaraí dúbhá,  
Cé eagal dam, oé! m'anaíraí! gur déaígnáí d'áinn,  
Tré leanamhain na g-cama-fliáí g-claon gan éirí,  
Larraí do gheadaí liom ír baogal am' éionn.

Domhain duit ádair iúilí aonba air b-éirí,  
Do leanb' d'íl a ppáira epuise céarba brúígead,  
Capbar gur éleácar-~~re~~, ír epaor ír epúir,  
Ír feallaireadé ír paltanar ír caob ír enúé.

Domhain duit Áraib-Spioraib ír naomha gnúir,  
10 Gur éalgaí le cealgairiadé mo beul air riubal,  
Fár ppappainead do ppalpáinn-~~re~~ na ppáéca mionn,  
'S nár b'fearra liom ceart agam-~~re~~ ná an t-éitead trá.

A d'analtra géal g'eannmáí Ílíc Dé na n-dáí,  
Domhain duit malluigtheadé mo faogal ó éirí,  
Gur gabar-~~ra~~ leab' leanb'-~~ra~~ ír leat féin bun-~~or~~-c-ionn,  
'S an maora dúb talcaigé 'na péiré am' éláib.

Aingil gíl baí éannaraí reod aon dob' épúing  
Do f'earaib iní na plaitéaraib gan ptaon don enúé,  
Domhain duit barbaireadé mo b'éil nár b'úib  
20 'S gaí peaca uile do éapar-~~ra~~ lem' aéib go dlúé.

Domhain anoir m'anacra ír mo éréáca dúbá,  
Am' galaraí boct peannuibeá a b-péin 'r a b-puóir,  
Don Íllac daireigtheadé le'r ceagairgead hérob d'úr,  
Ír tré an ceagarg rin gur caillead leir an plaorg d'  
éionn.

4. It is best to take ír baogal with am' éionn.

7. We must not take such self-accusations too literally; they imply a pious spirit, but cover all the ground of the moral law in a stereotyped fashion.

15. gabar bun or cionn le = 'I walked in opposition to.'

## LII.

## ANOTHER CONFESSION BY JOHN O'CONNELL.

I confess, now, my deeds tearfully and sadly—  
 Though I fear, alas, my misery! that it is too late for me—  
 Through following perverse evil ways, without cause,  
 The danger hangs over me of flames being stirred up for me.

I confess to Thee, first, O sweet, only Father,  
 Whose beloved Son was bruised, tortured, extended on a cross,  
 That I practised intemperance, and gluttony, and lust,  
 And deceit, and envy, and stubbornness, and jealousy.

10 I confess to Thee, O noble Spirit of holy countenance,  
 That my mouth kept speaking deceitfully through knavery;  
 So that I gave forth in bitterness showers of oath-curses;  
 Nor did I prefer to be in the right rather than miserably to lie.

O loving, bright nurse-mother of the Son of God of the  
 elements,

I confess to thee the wickedness of my life from the beginning,  
 That I have walked in opposition to thy Child and thee,  
 While the black dog was fondled, a monster, in my breast.

O bright angel, who held sway beyond any of thy company,  
 Who stood in the heavens without yielding to envy,  
 20 I confess to thee the profanity of my impious mouth,  
 And every wicked crime I fondly cherished in my heart.

I confess now my miserable state and my black wounds  
 Poor, diseased creature that I am, in pain and misery,  
 To the Baptist by whom the obdurate Herod was admonished,  
 And who lost his head through that admonition.

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16. an maḡna dub = 'the devil.'

17-18. St. Michael the Archangel; envy is said to have given rise to the rebellion of the angels.



Admhuim do na h-aprcalaib, ní éiríim air rún,  
 Do fheadar ip don aprcal-ran naé féidir lom  
 Ainm eirte am' rannaib éur a n-éiríocht éugam,  
 Mar mhada go g-carainn-re fá rgeígh na m-brúct.

Admhuim do na h-aingiolaib ip do gac aon 'r an bún  
 30 fapcáir, ip d'Ácáir-oide an Oighe éilúmúil,  
 Tré dearmad na n-aitéanta gur éirígh mo fúil,  
 'S an martra dom' leagad-ra ar léite am' éil.

Do glanaó me 'r an m-bairte mar rgeim na g-colúr,  
 Nó caitearh eiríorbail pneacta gíl do féidear éugainn  
 Tar pleapáib énoic lá earráig buib 'na fíleadaib euga,  
 Cúid rgarar rir an rgalal rin, mo méala dúbaé!

Sealad dam faoi an rgalal rin, do pléirg cig éugam,  
 Ladpánn ip cappaingean me a m-baozalalib ponge,  
 Mar mhada fá'r leanar leir air éill éum riuáil,  
 40 'Sar caiteomhac do lapáinn le na féidead fúm.

Do b' anam éum an aiprinn ag téact le fonn,  
 Do dearmadainn na palma do léigead air mo gláin,  
 Salcáir fíluire deannuighe éum Dé ní duáre,  
 'S tré éarcuirne don eaglaip níor éiríor ríú.

Ní deacra air an glappaó gac bpaon don brúct,  
 Ná gairim cig na éapnaib le caoraó tonn,  
 A n-dearb-umúir, geallaim, éur a g-cléircear dúinn,  
 Ná peaca cruinne agam-ra coir cléibe am' éum.

25. ní éiríim: MS. ní n-beiríim.

26. St. Paul. Pól, with its long ó sound, could not find a place in this metre.

30. Ácáir-oide = St. Joseph.

31-32. If fúil be taken = 'eye,' we might translate, 'my eye hath waned.' It is possible that we should read na h-aitéanta, and take tré dearmad absolutely, 'through forgetfulness my eye (i.e. myself) abandoned the commandments.'

I confess to the Apostles—I keep it not secret—  
To Peter, and to that apostle whose proper name  
I cannot bring into my verse effectively,  
That like a dog I used to return to the overflow of vomitings.

30 I confess to the angels and to each one in the stronghold  
Of Paradise, and to the Foster-Father of the renowned Heir,  
That through forgetfulness of the commandments my hope  
has abandoned me  
While I totter in decrepitude and my head is grey.

I was cleansed in baptism pure as the beauty of doves,  
Or the crystal brightness of the white snow which blows  
upon us  
Over the slopes of a hill on a black spring day in frequent  
flakes,  
Although, my doleful loss! I parted with that robe.

When I was for a time in that robe suddenly there comes  
to me

A robber who draws me into occasions of danger,  
I followed him on like a dog led by a thong,  
40 And pleased did I light up at all that he suggested to me.

Seldom did I go to Mass with desire,  
I forgot to read the psalms on my knees.  
I did not recite the Psalter of Holy Mary to God,  
And through contempt for the clergy I listened not to them.

It is not more difficult, every drop of dew on the green herbage,  
Or the sand that comes in heaps with the flowing tide,  
To count in exact numbers, I aver,  
Then the full number of the sins in my breast beside my  
heart.

33. This line slightly halts in metre; perhaps we should read *Do glanab anna an m-bairce me, &c.*

37. *do pléirg* = *do geir*, 'suddenly.'

40. *cf. 'cá re aḡ réiréad púin,* 'he is urging me on, he is tempting me':  
MS. *púgam*.

48. *peaca* = *peacta*, older plural.

Ծօ փառքար-բա ԼԵ Խրափառքա՛ծ քար քաօ՛ւծօյն ճիւղն,  
 50 Աճ ալքառքա՛ծ չա՛ծ աբլաճ Բա՛ծ Խրէնե ամ Խրնո՛ւ;  
 Ածմսւմ յա Խ-առքա՛նտա Ծօ քաօԲա՛ծ Լիօմ,  
 Շրէ ար Բ'եաճալ Ծամ Խե՛ւծ Ծամա՛նտա 'ծիր ԾաօԼա՛ւծ Ծա՛Բա.

Ո՛ր Խ-եաճա Խե՛ւծ Ծամա՛նտա Իծիր ԾաօԼա՛ւծ Ծա՛Բա,  
 Ո՛ր Եաճնիօն Ծօ յա քլաճիօրա՛ւծ Իր քրէմ՛ Ծօմ' ճնր,  
 Աճ ածսրք Ծօ ճլաճար-բա ածսր Լէր-քճրիօր Ծա՛Բա՛ծ,  
 Քարճ ճսր ար Եաճա՛ծ Լիլի Ծէ ճան Երնիճ.

Շի՛ծ քարա քե ար Ծամա՛նտա՛ծ ո՛ր աօն Ծար քի՛ճԲա՛ւ,  
 Մաճեաճար Ծօ ճեաԲա՛մն-քե ածսր էրքեա՛ծ սնալ,  
 Աճ քճքեաԲա՛ծ ճսրք ԼԵ ճարճա ճօլ Իր Եիճմե Իր Լիճ,  
 60 Շսմ Ծանալքան ան Ո՛ւլտա ճիլ ո՛ր Եիմիճ Երն.

Ար ան աճԲար քան օրք աճքա՛ւմ ա Խե՛ւծ ճան քմնիւ,  
 Ար անճիօԼա՛ւծ ար արքաԼա՛ւծ 'ր ար յաօմա՛ւծ սրծ,  
 Մար ճարքսւմ ճսրք Եաճարճա ճօ Եքսն ամ' ճնր  
 Իր մաճեաճար Ծօ ճեաԲա՛ծ-բա մա՛ ծէնիծ քի՛ճԲ.

Աճար-օրք Խեանսիճէ Ծօն ճլէր 'բա ճքն,  
 Շարճանա՛ծ Խիր Եաճարճ Ծամ Ծա՛ յճիլԼեան Են,  
 Ան ճա՛ծ արքիօն Ծա՛ յա-աբար 'ջօ Խ-եաճ ճսն Լիօմ,  
 Իր ճեաԼա՛ւմ-քե մա՛ քքեաճքար յա՛ծ Խաճալ Ծօմ քսճար.

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65. As in the usual formula, he addresses himself to the Confessor.

I lived by prowling like a quiet wolf,  
50 Gorging the most putrid carrion, brute as I was;  
I confess the commandments were violated by me,  
Because of which I fear I may be damned among black  
chafers.

It is not the fear of being damned among black chafers,  
Or love for the heavens that is the root of my trouble,  
But sorrow I have conceived and doleful tribulation  
At having enraged the wisdom of the Son of God, without  
cause.

Though I be deeper in damnation than any man that ever  
walked,  
I would get pardon and a willing hearing,  
Let me but cry bitterly, with tearful screams, and shrieks, and  
moans.  
60 To the Mother-Nurse of the Bright Child, who has not refused  
a wretch.

For that reason I cry out to thee, O woman without blemish,  
To the angels, to the apostles, and to the saints of the Orders,  
As a true protection of powerful intercession in my cause;  
And if they be that, I will obtain forgiveness.

O Father, holy teacher to the clergy and their tribe,  
In charity teach me all that Thou believest,  
In every Mass which thou wilt say until death pray for me,  
And, I aver, if thou respondest, I need not fear hurt.

## LIII.

## MACÉTNAIH A G-CILL TUATA.

## Le Concéubhar Ua Ríorbdáin.

Feud a peacaig, a pearra na príomh-uaille,  
 Órádtaig, dealgai, deaáptai, éroidhe-éuaraig,  
 Fáobrai, feargag, fálcanaig, fáil-fuabrai,  
 Éaboi, éagartaig, éarcuirig, éinn-éuairgic.

Feud go dearbha a ngeata gac cill tuata,  
 Air plaorgaib carn go bpearalac buide air fuaraib,  
 A rgein go rgamalaic, marb air oic luabaille,  
 A ngea gan caicnion, gan anam, gan dion duarctain,

Gan léim, gan labairt, gan deall, gan blaio ghuai,ge,  
 10 Gan éipeaé eáépa d'aicir go gúinn-éluanaic,  
 Gan éeim gan éannar gan épaib gan éaoin-éuallaic,  
 Dá n-éir gan d'ádbar 'na leabair acé mín-luaitépaic.

Le h-eipeaé dearbha ip beacair a príomh uainne,  
 Cia do fáilbair anam gac cúinn-épuaille?  
 Céadta d'amgíolair plaitir an Rí g uáétpaig,  
 Seac rgaoc do éaínnair malluicé míoó-fuáinnir.

LIII.—The author of this, and the following poem was a native of West Muskery, and lived for a time in the neighbourhood of Macroom. He was known as Conchubhar Maighistir, as he taught classics and their native tongue, as well as English, to the youths of his day. His literary life lay chiefly between 1735 and 1755. His name has continued for a century and a half a household word, not only in Muskery, but in Kerry, where there are many closely related to him to the present day. He is remarkable for the sweetness as well as grace and finish of his verse, and has written some excellent specimens of contemplate poetry. The meditation on human life which we give here reminds one forcibly of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; both were written about the same time. The metre, with its solemn endings, is admirably adapted to serious poetry; and it is

## LIII.

## A MEDITATION IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN.

Look, O sinner, thou offspring (lit. person) of the first pride,  
 Who art wounding, deceitful, soiled, hollow-hearted,  
 Spiteful, wrathful, contentious, disposed to treachery,  
 Inconstant, impertinent, offensive, most stubborn.

Look, indeed, at the entrance to any country churchyard,  
 On the skulls of the graves, of greasy red and yellow, as they  
     moulder,  
 Their beauty obscured, and dead without motion,  
 Their countenance without loveliness, without life, without  
     defence from the rain,

Without spring, without speech, without shape, without a lock  
     of hair,

- 10 Without the power of rehearsing a tale with witty flattery,  
 Without sway, without rule, without a friend, without pleasant  
     companions,  
 Without any substance left behind them where they lay but fine  
     ashes.

It is truly difficult for us to tell precisely  
 Who has taken possession of the souls of each withered carcass :  
 The hundreds of angels in the heaven of the Supreme King,  
 Or a host of evil, restless demons ?

---

hardly too much to say that there are few finer pieces of its kind in any language. The Address to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which forms the binding of LIV. for loftiness of thought and imagery, deserves a high place among the productions of the lyric muse.

8. *bíon buaircáin* refers probably to the hair of the head.

15. *rígim-ríuabúig* = 'wealth-snatching' or 'wealth-sweeping' (f).

- A éleirig éleáctar a leabhair laoi-*duana*,  
 Saothar ceagairg na n-*apptal* 'r an nís luadabap,  
 Séamur, Peabap, ir Marcup do rghíob *reuna*,  
 20 Ir ná déanpad carbar beata ná fíonta uaidreac.

A faogaltaig éarcuirig, flabairgí, rghím-rghuabairg,  
 Do raobap aiteanta beannuigíte an Ríg uacéraig,  
 Muna n-dénfir aitéadap padcuirreac croidé-*huaréta*,  
 Ir baogal gupab eagal buie bpeactanna laoi an uamain.

Mo leun! mo lagap! mo leagab! ir mo líon-luargab!  
 Feuc éar gababap draum na m-bruidéan-*er-pluairge*,  
 Laoéra mairb a g-caetannaib ghnóm-uairle  
 Déir ir aitéig ir naéapac níme a bpuarab.

- Feuc cá ngabann an parairpe fíor-*éurbaó*,  
 30 Saoap meapda meacanta mion-gíruagab,  
 Do faoéraig realb gac caéair ir cíor cuanta,  
 Ir do raobab daingneac' bailte le buidean *er-pluagab*.

Na laoéra leabair-rghíor leabair-níac *Príom uapail*,  
 Do éreáctairg *Acill* *eré* meabail g'éir mío-*éuairim*,  
 An b'é éug *erpargairt* dá deargab 'ran *Tráoi* ir cuar-  
 gain,  
 A rghéim nac aitéid reac ainiim na mío-*pnuaóac*.

- Feuc air beata na b-peapacón b-fíor-*fuaairp*,  
 Feuc na caetanna calma bí a m-buannaéct,  
 Laoéaire Cairbre Catál ir Cuinn uaine,  
 40 Ir Congur airmgéal ainneap, draoi cuarbaó.

24. MS. *luamain*; the Day of Judgment, it used to be thought, would fall on a Monday. (*luamain* = *luain* ?), which is otherwise believed to be an unlucky day.

*1b.* After line 24 A. has the following additional stanza:—

Ir *erpan* *bíar* *peaca* *bub* *malluigíte* an *élaom-uabair*,  
 Ir méinn cum maíteap na g-capab do fílobab uata,  
 Aontacé aigne ag meallab gac ríog-*reunairp*.  
 'San *erpaor* 'na h-*uice* gó *reuparíac* *raigead-éurbaó*.

Thou cleric, familiar, in books of verse-poems,  
With the labours of teaching of the apostles and the things they  
said,  
James, Peter, and Mark, who wrote texts,  
20 And who were not intemperate in their living or in proud wines.

Thou worldling, contemptuous, rapacious, wealth-snatching,  
Who breakest the holy commandments of the Supreme King,  
If thou dost not repent in sorrow and trouble of heart,  
It is to be feared that thou hast to dread the judgments of the  
day of terror.

My woe! my weakness! my overthrowing! and my full agita-  
tion!  
See whither they have gone—the warriors of hosted bands,  
Champions who slew in noble feats of chivalry,  
Bears and giants and snakes in their dens.

See whither goes the valiant man of much marching,  
30 Cæsar, the active, the gentle, of smooth hair,  
Who won the possession of every city and the tribute of harbours,  
And who sacked towns and strongholds with warlike companies.

The heroes whom the nimble son of noble Priam mangled and  
destroyed,  
He whom Achilles wounded through treachery though unex-  
pectedly,  
The lady who by her deeds brought on Troy ruin and chastise-  
ment—  
Their beauty is not known from the blemish of the ill-visaged.

Look at the lives of the truly-pleasant warriors,  
Look at the steadfast battalions who were engaged in service,  
Laoghaire, Cairbre, Cathal, and Conn the green,  
40 And Aongus of bright arms, the swift magician of much marching;



Քսե՛ւ նա՛ւ ա՛ւնո՛ւն ա b-բարրա՛ն նա՛ a n-յօջար րԵ՛ւամԹա,  
 ԼԵ ԼԵ՛ջած՝ na ԼԵ՛ական՝ na ԼԵ՛արար a ԼԻ ԼԵ՛ւայմնԵ՛ած,  
 Ե՛ւել՝ na Ե՛արբա՛ն na ԼԵ՛մա՛ն na քօր-ժԵ՛ւարա,  
 Ա՛ւտ քԼԵ՛ծ Ե՛ւ ժարն-ժնայմն Ե՛ւա՛ւտա՛ն՝ na n-Ե՛կօջ-Ե՛ւա՛մանայմն.

Մձ Ե՛ւանար քԵ՛ւն na Ե-քԼԵ՛ւար ԼԵ Ե՛ւար Ե՛ւալլա՛յ,  
 ՇԵ՛ւար յան Ե՛արարԹա՛ւտ, Ե՛րամաննա՛ն ար Ե՛կ քԵ՛ւայմնար,  
 Ե՛ւել an Ե՛ւաարբԵ՛ աջ Ե՛ւարբա՛ւ յա՛ւ Ե՛կ Ե՛ւաարա՛յ,  
 Իր Ե՛ւա՛ւ Ե՛ւ ժարԵ՛ւար արքԵ՛ւել an ԼԵ՛յ յա՛ յ-Ե՛ւարԹա,

Na Ե՛ւնԵ՛ւած քարքԵ՛ Ե՛ւ նշԼԵ՛ւած՝ na քօ՛ւծ ժնարարա՛յ,  
 50 Na ԼԵ՛յջԵ՛ւած՝՝na քԵ՛ւա՛ւն ար քԵ՛ւրա յքօրԵ՛ յքԵ՛ւա՛յ,  
 Ա՛ւտ քԵ՛ւալոնո՛յ թա՛ւ ԼԵ քԵ՛ւարք յա՛ւ քօրնո՛յ քԵ՛ւա՛ւել  
 Ար յան Ե՛ւա՛ւ ա՛ւ ա՛ւտ քԵ՛ւա՛ւա քօրն-քԵ՛ւայմնո՛յ.

Ե՛ւ քօրն an ք-Ա՛ւար a Ե-քարքԵ՛ւ Ե՛ւն Ե՛ւանած,  
 An ժԵ՛ւ-քԵ՛ւար աջն an Ե՛ւալլա՛յ քօր-Ե՛ւան ար,  
 Շնք քօրԵ՛ւա՛ն քարա՛ն ար քԼԵ՛ւ an ք-քարքիլ քար Ե՛ւ,  
 Ա՛ւտ ԼԵ՛յոն Ե՛ւ՝ ա՛ւալ na h-արԵ՛նԵ ար քօրն քարարա՛յ.

ՏջԵ՛ւն na n-անյօլ Ե՛ւ Ե՛ւար a ժնո՛ն Ե՛ւա՛ւա՛յ ար,  
 Աջ ԼԵ՛ւա՛ւ յօ քԵ՛ւա՛ւն՝՝na քԵ՛ւալ քար Ե՛ւոն քԵ՛ւա՛ւ,  
 Ե՛ւ քօրն ԼԵ՛ր քարա՛յ, քարքԵ՛ւած յօ Ե-քԻ an Ե՛ւար քօ,  
 60 Ե՛ւ n-Ե՛ւնԵ՛ւած ԼԵ՛ւայմն Ե՛ւա՛ւանա՛ն an ԼԵ՛յ ա՛ւաարք ԼԵ՛ր.

A n-Ե՛ւո՛ն an քԵ՛ւա՛ւ Ե՛ւ ժԵ՛ւ an քօրն-Ե՛ւալլա՛ւտ,  
 A քօրքԵ՛ւած քարքԵ՛ Ե՛ւ քԵ՛ւալ an ԼԵ՛յ քարԹա,  
 Աոն Ե՛ւ քարքանայմն Ե՛ւանո՛յքԵ՛ an քօր Ե՛ւար,  
 Աջ քարԹա՛ն քԼԵ՛ւա՛ւ na h-արքնԵ՛ Ե՛ւ a նշարբա՛ւտ.

Ար ԼԵ՛յջԵ՛ւած՝ na Ե՛ւա՛ւ Ե՛ւ ար քԼԵ՛ւարն an յԼԵ՛ւն Ե՛ւա՛ւար,  
 Ե՛ւալ ժԵ՛ւր na n-արքԵ՛ւ a յ-քԵ՛ւա՛ւն յօ քօրԵ՛-Ե՛ւարԹա,  
 Մար Ե՛ւալն Ե՛ւալ na n-անյօլ a քօր Ե՛ւարքան,  
 An ք-արք ար քարԹա՛ն՝՝an քԼԵ՛ւն՝՝na քօրն քԵ՛ւար.

44. MS. աճոնայմն, the 'cavities' where their eyes and ears and mouths should be. 48. a յ-Ե՛ւարԹա, 'the journey of their lives, their lives.'

53. քօրն = քօրն; perhaps Ե՛ւանած = 'place of abode,' and Ե՛ւոն = Ե՛ւոն = Ե՛ւոն.

62. Ե՛ւ քԵ՛ւալ = 'he trod' the earth as man.

See how their person or their beautiful figure cannot be  
recognised

By scanning of their cheeks, or by the blaze of their vivid hue ;  
They have no mouth, or eyes, or eyebrows, or real ears,  
But a layer of clotted maggots pressed into their trenchéd cavities.

If the possession of the heavens be obtained by proud vanity,  
Gluttony without moderation, drinks with discord,  
By the mouth of the flatterer tasting every pleasing food,  
In folly did the apostles of the King spend their course of life,

Who did not treasure or hoard up what they received,  
50 Who did not gallop on troops of strong horses with flowing  
manes ;  
But kept long fasts and taught each erring tribe,  
With no dress save coarse and bristling garments.

The Father made subjects of us in Paradise ;  
The first man of our race—He raised a great multitude from him,  
He gave up to him the air, the seas, the lands of the worlds,  
Let him but leave untouched the forbidden apple on one small tree.

From the crown of his head he clothed him with angelic beauty  
Which came down to his feet in a robe as a protection from the cold ;  
He made a compact with him—he would have lived to this day  
60 Had he but obeyed the commandments of the King which he  
gave him.

After the sin that had stung our ancient race,  
The Majestic King trod the earth for the release of our difficulty,  
One of the Blessed Persons of the noble Trinity,  
To save the people under a curse who were in trouble.

While He shall pronounce judgment on the sides of the vale of  
terror,  
The clergy of the Apostles will tremble in affliction of heart,  
The angels will be in form like chafers through sheer mourning,  
The air will be ablaze, and the earth all upturn.

- Iṙ faoḃpaḃ pṙeapa na ḃṙeapṙ ṑo ṙṑoṙ-luaimeað,  
 70 Iṙ é le tairḃe tṙapṑar an ṑaoil-ḃuallaḃt,  
 Méinn leirṑ cṙapairṑṑe ḃeangail ṑaḃ clíḃ ḃuain-ṙin,  
 ṑan déirṑ ḃo tṑḃairṑ ná aḃairṑ air Ḃṙṑoṙṑ ḃuana.

A Óé na ḃ-plairṑeap a ḃ-peannaib ḃo ḃuṑll cṙuaib ṙinn  
 Saor-ṙe m'anam ó ḃealṑaib ṙaoíṑeab uata :  
 An ḃaoṙ Spioṙab uamanta, ḃeaṑan an ṙíll uaṑṑair,  
 An ṙaoṑal 'ṙ an cṙṙn-ḃoṙṙ cleaṙuirṑṑeḃ claoin-ḃuapṑaḃ.

- Iṙ tṑeíṑeam le maḃṑnaíṑ na meannna a ḃ-ṙṙíṑm-uaíṑneap,  
 Aṑ ḃéanaíṑ tṙapairṑe air tairḃe an ṑ-ṙaoíṑil ṙuaṙairṑ,  
 Aṑ ṙéitioḃ eapṙairḃe an Aṑar 'ṙ an ṑ-Saoi ḃ'ṙuaṙṑail  
 80 Na céabṑa a ḃ-peannaib-ḃṙuib Acheron ṙíṙṑ-uaṑṑair.

## LIV.

## ṙAOISIDIN ḂONḂUḂAIR UÍ RÍORDÁIN.

Aḃmum ṙéin ṑo ḃéapaḃ, ḃíṑṙeóṙaḃ,  
 A n-airṑeapṑar ṑéap tṙap éir mo ṑníṑm ṑnḃṑa,  
 Ó'airṑeanta Óé ná ḃéinninn tṙin-ṑṙeóṙa,  
 Iṙ ṑṙṙ ḃ'airṑe liom claoṑṑa clé na clíḃ-ṙeóla.

ḃaḃ ḃealṑaḃ cṙaoṙaḃ cṙeáḃṑaḃ cṙoibṑe-ḃṙóluib  
 Me aṑ ṙṑeanaḃ ṑaḃ ṙṑéil ṑo h-éirṑeḃ ṑoṑeóṙaḃ;  
 A nṑealluinn nṑoṙ níṑin liom é ḃo ṙíṙṑ-ḃomall,  
 'S iṙ maṙṑ ḃon ḃé ḃo ḃéanaṙḃ línn cṑmaṙle.

- Óo ḃ'anam me aṑ ṙléaḃṑaḃ aṑ ṑaoḃ na ṑ-cill-ḃóirṑe,  
 10 Aṑ maḃṑnaíṑ ṑo m-béinn maṙ aon ḃon ḃṙuinn-ḃóirṑioṑ,  
 Aṑ amapṑ na ḃ-ṑṙéin-ṙeap ṑṙéimṙe ḃí ṙeomáinne  
 A ṑ-ceannap an ṑ-ṙaoṑail, ṑléapṑa, ṑṙoibṑe-ḃóirṑiṑ.

70-72. These lines are obscure: MS. ceangail; buan = 'holding out, resisting' (?). The general sense is in accordance with the text—"Depart from Me ye cursed, &c., for I was hungry, and ye gave me not to eat, &c."

- Keen are the showers of wrath with true activity ;  
 70 And this is what the afflicted band profess for their advantage—  
 A slothful, stingy clemency that restrained every resisting heart  
 of these  
 From giving alms or from entreating the noble Christ.
- O God of Heaven, who hast dearly purchased us in pain,  
 Deliver my soul from the deceitful darts of these—  
 The guilty damned spirit, the demon of dread treachery,  
 The world, and the lumpish body, cunning, of perverse ways.
- And let us go by the meditation of our minds into deep solitude,  
 To condemn the goods of the miserable world,  
 And to free ourselves from the anger of the Father, and of the  
 Noble One who liberated  
 80 Hundreds from the painful bondage of much dreaded Acheron.

## LIV.

## CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN'S CONFESSION.

- I confess tearfully, and devoid of strength,  
 In bitter repentance after my misdoings,  
 That I was not mildly led by the commandments of God ;  
 And that I preferred the sinister, perverse ways of the flesh.
- Deceitfully, eagerly, wound-inflicting, in agony of heart,  
 Did I pour out every gossip in falsehood and injustice ;  
 What I promised, I did not wish to fulfil,  
 And woe to the woman who gave me her confidence.
- Seldom did I bow beside churchyard gates,  
 10 Pondering that I should be as one of that vast multitude ;  
 Looking upon the great men who lived some time before us,  
 In the sovereignty of the adorned, mighty, coach-loving world.

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76. For capn-éopp, cf. capn-énuim, line 44 *supra*.

78. fuapaig: MS. fuapaó.

An t-anaíh do éiríonn, níor b'é mo rmaoinnteáireacht :  
 Dúir baib an béal baó b'réagac bínn-réolaic,  
 Dán balaithe ag céabpaib claon na ríomh-íróna,  
 'S dúir rmaicéuighe faon dearc rmaíde an rmaicéora.

Ní deacra paellice an aeir do éruinn-éiríomh,  
 Ná glapara aip g'éagaid cpaob, ná coill éndrac,  
 Ná gaimíh do éirib le caoragad tuinn bótna,  
 20 'Ná a g-cleacéuinn gac lae do paobad bílge an éomacétaig;

Na ceatanna bpaon aip péar glap ír-neona,  
 Nó maibion roimh g'éin aip b-céacé don mhn-íógmar,  
 'Ná peaca map éirle céirde am élf éomhuig;  
 'S a maíomh leó' éaonnaacé éenmíc aoirb deónuig.

A leabhar na b-céx ré léighear linn dócar :  
 Dá malluigheacé aon má glaoðann go cpaibde-éoraic,  
 Dúir a maíteacéar paor a éirib don g'níomh éóppa,  
 Acé panmíun go réib tap 'éir aip rlighe éóganta.

Aééuigim péin ip éigim go glínn-glórac,  
 30 Acéair na naomh ip Réx na Tríonóide,  
 An peapra le péin a éirib do íaor rlighe  
 'S an Aipaid Spiorad Naomha réidear gac mfoóócáir.

Do neapcuig an éléir aip m-beit écarac bítreórac,  
 Leagaithe d'éir a paeltean ríge-eólaip,  
 Léir laðair 'na m-béal na b'éirépe paorígeóla,  
 Ag teagairg gan rpeír gac aon don namaid-éomarpain.

bé aguib-pe, a íaogail, ílaobairg, ílím-ílógaig,  
 Náir éeangmairg map méir a m-baogalaib mfoóócúir  
 Ip deapb'éa an r'éal do péir na naomh-eolac  
 40 Dó plaicéar go réib go raðaid gan millteóireacé.

On the few occasions I went thither, my reflections were not :  
That silent is the mouth that was lying, tuneful in gossip ;  
That there is no smelling in the perverse sense of what was once  
the nose ;

And that subdued and weak is the smiling eye of the smiter.

It is not more difficult to count exactly the stars of the heavens,  
Or the green leaves on the branches of a tree, or a wood of nuts,  
Or the sand that goes with the flowing of the waves of ocean,  
20 Than the violations of the law of the Almighty that I daily  
practised.

Nor more difficult to count the showers of drops on the green  
grass at eventide,

Or at morning before sunrise, when mild autumn comes on,  
Than the sins that abided in my breast as companions of my  
work ;

And do thou, O High Only Son, deign to forgive them in thy  
clemency.

In the Book of texts we read of hope :

How wicked soever one may be, if he cry out with heart-tears,  
That he obtains free forgiveness of his past deeds  
Let him only remain freely afterwards in the way of righteousness.

I beseech and entreat with a loud voice

30 The Father of the saints, and King of the Trinity ;  
The Person who by the sufferings of his heart saved multitudes,  
And the noble Holy Spirit who removes every want of hope,

Who strengthened the clergy, on their being tearful, devoid of  
vigour,

Prostrate, after the loss of their star of kingly guidance,  
So that He spoke by their mouths words of gospel,  
Teaching without conceit every hostile neighbour.

Whoever of thy people, O slippery, crowded world,  
Has not fallen like me into the dangers of despair,  
It is a true story, according to the holy sages,

40 That he will easily go to heaven without injury.

## AN CEANZAL.

A bainríogain na m-bainríogán, 'ra máire na m-bé,  
 I' annruiǵeádt le a g-ceannruiǵteap eazanaádt Dó,  
 A épann poillre, i' gpeann díograir baingean don éleir,  
 A n-am guib ár n-an-ruimp do máitíom go léir.

Gpeann Ríǵ na peann í, 'na leanb gan béim,  
 Do éogaiǵ Cíforb gan ceannta í 'na banaltráin pé ;  
 Samaluíǵim gupab ann luígeann 'na leaba an Spíopab  
 Naomh ;  
 Mo éannta í an gac canntuíǵir éum preazairt am pléib.

Lann dúígeap dár leam í na n-anmann b-paon,  
 50 I' leabap-épaob gan meang í ó bapra go rréim,  
 Dá éamprruíǵe me am' rǵannruiǵeal ag galap nó ag taom.  
 A b-pabruibí a beann-mín-bpuit paáab map rǵéir.

A g-campaobí na lann líomíta leabapéta ngéap,  
 A n-am díogalcair namaduíǵe dá b-taǵab go paǵainn,  
 A g-coálcataíǵib na b-tonn caoibé air fairrǵe a m-baoǵal,  
 Mo éabair í 'na b-poǵluíǵeádt, ní h-eazal líom aon.

Cé ceann cíǵib na beamain naimbe ó Acheron élaon,  
 I' an cam-íaoígeal pleamíuin plím dom meallab gac lae,  
 An t-panntuíǵeádt 'na rplanncaobí ag rpalpaó na  
 m-bpéaz,  
 60 I' pann claoibí an módmáil míonla a n-acpuinn go léir.

Róǵa Ríǵ an domáin bpaoíníǵ fáirpínǵ an bé,  
 Le loǵa líonta a labairt, epí na h-ainim do glaoádt,  
 I' ponn línn a pabap glaoibéádt go b-taǵuib an t-éaz,  
 Go nǵabáib Cíforb 'na leabair-líon ár n-anam go léir.

## THE BINDING.

O Queen of queens, and loveliness of woman,  
And affection by which the resentment of God is restrained,  
O staff of light, and steadfast, zealous love to the clergy,  
Pray in time that our evil pride may be all forgiven.

The beloved is she of the King of the Stars, as a stainless child,  
Christ chose her for his mother-nurse without fault ;  
I imagine that there in his bed the Holy Spirit reposes,  
She is my stay in every difficulty, to answer for me in my conflict.

50 The sword-spear, as I deem, is she of feeble souls,  
And a limber tree without deceit is she from fruit to root ;  
Passionate though I be, shattered by disease or sickness,  
To the fringes of her skirted, fair mantle will I go for shelter.

To the camps of the polished, mangling, keen swords,  
In the time of hostile vengeance did it happen that I should go,  
Amid fleets on the wave tides of the sea in danger,  
My help is she in their rapine—I fear no one.

60 Strong though the hostile demons come from wicked Acheron,  
While the perverse, slippery, smooth world daily allures me,  
While evil desire puts forth falsehood in flashes,  
To helplessness does the modest fair one reduce all their strength.

The choice of the king of the wet, wide world is the woman ;  
Her speech is full of forgiveness by calling on her name ;  
It is my desire to invoke her friendship until death shall come,  
That Christ may take in his wide net all our souls.



# ADDITIONAL NOTES AND VARIANTS.

- I. 11. For *baipphionn* most MSS. have *peapann*.
- III. A very inaccurate version of this poem has been printed by O'Daly, who ascribes it to Mac Donnell.
- IV. 14. The prevailing MS. reading is that given in text, *am éime ag an g-cime*. MS. 23, I 13 (R.I.A.), gives *dom éimead ag an g-eimib*; O'Curry's MS., *am éimead 'gan g-cime gur*, etc.
- XI. 24. A poem by O'Brudar, welcoming Sir James Cotter, begins, *Fáilte Uí Cealla*, which O'Curry translates without comment, "The welcome of O'Kelly."
- XII. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection has the following variants:—
- 13. *ceifil* for *ceifill*; so also a R.I.A. copy.
  - 20. a *leagionda* for a *m-bpeicne*.
  - 25. *feopéluir* for *coluir*.
  - 30. *Uí h-aoinbuirb a naoim-uirb cpi clí cumra bíd*.  
(A MS. R.I.A.:  
*Uí h-aoin-buzaig a naoim-uirb cpi clí cumra bí*.)
  - 31. *riob éutca* for *rgriob éugab*.
- XIII. 33. O'Curry's MS. gives *néal* for *réalta*.
- 45. *go bun Raice do éairbíl na rgeólca*.
  - 101. *cóirip* is, no doubt, the true reading, and not *cómaip-rí*.
- XV. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection gives the following variants:—
- 2. *Saob* for 'S *gaob*.
  - 12. *do bpuim* for *do bpiğ*.
  - 27. *go* for *gan*.
  - 28. *go* for *nd*.
  - 35. *deópac* for *teópna*.
  - 39. *mín-bpog móna* for *Ríog-bpog bóipne*.
  - 44. a *píbe Maibbe baibbe* a *bpón-gol*.
  - 48. a *ngleó-énuic* for a *pó-flait*.
  - 61. *fpón na rgeólca* for *fpón a rgeólca*.
  - 68. *na póipne* for *go glópac*.
  - 72. *aip móipceap* for *aip bóipdaib*.

73. *bá for bon.*  
 88. *επάλας for επάλασ αιρ λάσ.*  
 92. *β'αιριζεας πó-γλαν for αιρις πο-γλαν.*  
 96. *ιρ for αρ.*  
 97. *αρχειμιν for ας χειμνιμ ; λυς for λωιν.*  
 123. *lom for caoin ; cam for coim.*  
 125. *fine for cine.*  
 126. *γλεδ-ζαδ for γλεδούρ.*  
 144. *οεραζαδ for άρεαδ.*  
 160. *σαθμ ντορ πόγουρ, the last word is not given in the other MSS.*  
 208. *Deaζαδ for θαλ.*  
 212. *πó-γλις for πó-γλαν.*

XVI. The following variants are from O'Curry's MS. :—

6. *ελας for ε-πλας.* No doubt *ελας* is the true reading, "their own garment."  
 7. *Ριζ σεαρς for ριζ ειρς ;* the aspiration of *c* is strange.  
 15. *Aeton for Phaeton.*  
 17. *αιρ α ριζ-λις for αιρ αν ριζ-λις.*  
 37. *αιρ Έαλλαιβ na μór-ερούρ for αιρ Έαλλαιβ lá an ópuacain.*  
 46. *αν γελ-ινρε α εαιερ θρεδγ γλórμαρ.* Perhaps *εαιερ* is in apposition to *γελ-ινρε*. Translate, "The fair Island, his beauteous, splendid abode, gave him, etc."  
 48. *ιρ πεαρρα ρά θó θó na an παοιγεαλ.*  
 51. *Ταβαιρ ρρεαζρα πραρ ná παν ζο παβα ράβ ργéal.*

XXI. 24. *δο ήριυτεαρ for δο ήλεαρ.*

XXII. 21. *Λιζ ιona leacain ερς ργáιλ αν πόρ λυιβ.*

22. *na λόγ n-γελ for 'na λόβυιβ ;* another variant, *na λογóτυιβ.*  
 84. After this line the following stanza is in O'Curry's MS. (and in some others with variations) :—

*Le γνιομαιβ λυζμαρα α εινεαδ 'ρα δοήγουρ,  
 Τριοεαδ ριζτε δο ευτεαδαρ cóm-λαγ,  
 Μαρ ργριοδαρ θρονζα λυς ευγριοννα αν εολυρ,  
 'San εριοε βά νγοιρτεαρ μυιγ Μυερυιμε πόρ βι.*

88. *ιρ μór for ιρ πτορ.*  
 114. *δο ρυζ ερύγ ερς Ovid, for δο ευρ ειρτιζε αιρ Ovid.*  
 120. *μαρ μεαδραγς for δο μεαδραγς (R.I.A. 23, E. 16).*  
 171. *Αν Έυρεαν ιρ βιομβαδαδ ζο μór-μυιρ.*  
 175. *αν γλεαννύραδ.*  
 184. *na cómbail for 'na cóιυιβ.*  
 224. *παοιβ' ελας for παοιβ' ελιαδ.*

XXVI. 13. Castlemartyr is meant. Thomas, fourteenth Knight of Glin married Mary, daughter of Edward Fitzgerald of Castlemartyr.

76. mnd Ioma, the women of Imokilly. The Irish form of Imokilly is Aoibh mac Caille, but, as in the case of Magonihy, a corrupted form was employed.

XXVII. A stanza in the body of this poem was inadvertently omitted; it begins:—

Céile Illuine cé ir rí do ir mácar.

XXXIV. 13-14. Mór an rǵéal, ní feibín d'folaing  
Méad an n-bíct do pnom lem' lo-ra.

26. fóinne *for* óinne.

118. tpsd rin d'fógnar, which has been introduced into text instead of tpeabánar fógmar, etc., of the other MSS.

XL. This stanza is quoted by Edward O'Reilly in his account of O'Rahilly in his "Irish Writers" under the year 1726. He says it is taken from a poem on a shipwreck off the Kerry coast, which the poet witnessed. Of this poem he had an imperfect copy. We greatly regret that we have been unable to find this poem, which, if we may judge from the specimen here given, must be a piece of great merit.

XLI. J. O'Longan, who indexed O'Curry's Catalogue in the Royal Irish Academy, seems to have understood the word Stonánaó = "Fox." It no doubt = Synan. On the same page of the MS. where this stanza is to be found (23, m. 45, p. 259) is a short poem of four stanzas, which O'Curry passes over, and which is thus described by O'Longan: "A satirical low poem by Aodhagan O'Rahilly (?) disparaging a man named Fox and his family. It begins with A peataíde mhic pionnairǵ. (J.L.)" The piece is too vulgar for insertion here.

In xxxv. 19 read an óuirm = 'of the ale.' Tonn Toime mentioned in vii. is said by some to be in Dingle Bay.

## GLOSSARY.

[In this Glossary, as a rule, only the rarer meanings of words occurring in the text are given. The poems abound in compounds of great interest, but it would take up too much space to give anything like a full list of them here. A complete analysis of all the words and idioms used in this volume would furnish matter for a good-sized Dictionary. The Roman numerals refer to the poems; the Arabic figures to the lines of the poems, respectively.]

Aðairt, interceding, LIII. 72.  
 aðlann, a prop, a hero (?), XIV. 80.  
 aðbar, substance, LIII. 12.  
 aðairt, burning; að aðairt, aflame, used metaphorically, XIII. 90.  
 aðnað, kindling, arousing; a. tóirre, xv. 3.  
 aðairt, holding a parley; að a. pán rðéal, xvi. 51.  
 aibiz, 3rd sing perf., ripened, sprang to maturity; of the descent of persons, XI. 17.  
 aifo, misfortune, *lit.* disease, III. 6, 13.  
 aion, an Achilles, a hero, VI. 8.  
 aicillim, I vex, VI. 1; O'R. aigillim.  
 ain-ðriopad, strange, extraordinary, XLIV.  
 ainm, a blemish, LIII. 36.  
 aip, esteem; pñocai ðan a., a reckless or dishonourable word, XXIV. 11.  
 aipb-ðleacac, of high pedigree, XLII. 5.  
 aipðliðteac, cuapad a., a search of the highways, XLII. 19.  
 aipioð, restoration, II. 60-64; XXII. 203.  
 aipead, accommodating; from aipe, a convenience, XIV. 7.

airge, a gift; in phrase, a n-airge, in vain, for nothing, XXXV. 94; XXXVI. 94.  
 airpuiðim, I change; of shape, VIII. 9.  
 al-ðuir, gen. of al-ðort, the noble land, Erin, XXXVIII. 28. The word is written alðuir in mss.  
 alpaipac, devouring ravenously, LII. 50.  
 amlán, a foolish person, XXXVIII. 16.  
 amup, a wild, desperate man, a mercenary, II. 16; XVII. 25.  
 anacpa, misery, LII. 21.  
 anairt, terror, XXII. 7.  
 annpac, love; a. anma, XIV. 39.  
 anpmaot, great tyranny, II. 6.  
 aolbac, a lime quarry (?), II. 41; beautiful, XXVI. 94.  
 aon, one; frequently it appears = 'own,' as aoin ðuilg, aon t-puil, aon leanb, though sometimes 'unique' seems a good rendering; before adjectives it is intensive as aon-ðarba, XII. 18.  
 aip, high; b'aip, publicly, XXIV. 14; noble, XXX. 17.  
 arðnam, going, marching; bñacac arðnam, VI. 6, where ms. has aipm.  
 acðaoip, wisdom (?), XXXVII. 7.

acóaoi, an exclamation of sorrow, XLIX. 21.

acóumair, near; go h-a., quickly, v. 17.

ac-ghairpe, a chief, a noble, XXXVII. 12.

baic, the neck, XLII. 8.

baile-órit, a trembling of the limbs, LI. 62.

bailliche, bailiffs, XLII. 18.

báinige, madness, XXXVIII. 26.

balbairim, I grow dumb, or discordant; of the harp, XXVI. 96.

balram, the lips, XXIX. 21.

báitad, large, awkward; of the feet, XXXVIII. 4.

banna = bann, censure, reproach; the Pretender is called mair gan banna, VI. 5; cf. pánuiðe gan aon loót, XX. 37.

bappa, = bapp, a crowning, I. 9.

beann, a horn; of cattle, VII. 2; of an owl, XX. 29.

beartaim, I say, XV. 45; XXVI. 39.

beilleac, a great stone, a tombstone, *passim*.

beó-óruit, mortal shape, XV. 260.

beóbaót, vivacity, XV. 132, *et passim*.

beólcán, a gabbler, XXXVIII. 26.

bí, pl. of beó, living, XII. 30; a ms. in O'Curry's Collection reads—*erí* h-aoin-búirb a naoim-áirb *erí* cúl cúirpa bíb.

bíobairiðe, beet-roots, XLV.

bíobgaó, a start; b. baogalaó, XXVI. 82; báir bíobgá, XVII. 10.

bórbmair, enjoying good tables, well fed, XXXIV. 55.

bórrpaó, pride, XLVI.

boót, a shieling, XXII. 150.

boótóg, a tent, XXXII. 62.

bpaigb-geal, fair-necked, used nominally, XXXV. 183.

bpanairpeáót, prowling for prey, LII. 49.

bpaonaó, wet or tearful, commonly applied to the world, LIV. 61.

bpanair, ravens, LI. 49.

bpatad, standard, colours; b. cozaó. XV. 58; b. argnair, VI. 6.

bpeágaire, a liar, XXXVIII. 7.

bpeágnab, falsehood, XXIX. 5, 29.

bpearalaó, of a dirty red colour, LIII. 6.

bpiðeipeáót, brewing, XLVII. 64.

buacac, swelling, proud; bpuinn b. IV. 5.

buaindeir, ear-reaping (?), XLV.

buannaó, servants, subjects collectively (?), LIII. 53.

buimbpeac, querulous (?), XXXVIII. 2.

buinne, a branch, a twig; a binding layer in wickerwork; b. cúil, the topmost layer; used metaph. of family descent, XIII. 112; bpaóair b., XXII. 68.

buinneacac, full of corns; of the foot-soles, XXXVIII. 4.

buinnedn, dim. of buinne, XXVI. 178.

buprac, or boprac, proud, noble (?), XXVI. 160; from bopp, pride.

Caibpeair, company, association, XXVI. 151.

caibréipeac, rhapsodical, XLV.; cf. caibréir, rhapsodical nonsense.

cáile = cáil, fame, virtue, XVIII. 73.

caire, plaiting; of hair, IV. 5.

call, loss, misfortune, VII. 6.

callafúe, finery of dress, frills, XLIX. 22.

cam, crookedness, XXII. 118.

camra, a sewer, LI. 51.

canán, an urchin; ríob-cánán, a fairy urchin, XLII. 23.

cannclac, cantankerous (?), XIV. 52.

caobaó, go c., in streams, or layers, 227.

cauille, an Ruaótaó cauille, XXXV. 165; cauille = caol, slender (?).

caol, a marshy plain, XXXV. 62.

caolaó, *lit.* linum silvestre, fairy flax; hence sapling, XXVI. 87; caolbaó, II. 42, is used for light plantations, as distinct from trees; the roof wattling of a house, XII. 6; the breast-ribs, XXII. 222.

caor, fire; caor-éanna, xvi. 6;  
caor éumair 'Éimonn, the flash  
of Erin's power, xvi. 2.  
carb, a ship, vi. 2.  
carraoán, a scabby wretch, xxxviii.  
16; from carpaó, scabby.  
caruibe = car or carr, scurvy, itch,  
&c., xxvii. 14.  
céad, first; often like aon, used =  
own, as céad fearc, &c.  
ceanna, a fault, liv. 6.  
ceap, *lit.* a block, applied to a shoe-  
maker's last; metaph. a family stock  
or progenitor, a chief, a prince, xvi.  
18, *et passim*; applied to the Almighty  
Father, xxv. 7.  
cearbaó, a gambler, xxii. 125.  
Campion, in his 'Historie of Ireland,'  
calls them *carrows*, and says that they  
"profess to play at cards all the year  
long, and make it their only occupa-  
tion. They play away mantle and  
all to the bare skin, &c." The word  
is still used of gamblers, but as a  
distinct class the cearbhachs do not  
exist.  
céilliú, sensible, xlv.  
ciarraoá, buzzing, xlv.  
ciar-éuille, swamped with a black  
flood, viii. 6.  
oiléir, a *ceeler*, a vessel in which milk  
is set to throw up its cream, xlvii. 68.  
cine, a captive, iv. 14; claiúne ó.,  
a villainous, caitiff, xxxviii. 9; the  
common phrase claiúne cine is  
probably a corruption of this ex-  
pression.  
cinnceadó, niggardliness, xviii. 79.  
ciopbaó, destruction, c. cléipe,  
xv. 11.  
ciopóineadó, a rental, xxi. 19.  
ciúibge = ceirúibe, questions, xxii.  
114.  
clair, a furrow; c. an bpaóca,  
slavery, xiii. 114.  
clarcpa, an enclosure (?), xxxviii.  
24; perhaps from the Latin *claustra*;  
the word is applied to a large un-  
gainly boot.

cláirpa, a scratcher, xx. 27, note.  
claona, perverse ways, liv. 4.  
cleaótam, I am accustomed to,  
hence I cherish, iii. 29.  
cleirioáán, a quillet, xlii. 31.  
cliair, a company, a hunting party, xv.  
28, &c. = the clergy or the bards  
according to context, *passim*.  
cliaóamuil, stout; from cliaó, the  
chest, xxxv. 27.  
clóó, or cló, contention, struggle,  
emulation (?), xxvi. 91; cf. naó cló  
air bíó i g-cóim-éruib do éenur  
1.—*Keating*.  
clúmaó, a support, xxiv. 20.  
cnápaó, a knotty person (?), xxxviii. 1;  
the word cnap, a knob, has a short  
vowel.  
cneap-óil, complexion (óil = the  
breast), iii. 9.  
cnópaó, poet. for cnuapaó, obtaining,  
acquiring; the phrase rgaieaó ip  
cnópaó, xv. 130, is used in the  
same way as caiteam ip paóáil,  
xiv. 86.  
cnuapcpa, a heap, collection, xxx. 23.  
cnú móguil, nut of the cluster, xiv.  
38.  
coóall, a cloak or hood, implying the  
power of magic, v. 11.  
coganpaó, jaws, that which grinds,  
xxxviii. 18.  
cóib or cób (perhaps = *code*) seems to  
mean a law or custom, a tale or  
strain; it occurs twice in xxii.—  
'na pannaib (or no pannaígeaó)  
gan cam 'na g-cóbaib, and  
Doibill go rgiormar 'na cóibaib;  
cf. "air cóibaib galla-cléipe,"  
and :—  
"Seatpún Céicinn cnú don mógal  
Maioipió mipe ar óóc a cóib,  
Tug a fópar bleaó a diairpaib  
Solar ceapt a piaóail róib."

coimpaó, a stag, *lit.* a hound-stag,  
xi. 5.  
cóirne, musicians; aná na cléipe  
c., xv. 78.

cóinnead, croaking, iv. 35.  
 cóirip, a feast, xx. 13; also a feasting party.  
 com, a hollow; of a lake, xxi. 11.  
 com-foclaó, chattering, xxii. 125.  
 conclan, an equal or rival, xxxvii. 10.  
 cop, a turn: aip cop, so that, xxxii. 39; a wrestling bout, a throw, a cast; Cloð na g-cop g-comhrac, Aodh of the javelin fights, or of the wrestling contests, xv. 168.  
 cpáidteacht, vexatiousness, ill-humour, xviii. 78.  
 cranḡca = crunḡca, anything rolled up like a ball; often applied to a decrepid person; the head or nose (?), xxxviii. 21.  
 crann, a staff; c. baḡair, a staff to threaten with, xxii. 32; xxxv. 11.  
 cranna, trees, metaph. families, i. 3.  
 cpaop, the throat, the maw; of a tombstone, xiv. 104.  
 cpeóill, death (?), xii. 13; cpeóill báip, 'death knell,' O.R.; O'Curry's ms. reads cpeóill.  
 cpíon, old; in compounds such as cpín-peóíḡte, excessively withered, as with age, i. 4; cpíon-cóirip, i. 7; cpíon-ḡnuambá, iv. 2.  
 cpínead, causing trembling, xiv. 56.  
 cpócaipe, a villain, a hangman, xxxviii. 6.  
 cpóba, valiant; of shoes, xviii. 13; of a cat, xxxiv. 60.  
 cpóibearḡ, blood red, xxix. 21.  
 cpóide-cpóluid, in an agony of heart, i. iv. 5.  
 cpóine (from cpón, swarthy), blackness, stain, xv. 111.  
 cpópóáil, 'crossness,' contention, xxxii. 42; the word is applied to the 'love of mischief' of children.  
 cpóchnaḡim, I firmly establish, xxxi. 2.  
 cpuaḡ = cpuaḡar, churlishness, stinginess, xviii. 78; ix. 7.  
 cuaille, a staff, a pole, a branch of a tree; metaph. a family branch, xvi. 18.

cuaipriaódn, a small hiding-place, xlii. 25.  
 cuapba, the course of life, liii. 48.  
 cúḡe, a fifth part, a province, *passim*, seems to be treated as a feminine noun, xiii. 85, *et alibi*.  
 cúil-bpice, the comb of a cock, xlii. 10.  
 cuilt, a bed-covering, a quilt; cpé-cuile, xvi. 20.  
 cuipim, I put; cuipib linn, they will injure us (?), xxxv. 100.  
 cúmplacht, a band of dependants, people, xxii. 141.  
 cunḡapaó = cumāḡapaó, bondage, straits, xxiii. 11.  
 cuntapaó, a curse, a ban, xxxviii. 25.  
 cúcail, humbled, ii. 24, *et alibi*.

Daitearhuil, handsome, xxxv. 29.  
 deaḡ-non' nra, organizer, foreman, xlv.  
 deapḡaó, arranging, preparing; of coverlets, xv. 69; of a grave, xlix. 10.  
 deapb has the sense of bpíḡ in phrase deapb mo pḡeulta, xxxv. 200; cf. bpíḡ mo pḡeulta, xxxv. 209.  
 bílip, natural, hereditary, xxii. 79.  
 bfogaím, I drain out; of people, xxxiv. 11.  
 bfogḡair, secret, v. 12.  
 bíomar, pride, xxvi. 21; xxxv. 41.  
 bfóe-comall, dishonesty, non-fulfilment of contracts, i. 18.  
 bíneópaó, devoid of strength, l. i. 1.  
 blaḡaó, in wisps; of the hair, xxxix. 9.  
 boóḡ, hard-pressing, xxxiv. 34.  
 boipcim, I spill, pour out; of a country, ii. 7.  
 bpéimpeaó, from bpéimpe, a ladder, an epithet applied to a maiden's hair, xxxix. 9.  
 bpéóillhocán, a little, silly creature, xlii. 28.  
 bpólann, the waist or interior of the body; metaph. the heart, *passim*.

bpuirde, a starling; *b. ceóil*, xxvi: 143.

buabreac, horrid, unsightly, xlv.

buaó, difficulty, trouble, xxv. 7.

búineata, manly or humane, xxxv. 28.

búp, withered, hardened, sere, like aged wood; of the heart, viii. 1; xxxiv. 124.

buaipcan, a wailing hum; also rain, downpour, liii. 8.

'Eabman, primarily, jealous; hence, sullen, morose, envious, xv. 177, *et alibi*.

eaonám, interposing, going between, defending, xxxvii. 8.

eaqlair, the Church, often = the clergy, as in xxxv. 120.

éigior, a satirist, li. 48.

éide, armour; é. pláta, xxvi. 23: vestments, li. 23.

éicim, a leap, a bound, xxvi. 110.

Páðar, favour, xxi. 20, *et alibi*.

paðaim, meaning, v. 13.

paðcam, I ask, v. 12.

paðbála, bequests, xlv.

páig, a race or stock (?), xxxv. 30.

paipinge, affluence, xiv. 83.

paioleanda, of gull-like whiteness, xxix. 18.

paoinpeóga, springs, fountains, xxi. 23.

paotao, cessation, rest, xxx. 13.

peacaim, I shrink, I yield, retire from an enemy, xviii. 55; of hills and trees, xiii. 2; peacao le pánao, 'falling sickness,' xviii. 58.

peallaireaó, deceit, lii. 8.

peallrighioraim, I rob deceitfully, xvii. 29.

peapáu = peapáu, *lit.* a man-hound; a hero, *passim*.

peapartar, is spread, or spreads itself, v. 6.

peappa, = peápp, better, *passim*.

peáta, gentle, shy, xxvi. 18.

peappaigim, I ask, xvi. 50.

peioim, strength, utility; a *b-peioim*, prosperous, successful, xiii. 86.

peóil-puill, the body's blood, or the life-blood, xiii. 50.

peóllca, treacherous = peallca for peallcaó (?), xiii. 16; xiii. 94; *ms.* readings, poóalta polca, polpa: one has *cóirpeac*.

piar, crooked, wild, mging; of waves, iii. 23.

pinne, a tribe; bndéar pinne, a kinsman, xxxv. 69.

pioóuig, noise, clamour, vii. 4.

pionntar or príntar, struggle, contest, xxxv. 24: xix. 2; *cf.* a *b-pionntar an júðar*.—*Donogh O'Leary*: and mucao ná milleao a *b-pionntar* map cá.—*Adh MacCurtain*.

píopaó, the chine or ridge, hence border of a mountain, xxxv. 48.

píop-éuapao, of much marching, liii. 29.

píop-bligéao, of just laws, xxxv. 25.

plearao, a churl, a clown, xxxii. 11; pánao plearao, xvii. 6.

plear-éupaó, having wreathed goblets (?), xlvii. 2.

poóal, corruption, xxvii. 14; xv. 153.

póganca, good, liv. 28.

pógnaim, I profit by, xxxiv. 118.

pógnaim, I proclaim, *passim*; I banish, xxxiv. 52.

póipéim, poet. for póipéim; with air = to relieve, i. 28; *b'póipéar*, xxiv. 2.

poicim, shelter, xxi. 7.

pollaire, a miserly person, or a dwarf, xxxviii. 5.

polc-éaoim, of fair locks, xv. 212.

ponn, desire; *b'ponn*, so that, xxxii. 83.

póplaó, force, violence, xiii. 96; prob. = póplann.

pópluó, great force, xv. 97, where perhaps it = multitude; *O'Curry's ms.* reads argeimín for ag geimín in this line.



poirtamhala, abler; comp. of poirtcíl, strong, XLV.  
 puabpaó, active, XXXIV. 29, *et alibi*.  
 puaspaó, poet. for pógpaó, xv. 37.  
 puaiment, in xxx. 31 aip p. seems = resounding with joyous notes; the word often means 'vigour, substance'; verse is said to be composed le puaiment.  
 puap, refreshing; puapir = puapne (?), ix. 7.  
 puigheab, poet. for págaó, xxxv. 111.  
 puigheab, remainder, xxxiii. 8.  
 puinneamhuil, vigorous, xv. 121.  
 Dágaó, leaky, chinky, so O'R.; xxxviii. 2.  
 gaicac, = goitacó, miserly, xxxviii. 6.  
 geagán, a branchlet, a term of contempt, xxxviii. 29.  
 geall, pledge, mortgage, xvii. 26; xxi. 8; 'na geall ro = because of this, xvii. 31.  
 geallaim, I undertake, vi. 8.  
 geannac, greedy, xxxviii. 8.  
 gearánac, grunting, xlv.  
 gearraiceac, voracious, xxxviii. 8.  
 geócaó, a hanger-on, a dependent on great families, *passim*; now used in contempt.  
 giáll, a hostage, xxxv. 66; xv. 165, where perhaps giáll = géill, yielded.  
 glagap, prating.  
 glap, bright, sparkling; of the eyes, xi. 11; iii. 3, &c.  
 gléipe, the nobility, the select, xlvii. 31.  
 gleó-gap, a battle staff.  
 gleórtac, a sportsman, xv. 93.  
 gliabap, talk, chatter; of birds, xxii. 206.  
 gliab-gáir, a battle shout; of Lia Fáil, xv. 117.  
 gliagapam, noise; g. glig, bell-ringing (?), xlv.  
 glinn-glópac, with a loud voice, liv. 29.  
 gliogaire, a babbler, xli. 4.

gliogap, chatter, xv. 104.  
 gliogupnáil, cuckling as a hen, xl. 22.  
 glún-geineab, to spring as from a remote ancestor, xv. 62.  
 gnúir, in phrase cíd gnúir 'na gnaoi, iii. 11, where perhaps it means sorrow; O'Daly, in an incorrect version of the poem, makes it = frown, but O'Daly was an unscrupulous translator.  
 goirgeac, foolish, xviii. 84.  
 goiriceac, fretful, xxxviii. 18.  
 goll, a Goll, a hero, *passim*; often spelled gall in MSS.  
 goimn, *lit.* blue; of swords, sharp, xxvi. 19.  
 goimaim, I whet; of swords, xv. 67.  
 gapap, grubbing, a species of tilling in which the surface of the lea is taken off in alternate sets with a view to digging furrows.  
 gapine, grunting, xlv.  
 gneann, w<sup>t</sup>; meabap glan gpfnn, xv. 140.  
 gneanta, beautiful, from gneann, love, xxiv. 6.  
 gneibinn, love, affection, xxii. 147.  
 grió = griob, a griffin; metaph. a warrior, *passim*; a 'gerfalcon' (Stokes).  
 gpfnn-cluanac, with witty adulation, liii. 10.  
 griopáil, urging, driving, xxxiv. 24.  
 gpozap, a cripple, xxxviii. 6; cf. aip a gpoza, 'on his haunches.'  
 guap, bristle used by shoemakers, xviii. 25, 26; a noble, a guairé, xiv. 16.  
 guap, in phrase cugap do guapir ip do beirg-éitioó, 'you are a confounded liar,' xlv.  
 gúnzaó, ill-shaped, xxxviii. 14.  
 laóaim, I finish, close up; of a poem, xlv.  
 laprma, a relict, a remnant, iii. 15.  
 lapac, foreign, viii. 2, 10; as a noun it = loan.

iompt, plotting, xxxv. 105.

iomaracac, arrogant, xlv.

iorguil, contention, struggle, xv. 91.

iorrab, an ornament or robe, iv. 7.

ioronna, the temples, xxi. 22, xxxviii. 1.

laot, liquid in general, xv. 88.

laḡapac, branching, xxxviii. 9.

lān = lann, a sword (?), viii. 23.

labpānn, a churl, a robber, i. 8; Lii. 38.

laḡap, weakness; mo laḡap! Liii. 25.

laḡ-ḡnloḡac, of little strength, iii. 1, 32.

laoi, for lae, gen. of lā, *passim*.

leann, humours of the body, vii. 13.

leipḡ, a plain, xv. 24.

léite, greyiness, xxvi. iii; Lii. 32.

līpe, ḡo l., abundantly (?), iv. 30, where, perhaps, it is a proper name; cf. xxi. 22, for a similar idea.

liac, grey; of the eyes in old age, viii. 15.

līnnṡeac, a pool, ii. 33.

lōb; rneaceta 'na lōbaib, xxii. 22; O'R. gives lōb = a volley; O'Curry's ms. reads—na lōḡ nḡeal; another variant, loḡbuib or loḡḡcuib.

lobamap, we went, v. 2; from lobaim, I go.

loinn, rapture; l. na peilḡe, xv. 97.

lōitne, a breeze, a storm; applied to a hero, xxxv. 38.

lomaim, I make bare, plunder, enfeeble; with cluice, to 'sweep' the game, to completely win it, xxi. 12.

luan-ōneac, dire ruin, or robbery, xxii. 137.

luigīn, the flat surface at the top of the head, xxii. 24.

lūt-ḡial, a vigorous, generous man, xv. 248.

Mabaoi, a dog, iii. 15.

maipḡ, adj. woful, xxvi. 52; as a noun = woe, *passim*.

maipṡīn, a mastiff, xxxii. 27.

maoipe = maop, a steward, xiv. 79.

maoite, weakness, xxxiv. 5.

maol, the head gen. maoile, xx. 8.

marḡail, a bargain, barter, xxxii. 54-meabapaiḡim, I plan, xix. 6; I realize, xiii. 100.

méala, a great loss, as the death of a friend, *passim*.

meap-mabpa, a cur dog, xxxii. 27.

mslleac = minleac (?), xxvi. 72.

millteḡipeacṡ, injury, loss, lrv. 40.

minleac, a plain for grazing or pasture, a flat surface, xxvi. 93; 'green pasture,' (Psalms xxxiii. 2); probably the same word as mslleac, xxvi. 72.

miotal, mettle, spirit, xxvi. 175.

ms-ṡneḡrac, wanting in vigour, i. 22.

mobapṡa, dirty-looking, said of water when muddy; in xv. 155, applied to a man, xv. 155.

mōḡihap, gentle, xxii. 40.

monḡcaoi, a monkey, xxxviii. 23.

mōpluacṡ, a great store, xxii. 147.

mucallac, a drove of swine; metaph. for vermin, xxxviii. 3.

mullac, the head, xxxviii. 3.

murḡaipe, a groos, fat person, xix. 6.

mullaḡrac, full of bumps (?), xxxviii. 2.

Narḡnia, a rallying or binding chieftain, xxvi. 37, *et seq.*; Windiach gives nasc niad = champion's bracelet. nearn-ḡuinpeac, without guile, xxxiii. 26.

'Oipinne = opainn-ne, on us, xxxiv. 26.

ḡipṡeac, (from ḡp, a fawn), a shy, modest face, xv. 216; cf. xv. 217.

olpaitṡ, growl, xxxv. 10.

orḡarḡa, Osgar-like, or 'hero-like, xxxv. 29.

**Páir** coine, Friday's fast.  
**pléib**, contention, xxxv. 11, *et alibi*;  
 to fight for, to vindicate, vi. 1.  
**plub ó plib**, xlv.  
**plunbapáil**, plunder, xlii. 24.  
**pníorm-coim**, *lit.* chief hounds; of hell-  
 hounds, xvii. 16.  
**pníormbócar**, first hope, xxi. 5.

**Rdó**, judgment, maxim, xxiv. 10.  
**raille**, a criminal vagabond, xvii. 8.  
**rárbáil**, walking with long strides,  
 tramping, xlv.  
**réinn**, = **rinne**, he made, liii. 53,  
 59.  
**reó**, = **leó**, xxxiv. 59.  
**rian**, a mark, trace, sign; used in com-  
 pounds as **rian-loc**, xii. (where a  
 variant is **rian luic**); **rian-baic**,  
 xv. 40; its force is intensive; in  
 xv. 40 it is perhaps = the sea.  
**rian**, a limit, a trace, **gan r.** xxiii. 9.  
**riapaim**, I govern, xiii. 87; I enter-  
 tain, xxiv. 4.  
**rínn**, used in compounds as **rínn-  
 réobnaó**, i. 19; **rínn-uaine**, iv.  
 3; **rínn-puagaó**, iv. 6; its force  
 is intensive.  
**rínn-puainneacó**, bristling, coarse,  
 liii. 52.  
**riobanta**, decked, adorned, xviii. 5.  
**roirga**, a stroke, an attack, xxxviii.  
 32.  
**rocaire**, a wild person fleet of foot,  
 xxxviii. 7.  
**ró-cupaimn**, a great blow, xxxiii. 23.  
**ruacain**, cockles, xxx. 24.  
**ruacéan**, clamour, vii. 4.  
**ruagaim**, I disperse, xv. 169.  
**ruaimnim**, I grow red, xxvi. 89.  
**ruainne**, a bit; **gan r.**, with nothing,  
 xx. 7.  
**ruainnreacón**, a little thread, or  
 hair, xlii. 27.  
**ruide**, red water, xxi. 11.  
**ruípe**, a knight, xxvi. 17, *et seq.*  
**ruín**, love or secret, xv. 133; xxvi.  
 123.

**Sát**, sufficiency, treasure; **r. cpi**  
**níogaóca**, the treasure or beloved  
 of three kingdoms, *passim*.  
**raogalta**, happy, prosperous, i. 11.  
**racailc**, sole; of a shoe, xxii. 24.  
**racail**, trod the earth as man; said of  
 God, liii. 62.  
**reacraó**, vomit, li. 53.  
**reanargaó**, blinking, xxxviii. 2;  
 from **reanar**, shortsightedness.  
**reargair**, comfortable; of a person,  
 xxxix. 12.  
**réibim**, I blow, **r. pé**, I incite, I  
 tempt, lii. 40.  
**reóica**, bean **r.**, a woman after  
 labour, xxxiv. 3.  
**reómpac**, of many mansions, or  
 roomy houses, xv. 196; xxxiv. 54.  
**reorban**, rustling noise, xlv.  
**rgabal**, a robe, lii. 36; liii. 58; *cf.*  
 Latin *scapula*, and *scapular*.  
**rgaóaim**, I strain; said of blood in  
 family descent, xxix. 29.  
**rgáinte**, uttered, ii. 43, 70.  
**rgannruibeal**, affrighting, liv. 51.  
**rgaot**, a swarm, a crowd, lvi., lii. 16.  
**rgeimíoll**, the portion of a rick that  
 overlaps; **cpuacó pá r.** = a rick,  
 with its heap, like **ripcín pá  
 ópuacó**, xxxv. 12.  
**rgíim**, produce, prosperity; **rgíim**  
**bhaoidéacóca**, v. 5; xxvi. 93;  
 xxvi. 104; perhaps the word is con-  
 nected with **rgíimíol**, a film or web;  
**rgíim na g-cloc** = the wall fern  
 (O'R. gives **rgearn na g-cloc**);  
 the word **rguim** is used by Eoghan  
 Ruadh in the phrase, **caimig rguim**  
**gan rgaipeab ó lámairb**, Mor-  
 pheus, where it is difficult to fix its  
 precise meaning.  
**rgíim-áilópac**, heavy-sounding, xxi.  
 22.  
**rgíim-rguabaó**, wealth-snatching (?),  
 liii. 21.  
**rgraabó**, scratching, xvii. 15.  
**rgpacá**, a ragged wretch, xxxviii. 5;  
 from **rgpaic**, a rag.  
**rgpíob**, a track, a march, xxii. 19.

rǵnġobaim, I go, make a track, XII. 31.

rǵnucġn, dim. of rǵnucġa, a reproachful term for an old man, a skeleton-like person.

rǵuibġle, a fragment (f), a contemptuous term, XXXVIII. 15.

rġob-ġrac, a fairy covering; r. nġme, XII. 1.

rġona-ġrġt, violent trembling, XIV. 58; cf. baġlle-ġrġt; conn-ġrġt, XXI; perhaps rġona is from rġean, old, but hardly from rġġon, tempest.

rġorġġad, making permanent, XXXIV. 121.

rġorġaġte, in trim array, IV. 22; closely-cropped, XXXVIII. 1.

rġormarġad, hissing, XLV.; O'R., rġorarnad.

rġġeġġte, peaceful, I. 11.

rġġadġaim, I bow down, as in confession, LI. 9.

rġġġne, a long, lanky person, a churl, IV. 26.

rġġm, miserable, wretched, LIV. 58; rġġm, *lit.* thin, spare, smooth; is frequent as an intensitive in compounds as rġġm-rġġġad, LIV. 37:

rġġm-ġuarġearġa, IV. 26; rġġ rġġm-rġuadġarġ, IV. 18.

rġaob-ġġallaġ, thick-witted, XLIII.

rġmaġnġeġġrġeġġt, musing, consideration, LIV. 13.

rġmġġ, the snuff of a candle, hence, speck, fault, XXIX. 32.

rġmġġġm, for rġuġġġm, I think, XXVI. 24.

rġmulġarġe, a person with a big nose, XXXVIII. 1.

rġarġġmeġġ, a matrimonial tie, XXX. 22.

rġoġġrġeġġ, bright; used nominally of a maiden, XXXV. 194.

rġoġneġġ, brightness, cheerfulness, XV. 269.

rġorġarġe, a stammerer, XXXVIII.

rġpallġa, a stone, a flag, X. 15.

rġpalġarġe, a churl, XLIII.; cf. rġpalġpġ.

rġparrġarġeġġ, sharp, violent, bitter, LII. 11.

rġpġġġa, a piece of meat, XXXII. 66.

rġrġear, LII. 20, note.

rġrġeġġad, to scatter, XXVI.; rġrġeġġa, showers, LII. 11.

rġrġarġeġġ, with running eyes, XXXVIII. 7.

rġrġġġn, a cake, XLV.

rġġeġġġ, a chop, a steak; of land, XXXV. 95-96.

rġġolġim or rġġollġim, I tear asunder, XXXVIII. 5.

rġrġġolġim, I fall down; of stars, XXVI. 90.

rġuġarġ = rġuġarġe, a prying person, a term of contempt, XXXVIII. 14.

rġuġad, a volume, a treatise, a text, *lit.* a scroll, LIII. 19; a hero, XXXVII. 3.

rġuġ, a hero (f), XXXVII. 19.

ġadġarġt, bean do ġ., to marry, XLV.

ġacġa, stay, support, XXXIII. 6, *et alibi*.

ġarġm, disease, XII. 11.

ġarġġrġeġġ, substantial, XXXV. 88.

ġaobġad, stubborn, XXVI. 50.

ġaonġoġrġġ, a demur, XIV. 100; adj., quarrelsome, XIV. 52.

ġarġġuġġte, aimġġġ ġ., the harvest; from ġarġġa, profit.

ġarġarġarġ, ġ. ġġn, we met, V. 3.

ġeġġġa, frozen, XIV. 55.

ġeġġn, strength; ġ. na nġġall, XXXIV. 32; cf. ġġeġġn, I. 27.

ġeġġma, term, speech, XXVI. 54.

ġearġad, heat, XVIII. 22.

ġoġġ-ġaġle, manor or country house (f), XLII. 6.

ġoġġġad, a tyrant, L. 2.

ġġadġ, a covering of sorrow, XXVI. 1.

ġoġrġeġġ, substantial (?), XLV.

ġoġrġġġ, grandeur, XLV.

ġoġrġġ, will, purpose; ġ'aon ġoġrġġ, with deliberate intent, II. 36; see O'Donovan's Supp. to O'R.

collca, perforated, undermined, xxi. 14.

conn-óricim, I tremble as a wave, xxi. 5.

corraódn, a little crab, xlii. 26.

corrañ, attendance, waiting on, xlii. 26.

córra, beyond them, xxii. 90, lv., iv. 27.

cúóc, region; cúóc a donnaire, his soles, xxxviii. 4; cf. ó bácar go bonn cúóc.—Connor O'Sullivan.

cúógla, difficulty (?), xxxii. 37.

craóab, subduing, overcoming; gan c., without abating or pause, xiv. 86.

créapón, treason, xxviii. 5.

créigbeán, dim. of créigib, xxvi. 158.

créigibim, I disable, destroy, xxxiv. 30.

créicéapac, a term of abuse still in use (the exact meaning is not certain), xxxviii. 1.

créónte, na c., the valiant, xxi. 72.

crépac, a director, a leader, ii. 2.

crúab, a miserable person, xxx. 13.

crúig, a cause, reason, xxxv. 98.

cuaíuríg, news, report; a ó-cuaíuríg, a trace of them, vii. 12.

cuaíurim, an approximation; 'na cruinne-c., close up to her, iv. 14.

cúicim, nursing, fosterage, xxxv. 72.

cúir, dry; of the heart, hard, inhospitable, xxvi. 171.

Uabap, wounded pride, xiii. 81.

uáim, horse-tackling, xxxii. 87.

úir, mould; úir na cruinne, xi. 10.

úiróionna, shoes, clogs (?), xlii. 26.

uppac, reverent; u. óo úine, inferior to a person, xxiv. 2.

uppac, sustaining, xv. 181.

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THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY was established in 1898 for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by such introductions, English translations, glossaries and notes as might be deemed desirable.

The Annual Subscription has been fixed at 7s. 6d. (American subscribers two dollars), payable on January 1st of each year, on payment of which Members will be entitled to receive the Annual Volume of the Society, and any additional volumes which they may issue from time to time.

The Committee make a strong appeal to all interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts to contribute to the funds of the Society, and especially to the Editorial Fund, which has been established for the remuneration of Editors for their arduous work.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on April 25th, 1900, in the Rooms of the Irish Literary Society, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London.

PROFESSOR F. YORK POWELL in the Chair.

The following Report was read by the Honorary Secretary :—

## SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committee has to report a year of successful work. In October, 1899, Dr. Douglas Hyde's volume, containing two late mediæval Irish romantic tales, was issued to the Members; and, in December of the same year, Dr. George Henderson's *Fled Bricriú* (Feast of Bricriu), which forms the first of the volumes containing more ancient texts, was in the hands of subscribers.

The volume for 1900, which is now passing through the press, will contain a complete collection of the Poems of Egan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with Introduction, Glossary, and Notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from mss. in Maynooth College, by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., M.A. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October, at latest.

An offer made by Mr. John M'Neill, B.A., late Editor of the Gaelic Journal, of a complete edition of the "Duanaire Finn," a collection of Ossianic Poems preserved in the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin, has been accepted by the Committee. The larger number of the incidents related in these poems will be new to the public, and are not to be found in any hitherto published collection. Their publication cannot fail to shed much needed light upon the development of Ossianic Romance.

The Committee contemplates the publication in parts of the entire manuscript. The first volume is now in active preparation.

Mr. David Comyn reports that he is making progress with his first volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," and hopes to have it ready for publication in 1901.

The Committee had hoped to produce this year Manus O'Donnell's "Life of St. Columbkille," but the Editor, Tomás O'Flannghaile, has not yet been able to place the material in their hands.

In January, 1900, it was resolved that, after March 1st, the subscription for the two volumes published in 1899 should be raised from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. to Members whose subscriptions for 1899 had not been paid up to that date.

The price of the volumes to the public is 6s. per volume, or 12s. for the two volumes issued in 1899.

The subscription for 1900 remains fixed at 7s. 6d.,\* and is now due.

A suggestion has been made to the Committee by a Member of the Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland, to extend the scope of the Society's aims by the issue of Extracts, from such of its volumes

\* American subscriptions, \$2.



as are suitable, to serve as school text-books for use in the Intermediate and Royal University Courses : such books to be published in a cheap form without translations, but with more extended glossaries. This suggestion which, if carried out, would form a new branch of the Society's work, is now under the consideration of the Committee.

Steady progress has been made in the compilation of the Irish-English Dictionary, and a large portion of the work has been completed, chiefly through the energy of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A., assisted by other Members of the Committee.

In April, 1899, an appeal was issued, asking Irish speakers and students to assist in the work, by drawing up lists of words used in their own districts, and also by compiling lists from various modern Irish publications. The appeal met with a cordial response, and the Committee has received several valuable lists of words which are now being incorporated with the work already done. It is desired to thank those who have helped in this matter, and also those who have kindly lent MS. Dictionaries and collections of Irish words.

When the work is sufficiently advanced, it will be placed in the hands of the Editors, Mr. David Comyn and Rev. Peter O'Leary, for revision, and circulars will be issued stating full particulars as to publication, price, etc., and asking for the names of subscribers.

The Committee desires to record its gratitude to the Editors of the volumes already issued, and about to be issued, by the Society, and is deeply sensible of the generous spirit in which the Editors have entered into the work, and of the cordial manner in which they have endeavoured to carry out the suggestions and resolutions of the Committee. This spirit of good will has greatly lightened the labours of those who are responsible for the conduct of the Society.

Since the issue of the last Annual Report, 52 new Members have been added to the Society. Five have died during the year, and four have withdrawn their names. The Society now numbers 469 Members.\*

The Committee, in expressing thanks to those who have contributed to the Editorial Fund, looks for continued and increased support to enable it to carry out the important work undertaken. It desires, as

\* In spite of the fact that over 50 names sent in after the issue of the first circular were removed from the books owing to non-payment of subscriptions, the Society numbers, at the date of going to press, 502 Members, 86 of whom have recently joined the Society.

far as the means placed at its disposal will admit, to act in the most generous spirit towards the Members, and to push on the work of publication as rapidly as possible. It hopes especially that means will be forthcoming to publish, from time to time, further volumes containing older texts. Several texts of great importance have been offered to the Society, among which may be mentioned *Serglige Conculainn*, *Orgain Bruidne Dá Dergae*, and the Poems attributed to St. Columba, but the acceptance of these offers has had to be postponed until such time as the means is forthcoming to issue them in the extra *Mediaeval Series*. The value of these texts, from a literary and linguistic point of view, will be apparent to all.

On the motion of Mr. A. P. Graves, seconded by Mr. C. H. Monro, the Report was adopted.

The following Financial Statement was submitted by the Treasurer:—

# BALANCE SHEET,

1899—1900.

| Receipts.                       |      |    |    | Expenditure.                         |      |    |    |
|---------------------------------|------|----|----|--------------------------------------|------|----|----|
|                                 | £    | s. | d. |                                      | £    | s. | d. |
| To Balance brought forward from |      |    |    | By Payment to Publisher of Irish     |      |    |    |
| 1898-99, ... ..                 | 151  | 5  | 0  | Texts Society's Publications, 193    | 17   | 8  |    |
| „ Subscriptions, 1899-1900, ... | 127  | 0  | 11 | „ Editorial Expenses, ... ..         | 6    | 0  | 0  |
| „ Donations, ... ..             | 26   | 15 | 9  | „ Printing, Postage, Stationery, ... | 8    | 9  | 8  |
|                                 |      |    |    | „ Refund to Irish Literary           |      |    |    |
|                                 |      |    |    | Society, ... ..                      | 5    | 0  | 0  |
|                                 |      |    |    | „ Printing List of Members and       |      |    |    |
|                                 |      |    |    | Syllabus, ... ..                     | 9    | 13 | 9  |
|                                 |      |    |    | „ Commission on Cheques, ...         | 0    | 6  | 4  |
|                                 |      |    |    | „ Balance in hand, ... ..            | 82   | 3  | 3  |
| Total, ... ..                   | £305 | 10 | 8  | Total, ... ..                        | £305 | 10 | 8  |

## GENERAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

For 1898, 1899, 1900.

| Receipts.                  |      |       | Expenditure.                     |      |       |
|----------------------------|------|-------|----------------------------------|------|-------|
|                            | £    | s. d. |                                  | £    | s. d. |
| To Subscriptions—          |      |       | By Preliminary Expenses (Print-  |      |       |
| 1899—485 at 7s. 6d. each,  | 181  | 17 6  | ing, Postage, &c.), 1898, ...    | 5    | 0 0   |
| 1900—Received to date, ... | 61   | 2 8   | „ Printing, Postage, Stationery, |      |       |
|                            |      |       | 1898-99, ...                     | 21   | 16 6  |
| „ Donations—1899, ...      | 94   | 14 9  | „ Do. do., 1899-1900, ...        | 8    | 9 8   |
| „ Do. 1900, ...            | 26   | 15 9  | „ Printing Syllabus and List of  |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Members, ...                     | 9    | 13 9  |
|                            |      |       | „ Editorial Expenses, 1898-99—   |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Payment to Mr.                   |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Flannery, ...                    | £15  | 0 0   |
|                            |      |       | Photographing                    |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Bodleian Library                 |      |       |
|                            |      |       | —“Life of Saint                  |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Columba,” ...                    | 15   | 0 0   |
|                            |      |       |                                  | 30   | 0 0   |
|                            |      |       | „ Editorial Expenses, 1899-1900  |      |       |
|                            |      |       | (Dr. Hyde), ...                  | 6    | 0 0   |
|                            |      |       | „ Refund of Member's Subscrip-   |      |       |
|                            |      |       | tion and Donation, ...           | 2    | 3 6   |
|                            |      |       | „ Refund to Irish Literary       |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Society of Advance, ...          | 5    | 0 0   |
|                            |      |       | „ Commission on Cheques, ...     | 0    | 6 4   |
|                            |      |       | „ Payments to Publisher for      |      |       |
|                            |      |       | Books, 1899, ...                 | 103  | 17 8  |
|                            |      |       | „ Balance in hand, ...           | 82   | 3 3   |
|                            |      |       |                                  | £164 | 10 8  |
|                            | £104 | 10 8  |                                  |      |       |

On the motion of Mr. Alfred Nutt, seconded by Dr. John Todhunter, the Financial Statement was adopted.

The following changes in the Rules proposed by the Executive Committee were carried on the motion of Mr. Mescal, seconded by Mr. Nutt:—

- (a) That in Rules 2, 4, and elsewhere, the name “Council” be substituted for “Executive Committee.”
- (b) That in Rule 9, after “7s. 6d. per annum” be added “(American subscribers two dollars).”

Votes were taken for the Election of four new Members of the Executive Council to serve in the place of Messrs. Flannery, Greene, Fahy, and O’Keeffe, resigned. The following were declared elected:—

Mr. Maurice J. Dodd, Mr. Arthur K. Miller, Mr. Monro, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and Rev. T. O’Sullivan.

## GENERAL RULES.

### OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

### CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

### OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretaries, and the Honorary Treasurer.

### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year.

### CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

### MEMBERS.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

### SUBSCRIPTION.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers two dollars), entitling the Member to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and retains any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they shall be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

#### EDITORIAL FUND.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting shall be transacted.

#### AUDIT.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

#### CHANGES IN THESE RULES.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

## LIST OF MEMBERS.

*[An asterisk before the name denotes that the Member has contributed during the current year to the Editorial Fund.]*

- |                                                      |                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Abercrombie, Hon. John.                              | Brooke, Rev. Stopford A.                 |
| Agnew, A. L., F.S.A. (Scot.).                        | *Brophy, Michael M.                      |
| Ahern, James L.                                      | Brower, John L.                          |
| Aherne, Miss M.                                      | Brown, A. C. L.                          |
| Allingham, Hugh, M.R.I.A.                            | Browne, Rev. R. L., Ord. Min.            |
| Anderson, John Norrie, J.P., Provost of Stornoway.   | Brunskill, Rev. K. C.                    |
| Anwyl, Prof. E., M.A.                                | Bryant, Mrs., D.Sc.                      |
| Ashe, Thomas J.                                      | Buchanan, Miss Jeannie.                  |
| *Ashley, Miss Mary.                                  | Buckley, James.                          |
|                                                      | Bund, J. W. Willis, Q.C.                 |
| Baillies' Institution Free Library, Glasgow.         | Burke, Thomas.                           |
| Banks, John.                                         | *Burnside, W.                            |
| Barrett, S. J.                                       | Byrne, Matthew J.                        |
| Barry, Thomas.                                       |                                          |
| Bartholemew, John.                                   | Calder, Rev. J.                          |
| Beary, Michael.                                      | Camenen, M. F.                           |
| Beck, P.                                             | Campbell, Lord A.                        |
| Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge. | Carbray, Felix.                          |
| Bergin, Osborn J.                                    | Carey, J.                                |
| Berlin Royal Library.                                | Carmichael, Miss Ella.                   |
| Berry, Captain R. G.                                 | Carrigan, Rev. William, C.C.             |
| Berryhill, R. H.                                     | Casey, Rev. Patrick.                     |
| Bigger, F. J., M.R.I.A.                              | Cassedy, J.                              |
| Birmingham Free Library.                             | Castletown, Right Hon. Lord.             |
| Blaikie, W. B.                                       | Cavanagh, Michael.                       |
| Blair, Rev. Dr. Robert.                              | Clarke, Henry Wray, M.A.                 |
| Boddy, John K.                                       | Close, Rev. Maxwell H., M.R.I.A., F.G.S. |
| *Bolton, Miss Anna.                                  | Cochrane, Robert, F.R.S.A.I., M.R.I.A.   |
| Borthwick, Miss N.                                   | Coffey, George, B.A., M.R.I.A.           |
| Boston Public Library, U.S.A.                        | Coffey, John.                            |
| Boswell, C. S.                                       | Colgan, Rev. William.                    |
| Bowman, M.                                           | *Colgan, Nathaniel.                      |
| Boyd, J. St. Clair, M.D.                             | Collery, Alderman B., M.P.               |
| Boyle, William.                                      | Colles, Dr. Abraham.                     |
| Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C.                             | Colman, James, M.R.S.A.I.                |
| Brannick, L. Theobald.                               | Comerford, Maurice.                      |
| Brenan, James.                                       | *Comyn, David.                           |
| Brett, Charles H.                                    | Concannon, Thomas.                       |
| *Brodrick, Hon. Albinia.                             | *Condon, Rev. R.                         |
|                                                      | Conway, Rev. David.                      |
|                                                      | Cooke, John.                             |

Cooper, Richard.  
 Cook, Queen's College Library.  
 Costello, Thomas Boulton, M.D.  
 Costello, Brother Francis, O.S.F.  
 Cox, Michael, M.D., M.R.I.A.  
 Craigie, W. A.  
 Creighton, Dr. R. H.  
 \*Culwick, J. C., M.P.S. DOC.  
 Cunningham, J. T.  
 Curran, John.  
 \*Curran, Rev. W. H.  
 Cusack, Professor J.  
  
 Daly, Timothy.  
 Darby, Martin, M.D.  
 Davies, Thomas J.  
 Day, Robert, J.F.  
 Deeny, D.  
 \*De La Horde, Captain Albert.  
 Delany, The Very Rev. Dr.  
 \*Delany, The Very Rev. William, S.J.,  
 LL.D., M.R.I.A.  
 Denvir, John.  
 Devitt, Rev. Matthew, S.J.  
 Dickson, Miss Edith.  
 \*Digby, E. W.  
 Dillon, John, M.P.  
 Dillon, William.  
 Dinneen, Rev. P.S., S.J., M.A.  
 Dix, E. Reginald McC.  
 Dodd, Maurice J.  
 Dodgson, Edward Spencer.  
 Doherty, Anthony J.  
 Donelan, James, M.B.  
 Doody, Patrick.  
 Dorey, Matthew.  
 Dottin, Professor Georges.  
 Downey, E.  
 Doyle, J. J.  
 Dresden, Königliche Oeffentliche Bibliothek.  
 Drury, Miss Edith.  
 Dufferin and Ava, The Most Hon. The  
 Marquis of, K.P.  
 Duignan, W. H.  
 Duncan, Leland L.  
  
 Eccles, Miss C. O'Connor.  
 Evans, Miss E. M.  
  
 Fahey, Rev. J., D.D., V.G.  
 Fahy, Frank A.  
 Farquharson, J. A.  
 Fenton, James.  
 Fernan, John J.  
 Ferriter, P.  
 Fish, F. P.  
 Fitz Gerald, Michael J.

\*Fitz Gerald Lord Walter.  
 \*Fitzmaurice, Rev. E. B., O.S.F.  
 Flannery, T. J.  
 Foreman, W. H.  
 Frazer, James, C.E.  
 Frost, James.  
  
 Gaelic League, Carlow Branch.  
 " " Forest Gate Branch.  
 " " Galway Branch.  
 " " London.  
 Gaelic Society of Inverness.  
 Gaidoz, Henri.  
 Gallagher, J. S.  
 Galway, Queen's College.  
 Gannon, John Patrick.  
 Geoghegan, Professor Richard H.  
 Gibson, The Hon. W.  
 Glynn, John.  
 Glynn, J. A., B.A.  
 Glynn, Thomas.  
 Golden, Miss B.  
 Gordon, Principal.  
 Goudie, Robert.  
 Grainger, William H., M.D.  
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 \*Gregory, Lady.  
 Greene, George A., M.A.  
 Greenc, Rev. J. J.  
 Griffin, Richard N.  
 \*Gwynn, Edward John, M.A., F.T.C.D.,  
 Todd Professor, R.I.A.  
  
 Haffenden, Mrs.  
 Harrassowitz, Otto.  
 Hamilton, G. L.  
 \*Hartland, E. S.  
 Harvard College Library, Mass., U.S.A.  
 Haugh, Simon.  
 Hayde, Rev. John.  
 Hayes, Cornelius J.  
 Hayes, James.  
 Healy, Most Rev. John, D.D., LL.D.,  
 Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.  
 Healy, Maurice, M.P.  
 Henderson, George, M.A., PH.D.  
 Hennehan, Martin J.  
 Hennessy, B.  
 Henry, John P., M.D.  
 \*Heron, Francis, M.B.  
 Hickey, Rev. M., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.I.  
 Hogan, Rev. D. A., C.C.  
 Hogan, John.  
 Hogan, Rev. Martin, C.C.  
 \*Horford, Miss Cornelia.  
 \*Hull, Miss Eleanor.  
 Hurley, D. B.  
 Hurley, Timothy J.

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 Irving, Daniel.  
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 Baron, D.C.L.

Jack, J.  
 James, W. P.  
 Johns Hopkins University Library, Bal-  
 timore, Maryland, U.S.A.  
 Johnson, James Patrick, M.A.  
 \*Jones, Lieut. Bryan J.  
 Joyce, Patrick Weston, LL.D.  
 Joyce, William B., B.A.

Kane, Robert Romney, M.A., LL.D.,  
 County Court Judge.  
 Kane, Thomas.  
 Kavanagh, Rev. Brother J. C.  
 Keane, John.  
 Keane, J. J.  
 Keating, Miss Geraldine.  
 Keawell, P. J.  
 Keily, Miss B.  
 \*Kelly, John F.  
 \*Kent, Pierce.  
 Ker, Professor W. P.  
 Kiely, John.  
 Kiely, John M.  
 \*Killen, William.  
 King's Inns, Dublin, Hon. Society of.  
 Kissock, Miss S. Shaw.  
 Kittridge, Professor G. L.  
 Klincksieck, Ch. M.  
 Knox, H. T.

La Touche, J. Digges.  
 \*Lawson, J. Dillon.  
 \*Lecky, Right Hon. W. E. H., M.P., P.C.  
 Lee, Mrs.  
 \*Lee, Very Rev. Timothy.  
 Lefroy, B. St. G.  
 Lehan, D.  
 Leipzig University, Library of.  
 Letts, Ch.  
 Lewis, Sir William J. Bart.  
 Library of Parliament, Ottawa, U.S.A.  
 Library of Mechanic's Institute, San  
 Francisco, U.S.A.  
 Library of Congress, Washington.  
 Lillis, J. T.  
 Limerick Free Library.  
 Little, Miss M.

Liverpool Public Library, per P.  
 Co-vell, Librarian.  
 London Library, per C. L. Hagbert  
 Wright, Librarian.  
 Long, W.  
 Longworth-Dames, Capt. M.  
 Lot, M. Ferdinand.  
 Loughran, Rev. Dr., C.C.  
 Lynch, Rev. Brother Fidelis M.  
 \*Lynch, D., M.D.  
 \*Lynch, Timothy.  
 Lyons, Very Rev. John C., O.P.

\*Macalister, R. A. S.  
 M'Bride, A., M.D.  
 \*MacBrayne, David, F.S.A. (Scot.).  
 \*M'Call, P. J.  
 M'Carte, Matthew.  
 M'Carthy, John.  
 M'Clintock, H. F.  
 MacCollum, Fionan.  
 M'Connell, James.  
 MacDonagh, Frank.  
 MacDonagh, Michael.  
 Macdonald, Rev. A. J.  
 M'Donald, Rev. Allan.  
 MacDonald, William.  
 MacDowell, T. B.  
 M'Dwyer, James.  
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 MacFarlane, Malcolm.  
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 M'Ginley, Rev. James C.  
 \*M'Ginley, P. J.  
 M'Govan, Rev. T.  
 M'Groder, John.  
 M'Innerney, Thomas.  
 MacKay, A. J. J., LL.D., Sheriff of  
 Fife.  
 MacKay, Eric.  
 MacKay, J. G.  
 \*MacKay, Thomas A.  
 MacKay, William.  
 MacKenzie, William.  
 Mackinnon, Professor Donald.  
 Mackintosh, Rev. Alexander.  
 Mackintosh, Andrew.  
 Mackintosh, Duncan.  
 Mackintosh, C. Frazer, LL.D.  
 M'Lachlan, Rev. Hugh.  
 \*MacLagan, R. C., M.D.  
 M'Lees, William H.  
 Macleod, Norman.  
 \*MacLoughlin, James L.  
 MacMahon, the Rev. Eugene, Adm.



- MacMahon, Rev. Thomas, P.P.  
 MacManus, Miss L.  
 MacManus, Patrick.  
 •MacMullan, Rev. A., P.P.  
 MacNamara, C. V.  
 MacNeill, John, B.A.  
 •MacNeill, Patrick Charles.  
 M'Nelis, Rev. A., P.P.  
 M'Sweeney, Timothy.  
 Maffett, Rev. Richard S., B.A.  
 Magrath, C. J. Ryland.  
 Manchester Free Libraries, per C. W. Sutton, Librarian.  
 Manning, M. A.  
 Manning, T. F.  
 Mara, B. S.  
 Martin, A. W.  
 •Martyn, Edward.  
 Mathew, Frank.  
 Mavhew, Rev. A. L.  
 Melbourne, Victoria, Public Library and Museum of.  
 Merriman, P. J., B.A.  
 Mescal, Daniel.  
 Meyer, Professor Kuno.  
 Meyrick Library, Jesus College, Oxford, per W. M. Lindsay, Librarian.  
 •Miller, Arthur W. K., M.A.  
 Milligan, T.  
 Mills, James.  
 Milwaukee Library, U.S.A.  
 Milne, Rev. J.  
 Mintern, J.  
 Mitchell Library, Glasgow, per F. T. Barrett, Librarian.  
 Mockler, Rev. T. A.  
 Molloy, William R. J., J.P., M.R.I.A.  
 •Moloney, Rev. Michael.  
 •Monro, C. H., Fellow Caius College, Cambridge.  
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 Moore, Norman, M.D.  
 Moran, His Eminence Patrick F., Cardinal, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney (Life Member).  
 Moran, D. P.  
 Moran, James.  
 Moroney, P. J.  
 Morris, Patrick.  
 •Morris, P.  
 Morrison, Hew.  
 •Mount St. Alphonsus, Limerick, Very Rev. Fr. Rector of.  
 Mount St. Joseph, The Right Rev. The Lord Abbot of.  
 Mount Mellary, The Right Rev. The Lord Abbot of.  
 Mulheerin, Joseph.  
 Murphy, Conon.  
 Murphy, John.  
 Murphy, John J.  
 Murphy, J. J. Finton.  
 Nagle, J. J.  
 National Library of Ireland.  
 National Literary Society, Dublin.  
 Naughton, O.  
 Neil, R. A.  
 Newark Free Public Library.  
 New York Philo-Celtic Society.  
 New York Public Library.  
 Nichols, Miss M.  
 Nixon, William.  
 •Noonan, J. D.  
 Nottingham Free Public Library, Borough of.  
 Nutt, Alfred.  
 O'Brien, D.  
 O'Brien, R. Barry.  
 O'Brien, Edward.  
 O'Brien, Michael.  
 O'Brien, Stephen.  
 O'Byrne, M. A.  
 O'Byrne, Patrick.  
 O'Byrne, W.  
 O'Callaghan, Joseph P.  
 O'Callaghan, J. J., Phys. and Surg.  
 •O'Carroll, J. T.  
 O'Clery, L.  
 O'Connor Don, Right Hon. The, D.L.  
 O'Dea, Rev. D., C.C.  
 O'Doherty, The Most Rev. Dr., Lord Bishop of Derry.  
 O'Donel, Manus, R.F.  
 O'Donnell, The Most Rev. Dr., Lord Bishop of Raphoe.  
 O'Donnell, Manus.  
 O'Donnell, Patrick.  
 O'Donoghue, D. J.  
 O'Donoghue, Mortimer.  
 O'Donoghue, R., M.D.  
 O'Donovan, Rev. J.  
 O'Dowd, Michael.  
 O'Driscoll, Rev. Denis, C.C.  
 •O'Farrell, P.  
 O'Farrelly, Miss A.  
 O'Gallagher, M.  
 O'Grady, Standish Hayes.  
 O'Grady, Standish J.  
 O'Halloran, J.  
 O'Hea, P.  
 O'Hennessy, Bartholomew.  
 O'Keeffe, J. G.  
 O'Kieran, Rev. L., C.C.

O'Kinealy, Justin.  
 O'Lavery, Rev. James, P.P., M.R.I.A.  
 Oldham, Miss Edith.  
 O'Leary, Denis Augustine.  
 O'Leary, James.  
 O'Leary, Rev. James M., C.C.  
 O'Leary, John.  
 O'Leary, Rev. P., P.P.  
 O'Leary, Neil.  
 O'Leary, Simon.  
 O'Mahony, Patrick.  
 O'Mulrenin, Richard.  
 O'Neachtan, John.  
 O'Neill, Captain Francis.  
 O'Quigley, Rev. A. O.  
 O'Reilly, Miss.  
 O'Reilly, Very Rev. Hugh, M.R.I.A.  
 O'Reilly, Rev. J. M., C.C.  
 O'Riordan, Rev. J.  
 Orpen, Goddard.  
 O'Shea, P. J.  
 O'Shaughnessy, R.  
 O'Sullivan, D.  
 O'Sullivan, Daniel  
 O'Sullivan, Michael.  
 O'Sullivan, Rev. T.

Parkinson, Edward.  
 Pearse, P. H.  
 Pedersen, Dr. Holger.  
 Plummer, Rev. C.  
 Poole, Prof. Stanley Lane.  
 Powel, Thomas.  
 Powell, Professor F. York, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.  
 \*Power, Edward J.  
 Power, Rev. P.  
 Power, William Aloysius Lucas.  
 Pratt Institute Free Library, Brooklyn,  
 New York, U. S. A.  
 Prince, J. Dyneley, Ph.D.  
 Purcell, Joseph.

Quinn, John.

Raleigh, William.  
 Rapmund, Rev. Joseph, C.C., M.R.I.A.  
 Rhys, Mrs. Ernest.  
 Rhys, Professor John.  
 Rice, Hon. Mary Spring.  
 Richardson, Stephen J.  
 Ring, Rev. T.  
 Robertson, J. L.  
 Robinson, Professor F. N.

Rolleston, T. W.  
 Rossall, John H.  
 \*Rushe, Denis Carolan, B.A.  
 Ryan, Mark. M.D.  
 Ryan, Patrick J., M.D.  
 Ryan, Rev. T. E.  
 Ryan, W. P.

Savage-Armstrong, Professor G. F.  
 Scanlan, Joseph, M.D.  
 Scanlan, Rev. James, C.C.  
 Scott, Miss Jean MacFaelan.  
 \*Scphton, Rev. John.  
 Seymour, Rev. Robert, D.D.  
 Shahan, Very Rev. Thomas J., D.D.  
 Sharp, William.  
 Shaw, W. N.  
 Shekleton, A. J.  
 Sheridan, Rev. Joseph, C.C.  
 Shorten, George.  
 Shorter, Clement.  
 Sigerson, George, M.D.  
 Sinton, Rev. Thomas.  
 Smyth, F. Acheson.  
 Sneddon, Geo. T.  
 Speight, E. E., B.A.  
 Spigatis, Herr M.  
 Stevens & Brown.  
 Stokes, Whitley. D.C.L.  
 Stoney, Bindon B., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.  
 Strassburg, Kaiserlich Universitäts u.  
 Landes Bibliothek.  
 Sullivan, Patrick.  
 Sweeney, William M.

Taylor Institution, Oxford.  
 Tenison, E. R., M.D.  
 Thompson, Miss E. Skeffington.  
 Thurneysen, Professor Dr. Rudolf.  
 Todhunter, John, M.D.  
 Toronto Library.  
 Traherne, Llewellyn E.  
 \*Trench, F. H., Fellow of All Souls,  
 Oxford.  
 Trench, Professor W. F. J.  
 Twigg, John Hill.  
 Twoomey, Jeremiah.

\*Valläck, Miss A.  
 Vienna, Imperial University Library.  
 Vienna, Imperial Library.

- |                                       |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Wallace, Colonel R. H.                | Wood, Alexander.                    |
| Watkinson Library, Hartford, U. S. A. | Worcester Public Library, Mass.,    |
| Walsh, Rev. Martin, P. P.             | U. S. A.                            |
| Walsh, Martin S.                      | Wright, A. R.                       |
| Walsh, Most Rev. William J., D. D.,   |                                     |
| Lord Archbishop of Dublin.            |                                     |
| Ward, John C.                         |                                     |
| Ward, Timothy.                        | Yale University Library, New Haven, |
| Waters, George A., M. D., Surg. R. N. | Conn., U. S. A.                     |
| Webb, Alfred.                         | Yeats, W. B.                        |
| Weld, W. R.                           | Young, Miss Rose M.                 |
| Welter, H.                            | Young, P. T.                        |
| White, William Grove.                 | Yule, Miss.                         |
| *Williams, T. W.                      |                                     |
| Wilson, R. H.                         |                                     |
| Windisch, Professor Dr. Ernst.        | Zimmer, Professor Dr. H.            |

# LIST OF IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

IN HAND OR ISSUED.



1. *Siolla an Fíuğa* [The Lad of the Ferule].  
*Eac̃t̃ra Cloinne Ríğ na h-Ioruaib̃e* [Adventures of  
the Children of the King of Norway].  
(16th and 17th century texts.)  
Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.  
(*Issued 1899.*)
2. *Pled b̃ric̃p̃eñb̃* [The Feast of Bricriu].  
(From *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, with conclusion from Gaelic  
MS. XL. Advocates' Lib., and variants from B. M. Egerton,  
93; T.C.D. H. 3. 17; Leyden Univ., Is Vossii lat. 4<sup>o</sup>. 7.)  
Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., PH.D.  
(*Issued 1899.*)
3. *Dáñt̃ra Aobhagáin uí Rachaille* [The Poems of  
Egan O'Rahilly.] Complete Edition.  
Edited, chiefly from MSS. in Maynooth College, by  
REV. P. S. DINEEN, S.J., M.A.  
(*Now ready.*)
4. *Popur Fear̃a an Éir̃inn* [History of Ireland]. By  
GEOFFREY KEATING.  
Edited by DAVID COMYN, Esq.  
(Part I. will form the Society's volume for 1901.)
5. *Duañt̃aíe F̃inn* [Ossianic Poems from the Library  
of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin.]  
Edited by JOHN M'NEILL, B.A.  
(*In preparation.*)
6. *bẽat̃a Colum̃-cille* [Life of Columba]. By MANUS  
O'DONNELL, 1521.  
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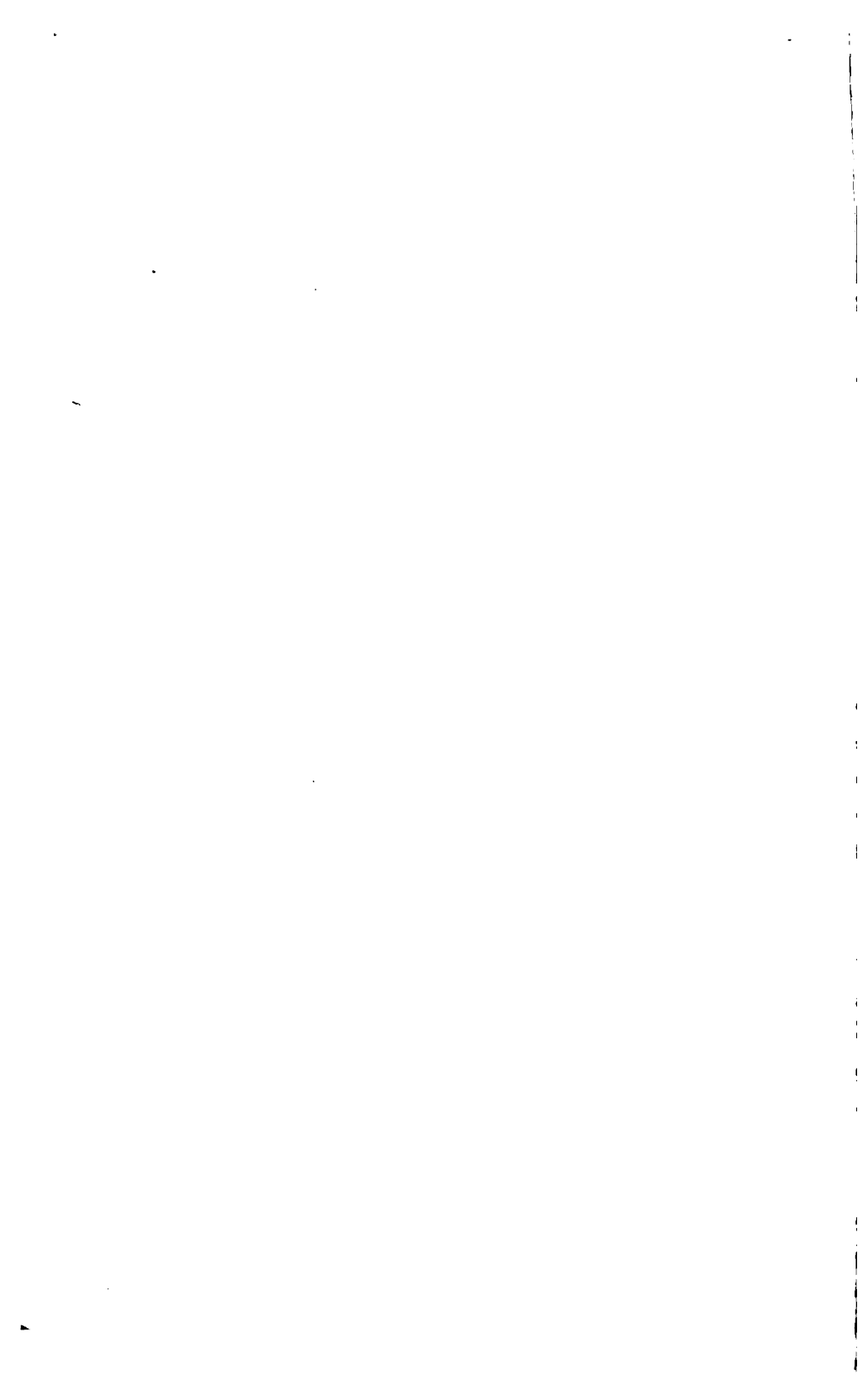
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